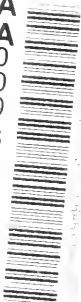


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THE  
**H E I R   O F   F O I Z ;**

*A DRAMATIC SKETCH, IN TWO ACTS.*

THE  
**FALSE ONE,**

AND  
*OTHER POEMS.*

WITH NOTES, ILLUSTRATIVE AND EXPLANATORY.



BY  
**THE REV. C. SWAN,**  
LATE OF CATHARINE HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

---

" Basil softly touched yieldeth a sweet scent; but chafed in the hand a rank savour. We fear  
" even so that our labours shily glanced on will breed some content; but examined to the proof  
" small commendation. The haste in performing shall be our excuse." LYLY.

---

**London:**  
C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL, BOOKSELLER TO THE KING'S MOST  
EXCELLENT MAJESTY.  
1822.

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*W. M'Dowall, Printer, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.*

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## EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO MRS. B.

OF

S——BY HALL, LINCOLNSHIRE.

---

MY DEAR MADAM,

*HOW far you will acquit me of temerity in presuming to usher my volume into the world, though with but the initial of a name which you have rendered the synonym of retiring modesty, I have yet to be informed. Nevertheless, the temptation to it is irresistible; strengthened as I am, by the assurance of your kind and forgiving disposition. But you will say, forgiveness may be wrongfully applied; and the wilful*

*and premeditated commission of an offence can assert no claim to pardon. All this I grant; but I have still something to allege, which may palliate, though it should not excuse.*

*In times of yore, the dedicating of a work was a matter of deep cogitation. The Dedicator then, was wont to look round him for some great man, upon whom to hang the frippery of his poetical wardrobe. Then, great men, like the clowns of the long-degraded Morris-dance, were delighted with so much subsidiary splendor, and accustomed to remunerate the artificer in proportion to the glitter of his ware. Five pieces of gold (alias, guineas, if the word be not too obsolete!) were, I believe, the usual testimony of satisfaction, even for an indifferent performance:\** and the race of au-

---

\* The following curious extract will elucidate the practice of former days, and discover to the reader the meannesses to which literary men, (or at least men of liberal education) have had recourse. It may indeed be judged an extreme case; but they who are at all conversant with Dryden's elaborate panegyrics—who have listened in weariness to the dedicatory strains of that

*thors; which from time immemorial, you know, has been accounted a poverty-stricken people, here reaped its most abundant harvest.*

---

mighty master, poured lavishly upon such men as the infamous Rochester, will scarcely be of that opinion.

The ingenious personage to whom I allude, was one Thomas Cooke, author of six or seven dramatic pieces; translator of Terence, Cicero de Naturâ Deorum, Hesiod, &c.; but his fame rests chiefly on the mention of him by Pope, in the Dunciad, B. 2, line 138, and a subjoined note. His mode of proceeding was this.—“He always procured the earliest intelligence of a young nobleman returned from his travels; an heir lately come of age, or a rich Creole newly landed. On the receipt of such information, he conducted his attack as follows:—He first waited on mylord, Sir John, or the Esquire, and solicited and received the single subscription of perhaps a guinea. Soon after, he paid a second visit to the same person, pretending to have been but recently informed of his uncommon genius, and his zeal to promote the interests of learning, and therefore entreated the honor of dedicating his work to him, which was to be done at the expense of *five guineas* more. Having obtained this permission, and the cash, his dernier resort was to call on his patron a third time, representing the necessity of prefixing a copperplate, with his arms, to the intended dedication. For this piece of service his usual tax was ten additional guineas. By such contrivances he was known to have picked up no inconsiderable sums, especially as he practised the same stratagem on many people, without the least design of inscribing a work to any of them, or even publishing the piece advertised in his proposals.” Biog. Dram.

*Now mark the difference: I dedicate to you out of pure love! And not to you alone; but in you, I dedicate to all the excellent of the sex.*

---

Yet this man was warmly patronised by the Earl of Pembroke, who condescended, it is said, to furnish notes to his translation of Hesiod; but of what value, I am ignorant. I suppose, however, that our able negociator would fail not to secure *sterling coin* for all the paper commodity that his Lordship issued.

Since I have entered upon the subject of dedications, I cannot refrain adding to it another short passage; particularly as the latter part appears to have been almost prophetic. “‘ I was in hopes my baker would have given me leave to dedicate it to him, on the proviso of supplying me with bread for eight years gratis; but he was deaf to my proposal, for the man is not so fond of immortality as money. Mean time, I am not sorry that I did not strike this bargain with him, because I have another person in view, who will undoubtedly be of more service to me.’

“‘ I really fear (replied the Abbé Grifonet) that you reckon without your host: The financiers are sensible how ridiculous it makes them to dedicate books to them; and that when a knave is praised, 'tis done on purpose to expose him the more to the derision of the public. The fine sparks, and the men of quality are almost as much distressed in their pecuniary affairs as the authors. The gentlemen of the long robe fancy that they ought to pay nothing for epistles dedicatory but thanks; and the rich men of wit, nothing but praise: And if I may speak my mind, it must soon come to such a pass that authors will be glad to follow the examples of a writer of our time, who only dedicates his books to the shades and names of the dead.’”

JEWISH SPY, Let. LX.p. 150, 151. Vol. 2, 1740.

*Should you ask the grounds of this preference;—why the excellent of mankind, might not have been selected before the feebler and the frailer part of the species:—I answer, because I have now been long used to regard them as the best, as well as the fairest; because with them every social feeling is connected; because the hopes of this life are indissolubly twined around them; because I have found amongst them, the “charity that thinketh no evil”—the friendship that endureth amid all trials; and last, may it be permitted me to add, because I have the happiness of being known to you. If these reasons be not enough, one moment hearken to what I further adduce. I like not to solicit dedications, either of the great or the little. Once or twice I have tried, and the trial left upon the palate a raciness I never could relish. The practice of the present day is to put on high the names of one’s friends: Mine, I would fain hope, are feminine; and though I well know that I should seek in vain for permission to draw*

*from her hiding-place the accomplished individual, whom I have now the honor to address, yet the feeling is not the less truly genuine, with which I honestly subscribe myself, her, and her sex's*

*Most sincere Friend,*

*And obedient Servant,*

*C. S.*

**Rooss, Hull, 17th November, 1821.**



## **THE HEIR OF FOIZ.**

" I, a desolate branch,  
" Left scattered in the high-way of the world,  
" Trod under foot, that might have been a column  
" Mainly supporting our demolished house."

Massenger. *The Fatal Dowry.*

## PREFACE.

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THE design, (I hope a laudable one), with which I entered on the present "*Sketch*" was an attempt to follow in the footsteps of our elder dramatists. The depths of that darkness which for a length of time overwhelmed the brilliant poetry of a past day, are happily disclosed in this: and unlike the fabled lamp, which, burning splendidly amid sepulchral glooms, became extinguished on the admittance of light and air—it shines brighter for the test. We have been long chilled by the frosty glitter of a winter's day; and however gayly it might sparkle to the eye, it threw no animating warmth upon the heart. We have indeed, been too long "*Women's poets*," to adopt an idea from Ben Jonson, who "must flow, and

stroak the eare, and (as one of them sayd of himself sweetly)—

“ Must write a verse as smooth, as calm as creame,

“ In which there is no torrent, nor scarce streame.”\*

and thus, by a very natural declension, we acquired the monotony of a nursery ditty; the sing-song lullabies of our infant years. It is, then, with an unmixed feeling of pleasure that we ought to view the resuscitation of our ancient drama, and every step that we proceed in the acquisition of its bold and nervous style of writing, is to be regarded as an additional honor to the age in which we live. And, as a corollary, let me hope, if the position be correct, that he who endeavours to promote it; he, who as far as his abilities extend, strives to affix another link to the golden chain of genuine poesy—how great soever be his failure, let me hope that *he* may merit pardon.

But while I am thus urgent in behalf of

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\* “ Newes from the new world discovered in the Moone. A masque, as it was presented at court before King James. 1620.”  
Ed. 1640.

those exquisite strains of native melody, which the Elizabethan poets more particularly supplied, I would not have it imagined that I am blind to their numerous defects. Extravagance of plot, sentiment, and character, is I believe, at times, peculiar to them all. This has been noticed with some spirit, by George Whetstone, a writer of the period to which I allude, in a prefatory epistle to a play, called "*The Historie of Promos and Cassandra*;"\* addressed "*To his worshipfull Frende and Kinseman, William Fleetewoode, Esquier, Recorder of London*," and dated the 29th July, 1578. "The Englishman," he says, "in this qualitie is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order: he first groundes his worke on impossibilities: then in three howers ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth gods from Heaven, and fetcheth diuels from Hel."†

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\* From this Play Shakespeare drew his plot of "*Measure for Measure*."

† See moreover the opinion of the admirable Sir Philip Sidney, in his "*Defence of Poesy*." Works, vol. 3. p. 43.—1724.

But this was not all. They were often absurdly forgetful of the costume or *keeping* of their dramas, if I may so speak; and it is perhaps to be accounted for, by recollecting the paucity of scenes and theatre *properties*, and the consequent carelessness, which such a circumstance would naturally create. Their indecencies are intolerable; but the reader should forget them if he can; or remember with their apologists, that it was the fault more of an inartificial age, than of the writers who lived in, and copied its grossness.\* Anachronisms too, occur in every page. No matter where, or at what period, the representations are stated to take place, allusions to passing events and present customs are strangely and ridiculously mingled. One considerable advantage however, we derive from this. Every play of those days, furnishes us

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\* "The distinctions between modesty of thought," (says Mr. Way.—Translation of the 'Fabliaux,' par M. Le Grand, p. xxxiii of the Preface. Ed. 1796.) "and decency which resides in the expression, is a modern refinement; a compromise, between chastity and seduction, which stipulates not the exclusion, but only the disguise of licentiousness; and may perhaps be a proof of a purer taste, but is no evidence of a very severe and rigid morality."

with an accurate transcript of their fashions and manners; and instead of collecting from precedent times how the characters which they have supposed to act in them, would have acted; they yield *us* a deeper interest, while they embody the actions of themselves and their contemporaries. To the antiquary therefore, as well as to the mere man of letters, these facts are invaluable; and in some measure reconcile us to the faults, which we cannot altogether overlook.

“The nature of a preface,” says Dryden,\* “is rambling; never wholly out of the way, nor in it:” and I shall now use the liberty he maintains, and observe something upon my own endeavours. Humble, as I sincerely confess they are, and little as I can have to claim for them, I do not think that the leisure arising amid more important employments has been absolutely mispent here. Every pursuit needs relaxation, and *this* is to me the most grateful. Lessons of morality may be inculcated as well in verse, as in prose; and the mind that nau-

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\* Preface to *Tales from Chaucer*.

seates them in the one, does not, I am afraid, incline more zealously, when they are presented in the other. To such, however, as despise instruction, unless it plod along in the veriest nakedness of prose, I may say, that the books most rich in poetic diction—most abounding in sublime and terrible imagery—that speak most forcibly to the heart, and by appeals to Nature, raise it rapidly and fervidly to “Nature’s God,” are the prophetic books of the Old Testament. Isalah, and the touching complaints of the afflicted Job,\* are believed by Bishop Lowth and others, to have been originally written in measured lines, at least, if not in rhyme; and the language of our Saviour—

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\* “The book of Job is, perhaps, the first *dramatic piece* that ever was written. It is evidently a *tragedy*, and the design of it is to show, *cur malis bene, et bonis male*,” —Bishop Hare, from Spence’s Anecdotes, p. 332.

There is probably too much of fancy in the opinion here expressed; but it has been very generally conceived, that Job was no real existing character. The Bishop of Winchester, however, thinks differently; (see his “Elements of Christian Theology,” vol. 1. p. 94.) and though one should be willing to admit the actuality of the person; yet the book itself would appear to be the production of another hand. As an *historical poem*, its author might still be inspired; and such I take to be the positive fact.



the writings of his apostles, glow with the luxuriance of eastern metaphor!\*

As to what regards the poem itself, I have not many things to remark. The groundwork of the plot occurs in the second volume of the *Chronicles* of Sir John Froissart, chapter the twenty-sixth; but I have not been at all solicitous to adhere closely to historical facts. I have indeed taken great liberties with the detail; and varied from it, as much, and as often, as it seemed convenient. Whatever circumstances I have used, will be found among the notes, in the excellent translation of Bouchier, Lord Berners, first published in 1523.

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\* A remarkable passage occurs in the *Memoir* of the late Reverend and excellent Henry Martyn, chaplain to the East India Company, and missionary at Dinapore, which I recommend to the particular notice of my Readers. — “Since I have known God,” he says, “in a saving manner, painting, poetry, and music have had charms unknown to me before. I have received what I suppose to be a taste for them; for religion has refined my mind, and made me more susceptible of impressions from the sublime and beautiful.” It would be an inaccurate and uncharitable inference to affirm that the condemners of poetry, have no religion: but it is perfectly correct to say, that true religion is the very soul of genuine poetry!

The few obsolete words and phrases which may be noticed, have not been introduced wantonly, or without consideration. Whenever they are met with, they have been thought to express something more than the words in common use, and therefore to be redeemed from undeserved obscurity. I desire not to give an appearance of antiquity to my labors, but to catch the inspiration of the olden times; and occasionally pass into circulation the pure and sterling coin, which has been so long, and so culpably neglected. In one respect, it is true, I have departed willingly from the practice of the elder dramatists. In their productions, the line which a preceding speaker has left *unclosed*, is generally terminated by the one that follows: and at least this custom has been almost universally adopted by modern writers. But I confess there is to me, something ridiculous in the observance of it. A dying hero has but an unseemly post assigned him, who must wait to close the *line* with his existence; \*—and methinks the ago-

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\* As for example, in Shakespeare's Play of "*King John*," Act 4, Scene 5. Arthur, leaping from the walls, exclaims:—

nies of a breaking heart, correspond not easily with syllabic niceties! Where besides is the advantage? If I may trust to my own notions of harmony, or credit the assurance of my ears, the verse may flow as smoothly with a broken line beginning and concluding a speech, as if continued regularly to the end. In fact, do all we can, the lines are necessarily broken ones; and it is but in few instances that the ear, by any effort, can convey the sound to the next speaker. What is superfluous, therefore, may be discarded; and I trust I shall be acquitted as well of presumption, as of a propensity to innovation merely for its own sake. It is, I believe, a fashionable doctrine of the day; but I disclaim all part in it.

And now, since the sails of my little vessel are set, her tackling complete, the anchor

“ O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—

“ Heaven take my soul and England keep my bones!” [*Dies.*

Where it is to be noted, besides, that not only is the line *up at the death*—in fox-hunter's phrase, but a very capital rhyme, (to continue the metaphor) blows the note of triumph over the fallen! It is the absolute “ *Who, oo whup,*” of a Fox chase!

weighed, and the wind blowing freshly from the shore; as one unaccustomed to the ocean, yet delighted with the swelling of its waters, and with a heart bounding like the wave, I bid them—launch into the deep!

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# **THE HEIR OF FOIZ.**



## CHARACTERS.

GASTON.     *The Heir of Foiz or Foy.*

GASPARD.   *His Bastard Brother.*

PHILIPPO.   *Steward to the Earl.*

*Two Captains.*

*Servant.*

*The* LADY ISABEL.   *Wife to Gaston.*

LUCINDA.   *Her Cousin.*

*Attendants——Soldiers.*

SCENE—*The Castle of Foiz.*





# THE HEIR OF FOIZ.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter GASTON, GASPARD, and PHILIPPO.*

GASPARD.

DISPATCH, dispatch, my lord.

The earl, our father, doth command your presence.

GASTON.

Knowest thou to what end?

GASPARD.

Why, as I guess, 'tis but for little good.

Even now I left him frowning in his closet,

His eye flashed fire, and his impatient look

Bespoke a troubled purpose in his soul.

Some tidings he hath heard, belike displease him;

But in what way you are concerned in this,

Is more than I can answer. Your pardon.

I'm in haste.

[*Exit.*]

GASTON.

Some cunning slanderer hath contrived to creep  
Around his noble heart, withering the flowers  
That blossomed in the fulness of his love.  
Would that I knew the traitor; though he were  
Enthroned in royal greatness, let me perish,  
If, like the shrivelled leaf that Autumn breathes on,  
He fell not, blasted to the grave.

PHILIPPO.

Have patience, Sir! perchance  
You are in error. It were well, at least,  
To sound the depth, before you rashly plunge  
Into the waves of passion. Yet have patience.

GASTON.

Patience! You may preach  
To the dull statue patience, bid it bear  
Unmerited reproach, false accusations,  
And suffer calmly the rebuke of fools!  
I do not say 'twill hear; but it will be  
Fine exercise, and you'll not lose your labor,  
As now it is most likely.

PHILIPPO.

How! my lord!

GASTON.

Nay, if ye would have animated ears  
To dwell with rapture on your rounded periods,  
Lecture the varlets in the crowded hall;  
Their very badges <sup>1</sup> will delight to mark ye,  
And better, too, become your stewardship,  
Your chair of state, your awful wand and chain: <sup>2</sup>

There may your orat'ry find ample scope—  
I have no leisure for impertinence,  
And trust to hear no more on't.

PHILIPPO.

Young man! Young man!  
You do forget my years, and my deservings.  
Was it to be your scorn, that I have watched  
With more than love of parents o'er your youth,  
And nursed the shooting scion of the mind?  
Was it to be despised in mine old age,  
That when the world had almost cast ye from it—  
When, in life's early spring, the parent fled  
That should have tended her young germ—(so  
wrought on  
By secret machinations of her brother,  
The haughty-souled Navarre:)—when ye were left  
In the long war upon the frontier by  
My lord, who did return not till the wreath  
Of victory o'erhung his coronet!—  
Was it, I say to be a bye-word, that  
Then upon me the arduous trust devolved,  
Of training up in arms the Heir of Foiz;  
And to its famous house, in triumph, back,  
With proud and happy heart, returning you  
The height of expectation! Is't for this  
Ye spurn your servant—bid his grey hairs lie  
Like dust upon the earth, and trample down  
The authority your noble father gave?  
Go to, my Lord, 'tis naught!

GASTON.

Why, look ye now, Philippo!

'Tis certain thou hast favor from the earl—  
I'll hope thou dost deserve it. But I may  
Question that worthiness, (I pray ye mark me),<sup>s</sup>  
If by another's wrong thou seek'st to ground  
Thine own advantage. They do say, Philippo!  
Fair spoken as ye seem, and wise, and honest,  
That all my father's angers, which of late  
Have cast a darkening shadow on my life,  
And made me weary of it, rightly placed,  
Spring from thy hollow smiling treachery.

PHILIPPO.

Sir! —

GASTON.

I thought how I should startle ye! There's more  
Behind—pray listen. When erst I had sought  
Remission of the fifty thousand francs  
Due from lord Dalbret to the Earl of Foiz,  
Because the kingly honor of Navarre  
Was pledged for the repayment—it was there  
Your malice, Sir! that cut the treaty off,  
And caused the land a deadly enemy.  
Then,—give me your patience, you have talked about it;  
But a short season past, I framed fair hopes  
To reconcile my mother to her lord;  
And (for, while yet a child, my evil fortune  
Bereft me of maternal tenderness)  
Long did my heart with quick emotion beat  
To clasp that revered being, and support  
With timely hand the laboring steps of age:  
It was your pleasure to oppose my will—  
My wish was interdicted—and I thank ye!

At last, I gained upon the unwilling earl  
To give permission—it was slowly given!  
I need not tell how I was welcomed there;  
What splendid pageants, and what braveries,<sup>4</sup>  
Navarre rejoiced to grace his nephew with:  
Nor boots it to relate the bliss of heart,  
That boundless, high-wrought ecstacy of mind,  
Which she who bore me, so long dead to me,  
Conferred upon her child. It will suffice  
To call to thy remembrance, how that this,  
E'en this, was looked on with an evil eye.  
The kindness of the king in thy cold breast  
Bred the suspicion, that I had impawned  
My soul for this world's nothing: and the love  
A sorrowing parent to her offspring gave,  
Thy innate baseness turned into a snare  
Of ruin and of death—I know not what!  
So too the earl believed; and so hath risen  
That wearying fretfulness, which leaves the mind  
A burden to itself—to me a pity!

PHILIPPO.

My lord! My lord! from whom do you receive,  
This crowd of allegations?

GASTON.

From one,  
Who spoke, it is my fear, too much of truth.  
From one, who closely tracked thee through thy wind-  
ings,  
And marked each secret hold. The serpent's slime  
Betrays him, as he creeps: Beware, I say,  
Beware!

PHILIPPO.

Will ye not name the accuser?

GASTON.

What! ye would buckle on your armour then,  
And drive him round the lists? Faith! is it so?  
Beshrew me, if I thought such valor lay  
Beneath the rust of eld! Thy state hath lost  
Much goodly chivalry; and many a knight,  
Whose prowess never failed him, in the attaint  
Haply had cowered before *thy* belted worth:—  
Chance makes or mars us all.

PHILIPPO.

Your theme's unhappy, sir!  
And little honor to you—let it pass.  
A few short moments to the world, and then  
The worm will have its portion—I my grave!  
Yet had I trusted to have gone in peace  
From this bad world, and left an honest name  
To those who shall succeed me. I have ever  
Lived as a faithful servant to my Lord;  
And if, in ought, I may say I have merited,  
Surely it is, in that I sought to lead  
His offspring o'er the loftiest walks of honor:—  
May God forgive ye, it will break my heart  
That you become my accuser!

GASTON.

Cast off the foul reproach, (which as ye find  
'Tis hard to bear with patience!) and I'd kneel,  
Kneel heartily for pardon.

PHILIPPO.

I may have erred in judgment, good my lord,

'Twere but too easy; in well meaning—never!  
'Tis the hard lot of those who thread the maze,  
The intricate maze of life, still to perceive  
The eagle eye of envy flare abroad,  
Watching the hour to strike. As in a dream,  
We venture on the journey; smiling hopes  
Allure to glorious deeds, immortalizing  
Man's mortality; fondly we believe  
The insidious flatterers—but Envy there,  
Moving her dusky pinion, scatters plagues  
And pestilence around: those hopes decay,  
Our spirits wither, and at last we wake—  
Wake only to the certainty of evil:  
The painted vision fleetly passed away,  
And joy is turned to mourning! I have run  
My course—I see the goal before me;  
And 'tis not much, if a long day should end  
In storm and tempest! Yet I may have looked,  
Ev'n as another, for a tranquil eve,  
Unvexed by things of earth! Indulge me, Sir,  
'Tis the prerogative of age to talk,  
And 'tis the heart's relief.

GASTON.

As I live, he moves me!

PHILIPPO.

You deem that I have wronged you—Heaven's my  
witness,  
How truly I have loved and honored you,  
And all my life reviewed too, will attest it.  
I have assuaged the indignation of  
The earl, but not inflamed. If I advised

The pledge be unaccepted, which the king,  
Your uncle, offered for my lord of Dalbret,  
'Twas that I knew his dark perfidious temper,  
Not upon light suspicion. That I strove  
T' obstruct your progress to Navarre, was not  
That I condemned the filial love that moved it—  
I did applaud and reverence ye—but that  
I saw 'twas big with danger, and would turn  
Unhappily in the end.

GASTON.

This shewed not proof, Philippo!

PHILIPPO.

Prudence, my lord! anticipates the proof,  
And waits not for the peril at our doors.  
Strong inferences claim at least (if not  
Implicit confidence) our best of caution!  
In thee, in thee, lives thy sire's hope; and if,  
Without heir male, it be his chance to die,  
The large domains, pertaining to the earldom,  
Lapse straightway to the king. Now, is't not sooth,  
More than on one occasion, he devised  
Destruction to ye both; in which, (I crave  
Forgiveness while I speak), it is the rumor,  
Your lady mother joined—

GASTON.

Hold there, I would advise ye!  
Breathe but another thought that touches on  
My more than honored mother, and 'tis not  
The few grey hairs that wave upon thy brow,  
That shall protect thee from my vengeance! Now  
Proceed.



PHILIPPO.

I but repeat the common voice of Fame—  
Perchance my own belief. But canst thou think  
It is ought worthy of my dear concernment,  
If the brief space of time I yet may reckon  
Be lengthened out or shortened? No, sir!—No.  
To find a death from thee—from him I love—  
Were somewhat hard; but not to find a death!  
Yet this is vain. It was thine ill I feared.  
Though thou return'd'st in safety, loaded too  
With honors and caresses, I may think  
All is not yet secure; nor is it, since  
Thoughts of suspect <sup>5</sup> have risen in the earl  
Of thy confederacy with those he hates  
More than the many-handed arm of Death;  
But by what fiend implanted, is best known  
To Him who reads all secrets—I am spotless:  
Nor would I, for possession of the world,  
Think that the mind, which was as polished glass,  
Bright, ignorant of stain, should bear the stamp  
Of Hell upon it.—I'd not live to see this;  
I do believe *thou* could'st not live and *be* so!

GASTON.

This old man troubles me; (*Aside.*)  
And how to act I know not. Gaspard swears  
(My bastard brother) that he's hollow-hearted,  
Seeking my death—yet wherefore should he seek it?  
'Twould bring *him* small advantage; and could I  
Live to forget his zealous services?  
Somewhat I've done already; somewhat too

My word is pledged for—when has that deceived?  
Or whom? Not true! So help me, righteous Heaven!  
I'd rather perish by the faith I give  
Than live by rash suspicion! If he be  
Honest as is his seeming, I might trust  
The secret I am charged with to his keeping,  
And from experienced counsel seek a means  
To effect a hallowed purpose. There must be—  
Yes, surely there must be spirits presiding  
Over the elements; and man may learn  
The word of power that bends them to his will.<sup>6</sup>  
I think there be—and hence electuaries  
Of wondrous might, and charms that draw the moon  
From her high sphere, are wrought. It must be so,  
It were unwise to doubt it—

PHILIPPO.

You muse, my lord!

And posting Time along the dial speeds  
His unremitting flight. 'Tis strange he should [*Aside*.  
Remember not the wrathful earl, nor that  
He is commanded to his presence! Does  
He sleep?—Pardon, my lord—

GASTON. [*Without regarding him*.

He of the Rock,

The holy eremite, whom Navarre proclaims  
Worthy all honor, bade me give it credit,  
For 'twas most certain. Every star, he said,  
Had magical influence; and learned skill  
Might use it to its ends. Herbs too abound  
In sovereign virtues, if they be collected

When the full moon laughs on the fertile vale,  
Or on the frowning precipice;<sup>7</sup> and as  
Obtained most perilously, so the most  
Rich with strange efficacy. This he told me:  
But if Navarre be false and treacherous,  
(As, Heaven forgive me, I do half believe;)   
The hermit an impostor, what were I?  
I am distraught with wild perplexity,  
And know not where to turn me. Say, I do  
Confide in this old man; he may resolve  
Me, if he will. I'll do't—yet stay—and yet  
I might——Philippo!

PHILIPPO.

My Lord!

*Enter a Servant.*

GASTON.

We are interrupted. Speak your errand.

SERVANT.

The earl, my lord,  
Impatiently asks for you; he's in wrath;  
I never saw—I never heard of man  
So wreakful!

GASTON.

I'm much unmindful.—Say that I shall come.  
Philippo! meet me presently along [Exit Serv.  
The eastern rampart of the castle—there  
I'd speak with thee.

PHILIPPO.

I shall attend ye.

[*Exeunt severally.*

## SCENE II.

*A Garden of the Castle.**Enter the Lady ISABEL, LUCINDA, and Attendants.*

ISABEL.

How fresh the earth seems to me;  
How eloquently falls upon the heart  
The voice of nature! Is't not strange, Lucinda,  
Inanimate creation should bring forth  
Such varied feelings, and exalt the soul  
Above the little thoughts that wear away  
The puny frame of man?—or is it not  
Stranger than all, that man should walk abroad,  
Feel the full sentiment which Nature breathes,  
And live regardless of the hand that made—  
The wondrous power that can uphold it? Look,  
I prithee look, Lucinda; yonder rose,  
That loads the air with fragrance, and displays  
The beautiful richness of a kindly summer,  
Is wet with the dewy element. There sits  
A fair bright drop upon the rubied leaf—  
Seems it not rubied too? So, even so,  
The eye that looks on Nature may discern  
Divinity impressed with her strong colors:  
As the dew nourishes the rosier,  
Which in return gives back a radiant dye,  
So doth the Deity preserve his works,  
And is by them divulged. How thinkest thou,  
Lucinda?

LUCINDA.

I do *believe*, dear Lady!  
And that for me suffices. We should not  
Meddle with things we cannot comprehend—  
So Father Julio urges; he's a good man,  
And I yield up implicit trust to him.  
If he says so, I think it; and if not,  
Why should I weakly be distrustful of  
What, if I doubt, is bootless.—Pray ye deem so?

ISABEL.

Not I, good faith, Lucinda.  
What! lightly yield the privilege of thought,  
Which 'tis the high concern of all mankind  
To use, but worthily and well?—that faculty,  
That noble faculty, distinguishing  
The hero from the brute? Not that I mean  
To doubt because I cannot comprehend—  
That were unwise I trow; but, credit me;  
The more we strive to find out truth, the more  
Truth will be made apparent. This I feel!

LUCINDA.

I'll not contest the matter; my confessor  
Would name ye heretic, and he might do it:  
I know ye, Isabel, or so might I think!

ISABEL.

Well, e'en use your pleasure. Prithee, when  
Saw ye my iord?

LUCINDA.

Lord Gaston, mean you?

ISABEL.

Lord Gaston, do I mean! Why, whom beside?  
Is there another on the earth who claims  
That title of *my* lord?

LUCINDA.

Be not so captious  
I beseech ye, Madam. Some hours have past  
Since I beheld him; but of you methinks  
'Twere fitter to inquire.

ISABEL.

From me he parted hastily,  
Pressed by an urgent mandate from the earl,  
And sure he tarries long!

ATTENDANT.

Even now, my lady,  
He crossed the hall in haste; whither he went  
I know not certainly; as I conceive  
Toward our lord's apartment.

ISABEL.

I'll chide when he returns. The truant shall  
Be heartily upbraided. He has left me  
Two tedious hours and more.

LUCINDA.

An age, I promise ye!

ISABEL.

True, and it is an age to those who feel  
Joy only in the presence of their lord,  
And sorrow when apart. The cloud of life  
By him is sweetly gilded; hopes rise higher,  
And, like the mounting haggard,<sup>s</sup> dare the sun.

The fears of this world then are like the storm,  
Which, 'neath the sheltering roof, we hear around,  
Heedless—and happy smile upon its terrors;  
Or, if there spring a pain across the heart,  
For those whom Fate hath doomed to brave its fury,  
'Tis such a kind alloy, so blended with  
The happiness we feel, that it but heightens  
The purity of joy, as fire enhances  
Metals of highest mark: then we still reckon  
Time as our feelings be. Nay, verily, it is  
An age, Lucinda!

. LUCINDA.

You 're a fine arguer—  
And a learned lady! Too great for me  
To cope withal.

ISABEL.

Now this is envy—absolute envy; [*Aside.*  
I am certain of it—I do fear 'tis spite too!  
She loved my Gaston, (I dare not say, *loves!*)  
And 'twas her hope to marry him, but he  
Preferred her younger cousin—some say fairer!  
And who can tell how great the disappointment  
To lose that noble heart, which I have won?  
She vexes me—yet still, I think she's honest!—  
Why, Luce, you're out of temper; come, I'll tell you  
About the sumptuous pageant, which my lord  
Was a pleased spectator of, when honored as  
Beseemed the guest and nephew of Navarre.  
Would'st hear it?

LUCINDA.

Most gladly.

ISABEL.

First, he was welcomed by a throng  
Of knights and handsome ladies : all the streets  
Were hung with costly cloths of silk and gold—  
'Twas marvellous to look on. Citizens  
Threw up their caps ; the thundering of their shouts  
Reached to high Heaven, and echo poured them back,  
Redoubling on the ear. And so they brought him  
Nearer the royal palace, 'mid the sound  
Of martial instruments and neighing steeds.  
And here began the pageant. Do ye mark ?

LUCINDA.

Yes, yes ; most heedfully.

I could half hate her—she's so happy ! [*Aside.*

ISABEL.

Well !

Here there appeared a Heaven, set thick with stars,  
Radiant with constellations. In the centre,  
Fair rosy children, like to cherubs, were  
Smiling and playing with each other ; then  
Soft music issued, mixt with softer voices ;  
And far above, burst through the semblant azure,  
One figuring our Lady, richly dight,  
And in her arms a babe. It looked upon  
The crowd complacently ; but when the tone  
Of clarions, and the deep hoarse shout of men,  
Rose in the air—it cried, and was afraid :  
Its little arms were stretched out to its mother,  
(For she was so), and in her bosom's fold,  
It hid its moist red cheek ;—like a soft leaf  
The budding spring-time of the year puts forth,



Curled by the dripping shower. So this was closed.  
Next, in an amphitheatre, became visible  
Twelve goodly trees, in leaf; anon there passed  
A rough wind through them, and immediately  
It seemed as though each leaf made music, 'twas  
So cunningly devised: with that a sound  
Of armour caught the ear, and all was still.  
Again, a rough wind passed among the leaves,  
But then came voices; and from out the trunk  
Of every tree, a damsel broke, arrayed  
In mantles framed of skins, their legs in buskins;  
And on their shoulders quivers charged with arrows;  
In each left hand a bow too! Was't not well?

LUCINDA.

'Twas excellent.

ISABEL.

Then the twelve damsels laid aside their bows,  
And joined in some strange dance; which being  
finished,  
A third time passed the breeze, and presently  
Fell every leaf—so were the damsels veiled.  
But when that cloud had fallen, behold! no more  
Was to be seen of them—damsels and trees  
Alike had disappeared! Dost thou not think  
'Twas wonderful?

LUCINDA.

In sooth, and hardly to be credited.

ISABEL

Yet true, rest ye assured.

Now shall I tell thee how my Gaston fared

In the brave tourney that ensued?<sup>10</sup>

LUCINDA.

Why——is it——? 'Tis wearing late.

ISABEL

No sure; not the fourth hour from prime. Now hear:  
There was a gallant company, prepared  
To battle in the lists: armourers ran  
From tent to tent with busy heedful looks,  
Toiling beneath the load of arms they carried;  
Squires and brave knights and damsels then appeared,  
And dames of high degree—'twas a strange bustle!  
But now the judges sit!—the crowds, disposed  
In order, wait impatiently the onset.  
Silence proclaimed, the attendant heralds read  
Conditions of the joust, and in reply  
The shrill voiced trumpet sounded loud and long.<sup>11</sup>  
Then came the challengers—their shields were placed  
Along the lists, and they were shortly answered.<sup>12</sup>  
My Gaston was distinguished, fairly armed  
In mail of proof; and over all he wore  
A surcoat of rich silk, his helmet gold,  
Surmounted by an eagle. On his shield  
Two lions rampant, in a field azure,  
Powdered with golden stars, he lightly carried.  
His horse was a bright bay, and strong as large,  
And sumptuously caparisoned, a gift  
His royal relative presented. Thus  
He rode into the field; and, when again  
The trumpet sounded, to the spur they gave  
Their gallant steeds, and rushed to the attaint.<sup>13</sup>

All were unhorsed, save Gaston; but he broke  
His lance in four, and his opponent's passed  
Through shield and corslet, and just grazed the  
flesh.

Thou dost not heed, Lucinda!

LUCINDA.

Nay, by my troth 'twas marvellous!  
How sped he then? Her sparkling eyes betray [*Aside.*  
Her inward happiness. Now could I give  
The world, if it were mine, to check one moment  
The flood of her enjoyment. She provokes me  
Beyond all patient bearing—and she knows it!

ISABEL.

Give me thine ear, I'll tell thee:  
His squires brought other lances, and he stood  
Prepared to brave the best. Another came,  
And then another—he unhorsed them all,  
And bore away the prizes. On his helm  
My colors fluttered,<sup>14</sup> and the hearts of those  
Proud fair ones, who beheld him overthrow  
Their noblest chivalry, would burst with envy!  
Oh! how I long to have been there, to have seen  
How all succumbed before him, and have clasped  
My well loved hero to the heart he loves  
Devoutly—'twere a right noble triumph!

LUCINDA.

Humph!

ISABEL.

What have I done! I feel [*Aside.*  
This foolish boast to her deserves correction.

Pardon me, dear Lucinda, I run on  
Thoughtless of thee who art perchance aweary.

LUCINDA.

Not in the least, dear Isabel;  
Go on, I pray thee; it delights me greatly.  
Malicious creature! would that she were hanged!

ISABEL.

[*Aside.*

Nay, but it irketh thee; come, come —

*Enter* PHILIPPO.

ISABEL.

Morrow, Philippo. Hast thou met my lord?

PHILIPPO.

Lady, dear lady! for the love of Heaven  
Speed ye this moment to the earl; appease  
The fury that sweeps onward like a flood,  
Or not the world can save him!

ISABEL.

Ha!

LUCINDA.

Save whom?

ISABEL.

The matter, good Philippo—say the matter---  
Mine errand else were idle.

PHILIPPO.

Time presses, lady, and the case requires  
Your best of diligence; but know in brief,  
Lord Gaston is imprisoned—is in chains,  
Charged with conspiring to destroy his sire

By poison! Nay, 'tis false, but yet reply not;  
And, if ye love him, fly, lose not an instant!  
The headsman is called out, and fifty spears  
Guard him to execution.<sup>15</sup> Why, my lady,  
Lady Isabel! as I live, she's senseless!  
She falls! fool, fool, and madman! worse, far worse!  
Curse on these old grey hairs, that should have  
taught me  
The forethought too of age. Help, bow the body.<sup>16</sup>

LUCINDA.

So fall the proud, so human glory fades! [*Aside.*  
I could laugh now, to see her day obscured,  
If 'twere not that a fearful tempest broods  
Vindictively upon her. And yet, why,  
Why do I feel delighted? She was much  
Like a soft breath that crisps<sup>17</sup> the summer wave  
Ruffling, but pleasant too: her gentleness  
Strange, as 'twas admirable. Wherefore, then,  
Do I find pleasure in her sorrows? oh,  
My heart! my frail, unworthy heart! is't not—  
Is it not that she loves, and is beloved  
By him, whom thou hast coveted? whom thou  
Hadst sought to gain? So, in thy frailty lies  
The fond excuse, which conscience whispers thee  
Is base, detestable! Away, away,  
Foul fiend, take off thy impress. I do now  
Forswear allegiance: let me be at rest.

ISABEL.

Oh!

PHILIPPO.

She moves: give her air.

LUCINDA.

On my life, I pity her.

PHILIPPO.

Gently, good fellows, bear her gently.

[*Exeunt all but* LUCINDA.

LUCINDA.

Gaston destroy his parent! poison him!  
For what?—he is his heir, his only child,  
Save Gaspard,—born to no inheritance  
But what the earl's indulgence might allow.  
Why then attempt the life of him who gave it?  
Even now he holds all honors, all possessions,—  
What more could death bestow?—the name of earl?  
Ridiculous! and who are his accusers?  
Who dare assert his guilt? why is the test  
Of battle yielded not;<sup>18</sup> and, more than all,  
How could my lord give credit to a charge  
(Improbable as it seems) against that one  
Who is his only hope; as much the heir  
Of his high prowess, as of his domains!  
And thus to hurry to an instant death too  
Him who is this—all this—resembles more  
The illusive phantoms of disordered sleep,  
Imagination's wanderings, than the real  
Occurrences of life! It doth amaze  
And terrify me; and what path to bend,  
In sooth, I am at loss. Alas! alas!  
If Gaston *hath* thought this that they allege—  
It is impossible, he could not act it!  
How my heart bleeds to think. [She muses.

*Enter GASPARD.*

GASPARD.

Joy to ye, lady mine! May I intrude  
Upon your meditations?

LUCINDA.

You are right welcome, sir.  
Haply you can direct me to some clue,  
Or guide me through the labyrinth I'm lost in.

GASPARD.

Your radiant eye, fair lady,  
Like some foretokening meteor hath involved  
My heart amid such maze, that more I need  
A hand to lead me o'er the wildering path,  
Than proffer to assist ye.

LUCINDA.

This is ill-timed.—He's handsome, I protest; [*Aside.*  
Well-mannered too, and no doubt richly gifted.

GASPARD.

'Tis truth at least.

But wherein can I serve you?

LUCINDA.

Lend me, sir,  
Your best attention. You have heard 'tis likely  
Of the dark crime, which is preferred against  
The noble Gaston—I'd still call him so.

GASPARD.

Ha!

LUCINDA.

Why do you start and tremble? you have heard it?

GASPARD.

Ay, and in agony of heart have seen  
The cursed proofs, that do proclaim him *murderer*  
In will, if not in act.

LUCINDA.

Say you? <sup>19</sup>

Proofs! then there are proofs? Merciful heaven, who  
Will trust the faith of man! It is but as  
The smooth clear waters, on which sunbeams fall,  
Gilding the crystal surface. We survey  
Our images reflected; when we smile,  
They too seem smiling; and if we should weep,  
Dissembling tears reciprocate our griefs,  
And wean us from despair: but if we trust  
The lovely promise which the shadow yields,  
And clasp it to our hearts—alas! it flies;  
The gurgling waters open to devour,  
And down, down sinks the wretch; perchance with all  
Her load of frailties weighing her to death!  
Poor Isabel!

GASPARD.

Faith, not unlikely!—

[*Aside.*

This is severity, not justice, lady;  
And I much wronged therein. Sure ye exempt  
Your truest servant from the opprobrious charge—  
Do ye not, mistress? <sup>20</sup>

LUCINDA.

As he may prove—But why  
Talk you to me of this? I would hear that  
Which now concerns us nearer; by what means



This thing became apparent, and for what  
It was engaged in, so ye can bewray it.<sup>21</sup>

GASPARD.

Unhappily, too well!

'Twas my sad fortune to be near the earl,  
And witness to the sorrowful disclosure;  
To mark the tear run down his manly cheek,  
And the deep sob that swelled his noble heart  
Almost to breaking. For, was not *this* man  
One whom he fondly loved? his heir, his hope,  
His all, that beneath heaven he proudly cherished!  
Was he not most indulgent to his child?  
Lived he not wholly for him? Then, that he  
Should thus contrive his death; that by his hand  
Destruction should be subtly wrought, was base,  
Was barbarous; it was the very pitch  
Of black ingratitude!

LUCINDA.

You may spare your moralizing.  
All this I can conceive, sir—not forget  
That he is still your brother.

GASPARD.

I had like [*Aside.*

To have run beyond the mark; as yet, perchance  
All's well. Beseech ye, pardon, madam; 'tis  
My detestation of the crime, and not  
Forgetfulness of him who acted it.  
I feel he is my brother, was my friend,  
Attached to me by every sacred tie,  
And bitterly lament his falling off

From virtue. But calling back to memory  
The anguish of my father, then his anger,  
And knew how deeply his concern was in it,  
Perhaps my passion put too strong a color  
Upon the heinousness of such a deed.  
I do beseech your pardon.

LUCINDA.

Nay, now you have placed  
Too hard construction on my obvious meaning.  
I have not thought offence. Pray ye, continue.

GASPARD.

I am bound to obey ye.  
What first gave reason to suspect, the earl  
Will not communicate; but if I may  
Hazard a bare conjecture, I do think  
'Twas that old steward—how is't that you name him?

LUCINDA.

Philippo?

GASPARD.

He.

LUCINDA.

Sure you mistake: still he is much his friend.

GASPARD.

I take *your* word—loth were I to take *his*.  
But this is from the purpose. Some suspicion  
The earl had doubtless, and it was on that  
He acted. Gaston appeared before him,  
After long quest, and many messages  
Commanding his appearance. There did seem  
I know not what of guilty consciousness

Visible in his look. And when my lord  
Addressed him, the red token spread like fire  
Along his cheeks; but what—oh, what might be  
The burning in his heart, when from its covert,  
Dragged by the impetuous earl, there came to light  
A scrip full stored with powder—I should say  
With deadly aconite! <sup>22</sup>

LUCINDA.

Support me, heaven!

GASPARD.

The hand of heaven was in it; but it seemed  
The power of chance—for by a narrow cord  
The means of death suspended; and it lay  
Upon the breast, close to his hollow heart.  
The cord hung loose, so (as I said) by heaven  
Ordained; and, where the vesture was conjoined,  
Verging upon the waist, it caught the eye!

LUCINDA.

'Tis fearfully surprising. Tell me further,  
How 'twas discovered to be poison, since  
There may be powders wholly innocent—  
Medicinal drugs, whose operation 's happy:  
Nay, such is poison, well administered!  
And how, moreover, was it known to be  
Intended for the earl? These things disturb,  
And leave me much in doubt.

GASPARD.

Your questions are important,  
But, alas! too easily replied to!  
The earl's large wolf-dog, whom, for strength of limb

And unabating speed, he long has valued,  
Just as the dark design had met detection,  
Came fawning round him, and his shaggy coat  
Shook with irrational joy. Some proof was wanting  
Of the malignant nature of the powder,  
And proof was here supplied. The animal  
From mine own hand received the fatal test,  
And in convulsions died.<sup>23</sup> The rest, himself  
Hath daringly avowed.

LUCINDA.

What! hath he owned it? then the only hope  
That clung tenaciously around my heart  
Is withered, dead within me! I did still  
Nourish the secret hope that he might be  
Falsely accused by some malicious traitor,  
And this hath borne me up. Ye blessed saints,  
Who watch the ways of man, look down upon  
The lost unhappy youth, and lead him yet  
Where he may find repentance, and a pardon!  
Good Gaspard, how doth he demean himself?  
Hath he no plea for the inhuman thought,  
No sophistry to palliate or excuse?

GASPARD.

Doubt ye not that, dear lady!  
Few are the wicked who imagine not  
Some reason for their sin; who gild not o'er  
With the gay gloss of good intention, what  
They act in evil. He hath urged (you'll laugh)  
That by Navarre the powder was supplied  
To reconcile the unforgiving earl

To his long absent lady. He was told  
(He says) there lay a secret charm within it,<sup>24</sup>  
Wrought by the powerful skill of some grey  
    hermite,

Which, if administered at a certain hour,  
Would end all grief in happiness—unite  
All jarring interests, and for ever join  
The hearts of each in one sweet bond of peace!  
Do ye not wonder? Are ye not prepared  
To smile at this wild folly?

LUCINDA.

I cannot answer. Certainly there are  
Charms done, which might effect this; and I'll  
    pray,

Pray earnestly it be so: yet methinks  
The earl is hasty, and his ire may prove  
Unfounded as 'tis eager. Sir, my thanks;  
I am indebted to ye, and will find  
A fitting moment to requite it. Now  
I'll take my leave. My heart is heavy.

GASPARD.

I rest your slave.

[Exit LUCINDA.

[GASPARD alone, looking sneeringly after her.

Ha! ha! ha!

What a fine thing the world is—how disposed  
To trust a villain, and to disbelieve  
The honest and the good! I've mined securely;  
The toils I've labored to prepare are laid

With unsuspected cunning.—My loved brother!  
I've helped ye to your rest; and now remains  
But the old earl to interpose between  
Me and my heart's ambition—he shall fall too:  
First let him name me heir, and win the soldier <sup>25</sup>  
To aid me to maintain it—then he dies.  
This trick was well devised, and it succeeds,  
E'en to a miracle. What credulous fools  
Are some—nay, mainly shallow! Why, Navarre  
Conceives me but his tool, striving to place  
A kingly earldom in his royal clutch,  
Worth all his principality! 'Tis well.  
I'd have him think so; but, once firmly fixed,  
Let him look narrowly to himself—the world  
Is not extent enough for my desires!  
Boundless art thou, as ocean, my proud heart,  
And tost with storms like it, too! I will be  
As a black rock amid the waves of life,  
Marked out by fate for human shipwreck—nursed  
By the shock of elements.—I talk—I talk—  
And am but nothing, till the voice of death  
Sound a long requiem for my sire and brother.  
Then step I o'er their graves, like a poisonous breath  
Withering the herb beneath. Have I not cause?  
Abased by birth, and without power to rise  
Above the stigma it imposes! Left  
Like an untimely fruit, and crawled upon  
By every wretched insect! He who gave  
Life to this frame, moulded it with a spirit

That will not stoop to servitude ; and come  
What will across me, I will sternly keep  
My destined course—the worst is endless sleep.  
[*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

*(The Dungeon of the Castle.)*

GASTON, *in Chains.*

GASTON.

IS this, then, the last scene of my deservings?  
Have I till now trod fearlessly along  
The path of life, still holding to my view  
The polar star of honor? Have I led  
Warriors to battle, and escaped the sword  
To die upon the scaffold?—Oh, my heart,  
Break ere that fatal moment! Let it not  
Appear to after ages, that the heir  
Of an illustrious house, who should have been  
A light among the nations, basely died  
Under the headsman's axe—dishonored—lost  
In the dark night of infamy; and all  
For what?—for the fond thought that bade me give  
A mother comfort?—or, a father peace?  
Alas! how hard it is to move securely.  
An hour of man's brief day. The joy we taste  
Is like the glory of the rainbow, still  
Accompanied by lowering clouds, which soon



May burst in thunder over us! The world  
Is merely such—and I have sadly proved it!

*Enter PHILIPPO.*

PHILIPPO.

My loved—my honored lord!

GASTON.

Honored! Philippo. Dost thou call these chains,  
This prison—honorable? This accusation,  
And all the thousand devilish calumnies,  
Which coil like serpents round my heart, and sting  
me?

Do these bring honor? or dost thou, too, come  
To add another to the miseries  
Already in excess?

PHILIPPO.

These tears shall be my answer—or, if they  
Be deemed dissemblers, take thy weapon—search—  
Read the wronged heart, that sorrows for thine ills,  
And freely, joyfully would spend its blood,  
To do thee service.

GASTON.

I do believe thou'rt honest; but when Evil  
Shows his grim visage, there be few so brave,  
Though clad in armour, as to dare the encounter;  
Or, if there be, 'tis with a coward's fear—  
'Tis, Parthian-like, to inflict a wound, and flee.  
Dost thou not dread my sorrows should o'erwhelm  
thee?

The plague's not more contagious!

PHILIPPO.

I think not of myself: for me, the world  
Retains no charm—the sparkling sands of hope  
Have lost their wonted beauty, and I cease  
Idly of them to twist the thread of life!  
But, in the morning to be called away,  
When all seems gay and cheery, when the sun  
Burns brilliantly above, and speeds along,  
Like a proud conqueror o'er prostrate nature—  
This the young heart thinks grievous, and repines  
That it must bear it—'tis not so with me.  
I would fain comfort ye in your afflictions,  
And, what I may, relieve—though at the cost  
Of earth, and all things earthly—these were little!

GASTON.

And thou dost comfort, good old man! thou dost—  
It is a happiness, not well imagined,  
That e'en the wretched sufferer, who bends  
Beneath the heaviest load of anguish, knows,  
In the blest sympathy of friendship. They  
Who truly have it, have a paradise,  
Yielding eternal sweets: a flower that grows  
In our ungenial clime but seldom—wondrous  
When it appears, and worthiest of all praise!  
But wherefore stays my Isabel? Doth she  
Refuse to bless me, ere I perish?

PHILIPPO.

Ah! this I feared!

[*Aside.*

No, my good lord, she sues for your release:

Her trembling voice—her winning loveliness—  
And, more than all, her supplicating hand  
Raised up in agony, her full blue eye  
Swimming in heart-wrung tears, have stayed awhile  
The falling axe, and gained ye one reprieve.  
Oh! would to heaven she may at length prevail  
Above this evil fate!

GASTON.

'Tis not to be expected. The dark plot  
Navarre hath framed to catch my easy faith  
Is too secure—too wildly intricate,  
In life to be exposed. Thy bodings now  
Are verified: thy honest cautions spring  
In very bitterness to my remembrance;  
And what I might have been, and what I am,  
Rush on my withered heart, and work my brain  
Almost to madness!

PHILIPPO.

Forget these things: they are  
The evil spirits of the past, that bring  
Intenser anguish with them, and o'ercast  
The face of all the future. You may yet  
Live long and happily.

GASTON.

Oh, that deceitful *may*!  
How many a fair and goodly vision hath  
Vanished for ever, while we deem it *may*  
Again be present to us! And how oft  
Hath time fled onward on his lightest wings,  
Imped by that magic *may*:<sup>26</sup> but all hath ended  
In sorrow and amazement. Prithee raise

No more delusive hopes ;—I do not fear  
To die, but to die basely—that, 'tis *that*  
Which makes a woman of me.—Still Isabel  
Is absent ; why so long ?

PHILIPPO.

My old eyes will weep  
Themselves away—I cannot bear his wretchedness.

GASTON.

Why dost thou answer not ? Methought thou saidst  
She would be here anon :—why lags she now,  
Now in mine hour of evil ? Gives *she* credence  
To the monstrous charge that weighs me to the grave ?

PHILIPPO.

Never, never : it were not in the might  
Of Fate, to shake her faith in thee ; thou art  
To her a glorious star, which storms may blot  
From mortal eye, but to the eye of Heaven  
Still burning on, with undiminished ray—  
Still wonderfully excellent ; the lord  
Of her, and her ascendant : the bright planet  
Beneath whose influences she exists,  
Betide ye weal or woe !

GASTON.

Wherefore is she not, then ?  
She knoweth comfort cannot come without her,  
And that my heart is aching to be blessed  
With her consoling presence !—Wherefore thus  
Tarries she from me ?

PHILIPPO.

What shall I do ? Longer I cannot hide it :—  
My unhappy lord—

GASTON.

Thine eye, Philippo, hath a language in it—  
A fearful meaning: be it of my love,  
Speak, I command ye. I am still prepared  
To brave the worst that can befall me. Speak.

PHILIPPO.

Would that I had no speech, no tongue, no heart—  
No faculty!—would Heaven, that I were dead!<sup>27</sup>  
Her will is bounded, sir: she is withheld  
By the strong arm of power. The furious earl,  
Half maddened at the crime, which he believes—  
And as I think, artfully wrought upon  
By secret malice, hath given strict command  
She move not from her chamber: centinels  
Stand guard there—and in all she soothly is,  
Save the bare ruggedness a dungeon shows,  
A miserable captive. This am I  
Loathingly missioned from my erring lord  
To unfold to ye; and then—prepare ye for—  
Oh!—for the bitterness of death!

GASTON.

Why, and 'tis welcome; yet he is my father—  
He is the being whom I owe my birth to:  
And surely—surely 'twere not much to pardon  
The child of his affections—though he did  
Esteem him guilty in the sight of Heaven!—  
Then to deny my Isabel, the last,  
Last sorrowful regard of tenderness,  
Is cruelty unheard of!—I submit me,  
And to the throne of the Almighty bend

A suppliant. May he never learn how much,  
How fatally he hath erred: may the moment  
That sees him without heir, and hopeless all  
Of one, who may succeed him—bring no pang  
For him, who fell untimely: may regret  
Never approach him, and the eve of life  
Be brilliant as its morning, till the veil  
Of death drop o'er him, and he sleep in peace!

PHILIPPO.

Alas! alas!

GASTON.

Grieve not for me, good friend!  
Thy grief were juster for the lonely hearts  
That will remain behind. Oh Isabel!  
Isabel! thou, that wert twined around me  
In the best, brightest bonds of hallowed love,  
How wilt thou now be broken! And thou too,  
My father, wilt be shattered; desolate as  
The barren earth, when all its fruitfulness  
A pestilence hath blighted: and if there  
Should come a time, when I again may seem  
Innocent to thee—then how thou wilt curse  
That day of retribution!—Dost thou know,  
Philippo, when my frail body must give up  
Its assumed honors, and be mingled with  
The nothings of the world? It were good now,  
If Father Julio might attend on me—  
Receive the last confessions of the flesh,  
And minister the host. Dost thou believe  
This thing might be accomplished?

PHILIPPO.

Doubtless, dear sir, and it becomes ye. I  
Will hasten to Sir Gaspard, and beseech  
That he'd entreat it of my lord—since 'tis  
The earl's express command, that none presumes  
To intrude upon his sorrows save your brother.

GASTON.

How ?

Didst thou not say that from the earl thou can'st  
To tell me I must die ?

PHILIPPO.

I said, I was commissioned from my lord  
With these sad tidings ; but 'twas through the knight,  
Your bastard brother. When I sought to be  
Admitted, 'twas denied.

GASTON.

'Tis strange ! but Gaspard loves me : could he not  
Prevail for one short interview between  
My wretched wife and me ?—what policy  
Directs our separation ?

PHILIPPO.

I cannot tell. Belike he dreams, it may  
Augment her misery to meet—since death  
Must part ye soon—so soon ! But Gaspard hath  
Of late been highly favored—why, I know not :  
He seems to love ye much, and might effect  
The little you desire.

GASTON.

Seems ! say you ? why he doth—he doth.

PHILIPPO.

He hath had  
Great reason, good my lord, and it may be  
That 'tis as you imagine—nor do I  
Offer at a denial.

GASTON.

Yet this sounds

Like a retaliation, my Philippo:  
Come, come—though he believed ye treacherous  
And my insidious enemy—did not  
My own thoughts charge ye?—must we sue in vain  
For that forgiveness which mankind should grant  
Unsought for to their brethren; for they too  
Have need of it at all times, and from all!

PHILIPPO.

In truth—yet you mistake me; I have long  
Driven it from my remembrance. But—was't so?—  
Did he indeed distrust me? did he frame  
The accusations you, my lord, reposed in?

GASTON.

Surely, at his suggestion, I believed;  
And he, like me, has erred—and is repentant.  
I met him as I left you; and, in short,  
Discussed the matter with him. We agreed  
You were abused. Come, you forgive?

PHILIPPO.

A new light breaks upon me: there is more [*Aside*.  
In this, than I imagined. Why, this Gaspard  
Ever professed much zeal of heart to serve me;



And had he not so *very* warmly urged  
His services, I might have liked him better.—  
'Tis as I do suspect—he is *the* villain,  
The damnable villain; but I'll search him yet  
And probe him to the core!—My lord, 'tis not  
In the vain surmise of a moment to  
Excite my anger, or incur my hatred:  
Nor can the noble heart, open like yours  
To the first impulse of conviction, breed  
Resentment in my breast: but time sweeps on,  
I must at present leave you—hope the best.  
The clew once found, how easy all the rest.  
[*Aside as he goes out.*]

## SCENE II.

(*A Hall in the Castle, with a Gallery in the distance.*)

*Enter GASPARD, speaking to a Servant.*

GASPARD.

Despatch these letters; bid the messenger  
Be diligent and secret. This, for Navarre,  
And this to his chief captain. See that none  
Observe ye—'tis of charge.

SERVANT.

I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*]

## GASPARD.

Now, on a smooth sea, sails the venturous bark  
Of my ambition : to a fore-right breeze  
She scuds along—and smiling hopes around  
Convoy her into port. There's not a speck  
Rides through the clear horizon; all appears  
Serene and beautiful!—How shall I glory  
In the perfection of my workmanship,  
And leave to future records a device  
To cheat wise heirs of lordships; and create  
Legitimate, what wondering sirs believe  
There is no law can sanction. But it is  
Success, that makes things honest, as it makes  
Them great; a fact so stale, that 'tis become  
A theme for monkish declamation; legends  
Are framed upon it; and your saints shoot up,  
Miraculously gifted, who have been,  
Through a long life, notorious evil doers;  
But, ere it close, some score of monasteries  
Built and endowed, again brings all things even!<sup>28</sup>  
Fine notions! but of use to make men live  
Subservient to fine purposes; I'll prove it  
Before I die too.—The old earl's mewed<sup>29</sup> up,  
And none, but whom I will, shall speak with him;  
He wavers—and I fear me, may be wrought  
To counteract what I have greatly plotted:  
My lady Isabel, whose whining moved  
A kind of pity in his foolish heart,  
Is safely caged—what then should now concern me?  
But to make all secure, I'll work on Gaston  
To swallow a few grains of that same powder

He treasured for his sire. He's strangely credulous,  
And will do this, as I shall order it.—  
Navarre must be kept quiet, till the time  
Seem fit for action, or he may betray me.  
I've tampered with the captains of his host,  
And when need be, they are prepared to join me—  
How my heart leaps, I could laugh out for joy!  
Ha!—whom do I mark in yonder gallery?  
By this fair light, the ghostly friar Julio!  
How he speeds onward, as if age had made  
Precious exchange with youth;—why, heretofore,  
Methought he scarce could crawl! what wonders now  
Designs he to gull fools? Rank hypocrites,  
They are all—right reverend hypocrites!  
Where bends his step?—haply to shrieve our heir!  
Good need I trow!—till he come forth, I wait  
Like Death's dark angel—mine the voice of fate!

[*Exit.*

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### SCENE III.

(*Dungeon of the Castle.*)

GASTON *in Chains.*

GASTON.

How terrible is death to those who die  
In deserved infamy! and is it less  
To those Injustice brands with mark of guilt?

I know not that, but I do feel there is  
A bitterness, beyond the arm of death,  
Fixed on my fire-scathed soul!—what, take away  
The life of him I love?—destroy the hope,  
Which youth to manhood gave, of something, sure  
Brighter and better than a deed like this?  
Oh! I need other counsel than my grief  
Darkly suggests;

*Enter ISABEL, in the disguise of Father JULIO.*

And see, even to my wish  
The holy man approaches. Welcome, Father,  
Thy soothing voice may calm my troubled heart,  
And raise it up to blessedness and heaven!—  
But whence this silence?—why dost look around  
As if suspicion fastened on thee? Nought  
Should fright the holy—him who entertains,  
And bears the impress on his honored brow  
Of a good conscience, right towards God and men.  
Nay, I conjure ye; whence—

*[She raises the Cowl.*

—What do I look on?

Isabel?—my wife—my beauteous Isabel!

*[They embrace.*

Oh! Gracious Heaven, e'en amid Fate's dark malice,  
This—this is comfort;—'tis the radiancy  
That winter throws upon the cataract,  
Awfully sweeping down the snow-capped mountain,  
In peril, beautiful!—and so thou art  
To me, my Isabel!—Come to this heart

That beats not quicker with the pulse of life  
Than with the love it bears thee!

ISABEL.

Hold up, my soul, against this flood of weakness,  
And in the hour of trial strengthen me  
With more than woman's courage—I have need!  
My heart has been too much thine own, my Gaston,  
Too earthly in its nature; too secure  
Of happiness, and too forgetful of  
The gracious Being who conferred it: hence  
He who hath given recalls his gift, and we  
Are left to weep beneath the lash of justice.  
Proudly I saw thy honors; I believed  
That thou wert more than mortal—as a god  
Above the idle worms that crawled about thee!  
Alas! there wanted yet the fatal truth  
That thou couldst fall by guile; in very madness  
I thought thee proof against the shafts of fate,  
Exempt from human frailty; but my love  
Is chastened by affliction, and the tears,  
That like our griefs, flow bitterly and fast,  
May, if High Heaven vouchsafe to pity us,  
Rase the condemning stain. Be this my comfort!

GASTON.

Oh! thou art still  
In all things excellent—and if it be  
A sin to love thee, I must love that sin!  
I could not live without thee; and to die  
Hath but the pang which its dishonor brings—  
And that which leaves thee to a careless world,

Clad in the ignominy that awaits  
Thy husband's blighted name: this—it is this,  
That truly may be called the sting of death!

ISABEL.

Oh! do not think so; cast from thy prond heart  
What vainly by the world is termed dishonor:—  
There is no shame but what the guilty feel,  
And thou art honored in thy innocence—  
Distinguishingly honored! Thou wilt say,  
By whom and what? By thy own heart, my Gaston!  
Where conscious virtue brings a regal crown,  
And with a louder and a sweeter voice  
Than tongues of men can utter, saith thou art  
Heir to eternal life, and thrones immortal!  
Think upon this, and let thy swelling soul  
Subside. Why should'st thou value earth? it hath  
Proved treacherous unto thee—basely treacherous;  
Robbed thee of well-earned fame, and lent an ear  
Invidiously to thy accusers; they  
Joy in thy degradation: how is't then  
That thou should'st yield one momentary thought  
To things that thus have used thee? Are they worth  
A noble mind's consideration—or  
Do they deserve regard, in whom the tongue  
Of malice only is right eloquent?  
Believe it not! And then for me—the scorn  
Of those who hold my lord in obloquy,  
Affects my heart no more than spray that dashes  
O'er the cloud-kissing promontory.—'Tis  
In its broad base secure, as I am, in

Thy fast integrity.—I comfort him, (*Aside.*)  
But want the consolation I impart.  
'Tis not for her, whose hope is like the dove  
That sought an earthly resting-place, and found  
None to uphold it; yet that wearied bird  
Snatched from amid the deluge one bright leaf  
That cheered its lonesome passage to the ark  
Of hope and safety—such be thine, poor heart!  
I turn me all to Heaven, may Heaven receive  
The restless wanderer to eternal rest!—  
Why dost thou look so rapt?

GASTON.

Blest fate, that gave me such a wife as thou!  
Yet do not cease, thy words fall on my ear  
Seraphically; and thou appearest to me  
More like a being of another sphere,  
That, in strange dreams, we briefly gaze at, than  
One whom the misery of life hath taught  
To minister relief to man's afflictions!  
Prithee, say on.

ISABEL.

Thou over-ratest me; 'tis Love hath colored  
Plain homely matter with his gaudier dye!  
Love gives to language *all* its eloquence—  
Love lifts the mourner's drooping eye, and warms  
The mourner's ice-bound heart. Love bids me speak;  
And 'tis that love which lends its opiate power  
To win thee from despair: think that I am  
Ever your faithful wife, and servant, sweet!  
I seek no further honor.

GASTON.

Thou art all perfection ! But tell me, friend,  
How thou obtaind'st this habit--by what sleight  
Thou did'st elude the vigilance of those  
Appointed to watch o'er thee ? Have they shewn  
A kindness fitting her, who once was deemed  
The highest 'mongst the high ? or hath the fall  
Of him, the common voice hoarsely proclaimed  
Heir to this noble earldom--hath *that* too  
(Still influenced by the ebbs and flows of fortune)  
Transferred already to thee, the disgrace  
Thy husband must bow down to ?

ISABEL.

But that they hold me prisoner, I perceive  
No change that speaks it. Yet I marvel why  
The earl permits not my access to ye.  
I left him as a friend, but scarce had reached  
My chamber, ere a mandate followed me,  
Forbidding my egress ; a guard secured  
The well performance of it, or I had  
Scorned the unjust restraint. So, as I wept  
The evil destiny that seemed to fix  
Despair and death upon us, there appeared  
The holy father, whom thou took'st me for,  
To bid me be at peace ; and think of joy  
When this bad world is not. He saw my grief,  
And hastened to relieve it. I assumed  
His garb, as thou beholdest, and have passed  
Hither without suspicion. Now must I  
To other duty--thou shalt yet be free !



I will not cease, ere I have worked thy pardon,  
And thou again return'st with every honor  
To confidence and love. My importunity  
Shall end but with my life; and sure 'tis not  
In human bosoms to resist the force  
Of pure affection, ardent as my own!

GASTON.

Alas! my Isabel, thou would'st attempt  
Thou know'st not what. The earl hath giv'n in charge  
That there be none admitted to his presence  
Saving Sir Gaspard. Yet his influence might  
Haply avail me much.

ISABEL.

No—I succeed or perish. In this dress  
Which challenges respect, I may obtain  
At least admission;—let us leave the rest  
To Him, who can make soft the hardened heart  
And change the sterner thought. Farewell, dear  
lord,

Be what I love to think thee—be thyself!  
And though the world condemneth, conscience will,  
Knowing no guilt, acquit and laud thee for it!

GASTON.

May Heaven be thy protection, Isabel!  
And with all blessing, bless thee:—

ISABEL.

Love!—farewell!

[*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*Room in the Castle.*

*Enter PHILIPPO and two Captains.*

PHILIPPO.

And, captain, sound ye, instantly to horse ;  
You with your company, pursue one path,  
And you, sir, speed the other.

FIRST CAPTAIN.

A single horseman, say you, journeying  
Towards Navarre ? faith, sir, it were unseemly  
To pick up every stroller we o'ertake !  
Have ye no better guide ?—our travel else  
Were labor lost and folly.

PHILIPPO.

Sebastian rides  
Under your escort—he'll instruct ye further.  
Meantime, move on ; the man hath scarcely past  
Half through the forest eastward of the castle,  
If our intelligence be certain ; there  
Belike ye may secure him. Seize all papers—  
This merits special note ; and, as ye can,  
Be circumspect.

SECOND CAPTAIN.

Never fear, sir ; we understand our duty,  
And will do it.

PHILIPPO.

'Tis well. Your servant, gentlemen.

BOTH.

Your's, sir!

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE V.

*Dungeon of the Castle ; in the distance very massy Pillars, much shadowed. The Speakers enter the Prison through the opening which they form ; and are seen to advance gradually, but indistinctly, for some time before they come upon the Scene. A Lamp burning.*

GASTON in Chains, asleep.

*Enter GASPARD.*

GASPARD.

Peace to my friend!—Where is he? How, asleep!

[*Holds the light to his eyes.*]

Now were it easy by a blow to make  
That sleep eternal! But then this would show  
A danger in it; and suspicion might  
Attach me to itself!—the safer is  
The better pathway: his own hand shall do it,

And I may then plot deeply and securely.  
Now to awaken him to death. What, ho!  
My lord!

GASTON (*awaking.*)

My Isabel, so soon—A man!  
Who are ye, that delight to rob a wretch,  
Whom comfort hath forsaken, of a short  
Obliviousness to life, and death to sorrow?  
Fellow, who are ye?

GASPARD.

One, Gaston, who laments thy wretchedness  
Because he deems thee innocent: who feels  
More for the sufferings thou hast undergone,  
And weeps more keenly for the wrongs thou bearest  
Than they who more pretend to't. My loved friend,  
Would I might do thee service.

GASTON.

Gaspar!—my brother!—why I've thought thee long,  
Where hast thou been? I doubted ye were scared  
By the hard pressure of afflictions round me,  
And, with the splendor of my birth, had fled!  
Give me thy hand, thou much rejoicest me.

GASPARD.

Oh! how unjustly have ye scanned the heart  
Which only throbs with love to ye, and lives  
Only at thy disposal. Sorrow overwhelm me,  
If a long life were not a life-long burden,  
Bereft of thee, my brother and my friend!

GASTON.

I well believe thee. Flattery like this

Comes not to such as I am. Prithee say,  
Why tarried'st thou?

GASPARD.

To save thee from destruction have I tarried;  
To guard thy head, condemned to the axe,  
Hath been the cause of my absenting me.

GASTON.

Ah! and successful too? I read it, Gaspard,  
In thy sad look; thou need'st not tell it me.

GASPARD.

Glad am I, that I find ye thus prepared.  
Alas! it is most certain. I have urged  
All that the thought of man could offer; bent  
Ev'n to the very ground regardlessly!  
When I implored him to reflect, with what  
Unlooked for treachery thou wert attended,  
And bade him see, how excellent thine end;  
A haughty smile was his contemptuous answer!  
When I recalled thy youth, and thy high deeds,  
Thy future promise, and his hope in thee,  
The heir of these domains—there, there I touched  
him;

And did perceive a struggle in his breast.  
But vengeance conquered; and that stormy soul,  
That ne'er could brook a rival, doomed thy death!  
No prayers can save thee, though the world opposed.  
Scarce though the scourging powers of Heaven rose up  
In thy behalf—Death thou must suffer—Death!

GASTON.

Be it, be it. Life with me hath lost

Much of what made it estimable. For  
He who must live a curse to those he loves,  
Involving all around him in the stain  
Of infamy, hath not great cause to wish  
A long existence. Yet I cannot—no,  
I cannot quit the blasting recollection—  
Thought, spite of man's philosophy, is active,  
And prints, in fire-fraught horror on my brain,  
That basely by the headsman I shall perish!

GASPARD.

Ay, by the headsman, so thy sire decrees.  
The death of traitors—nay of wretches, cast  
On the gross earth, that all but spurns them from it:  
Thy severed head exposed to grinning mobs,  
And insult heaped upon thy mangled body!  
Think but on this—think on it!

GASTON.

I do think on it: why wouldst thou create  
A feller grief? Have I not ill enough?

GASPARD.

Nay, more; thy bloodless cheek impressed  
With ignominy—with the cursed brand  
Of public malice; and thy ashy features  
(Smeared with cold blackening drops of clotted gore)  
Fixed on the castle's frowning battlement,  
While prating heralds babble how ye fell!

GASTON.

Hold—hold! Do ye mean  
To drive me mad?

GASPARD.

Not so—but bid ye shun,  
Bravely to shun a craven miscreant's fate,  
And scorn the shallow fools that have devised it.

GASTON.

Yes, ye can bid me shun—  
But 't would be something more to point the way.

GASPARD.

What! can a soul like thine require the aid  
Of one so far beneath it? Are there not  
Ten thousand vistas, by which man surveys  
The gloomy form of death? Then, can thine eye  
Discern but one—and that the headsman's axe?

GASTON.

Ha!

GASPARD.

Why dost thou pause? If life could be attained—  
If to die for thee were in choice, I tell thee  
This hour thou shouldst be free; and shouldst again  
Rise up, triumphant, over death and evil.  
I would resign my life to save thee; but  
To hear thee called a traitor—see thee go  
Dishonored to the grave, is more than death;  
'Tis life, in unremitting misery!

GASTON.

Sir! I'm determined!—to do what? A deed  
My very blood runs cold to think upon!—  
But then the scaffold, and the heartless mob  
Drinking the last drawn sigh of one whose boast,  
Whose proud, yet honest boast, it was, to have strove

With honorable strife in life's arena!  
Whose high — perchance presumptuous — but dear  
    hope  
Of not a common destiny, did seem  
To lift him o'er the herd of common men!  
He—yes, even *he*, to be a patricide!  
A branded traitor!—Oh! give but the means,  
And thou shalt witness how a man can die,  
Who fears disgrace, not death.

GASPARD.

Hear, then! This vial holds  
A subtle poison, which makes way upon  
The frame so cunningly, that thou shalt die  
As though a gentle sleep came over thee:  
'Tis nothing more—for none shall deem it poison!

GASTON.

Thou talk'st of wonders: give it me—  
And welcome—welcome rest.

GASPARD.

Take it—and all my fears go with thee—Now [*Aside*.  
Glory and honor spread your wings around,  
And cover me with splendor!—How dost feel?

GASTON.

Cold, cold—there is a freezing numbness run  
Across my heart. Oh, Isabel!

GASPARD.

Ha! ha! ha!

GASTON.

Why dost thou laugh?



GASPARD.

To think how little brain  
Suffices for a woodcock<sup>30</sup>.

GASTON.

If thou hast e'er a meaning, pray ye, speak it!  
I'd gladly comprehend.

GASPARD.

In very sooth, thou shalt. It were but half  
To let thee die, nor boast what I have done.  
The pleasure's infinite to dupe a wise one;  
And when no power can extricate, instruct  
His wisdom how he's erred.

GASTON.

What is all this?

GASPARD.

I'll tell ye presently.

[*As he speaks, enter PHILIPPO and CAPTAINS, unperceived: behind them, the dark forms of soldiers in burgonets<sup>31</sup> are dimly discovered.*]

PHILIPPO.

Stand by, this may confirm us.

[*Aside to the soldiers, who stand apart.*]

GASPARD.

Wake from thy foolish dream, so long indulged,  
And list what I deliver. Thou hast thought  
That I did love thee: so I did—thy state,<sup>32</sup>  
And thy succession, mighty Heir of Foiz!  
I am thine elder, though the idle forms

Of trucking priestcraft, and a slavish law,  
Have placed thee highest in the scale of life.  
I have a soul, too, great as thou hast—fit  
As thine for action! Why, then, should I sink  
Into the poor dependant on thy honors?  
Thou'rt ready now to term me base—ingrate—  
Villain, perchance—and thou may'st safely do it.  
But say, withal, that I have cast thee down  
From fortune's summit—and thou speak'st my glory!  
The trick that cozened thee was mine—was *mine*!  
I bade Navarre prepare the poison—while,  
Weak, credulous boy! I played the eremite,  
And lectured thee on spells, and such pure fooleries.

GASTON.

Thou art——

GASPARD.

What am I now? Good gentleman, speak out.

GASTON.

A very devil!

GASPARD.

Rare efaith! Somewhat I'll tell thee yet,  
And then most reverently will take my leave.  
Thy Isabel——

GASTON.

Wretch, what of her? Upon thy life, forbear  
To breathe a name thou ought'st to bend unto,  
As to an angel—she's so far above thee!

GASPARD.

Hear the uxorious slave! Well, sir, albeit,  
I do not love to be commanded, know

I will bend to her—till I have made her mine;  
Then, look—she bends to me!

GASTON.

Heaven!—Heaven! Where sleeps thy thunder?

GASPARD.

And this accomplished, the old bed-rid earl  
Shall follow thee to the grave, and bring thee word  
How pleasantly we revel it above,  
And how secure: for know, thy death and his  
Shall seem the consequence of black despair.  
Thine, from the fear of rightful punishment;  
And his, the anguish of a parent's heart,  
Whose last life-drop has thus ignobly fallen.

GASTON.

Why, I am lost; my folly has undone me!  
But thou—Oh! what art thou?

GASPARD.

Thy heir, my most sweet lord!

[PHILIPPO and the rest come forward.

PHILIPPO.

Secure the villain; how my heart-strings ache!

GASPARD.

Betrayed! curse on this babbling tongue,  
Which hath disclosed, what else their wit had found  
not.

Come on—ye shall buy me dearly. [Draws.

[They surround and seize him.

PHILIPPO.

My noble lord,

I bring ye happy tidings. The grieved earl,

Convinced at last of the injustice done ye,  
By the unquestioned evidence of letters  
Found on a menial of yon precious sir,  
That bear a superscription to Navarre—  
Acquits ye, and more honors ye for all  
The sufferings you have past. The letters show  
No signature, but every testimony  
Points out the infernal hand that acted it—  
What we have now o'erheard is ample. Bear  
The inhuman wretch to instant execution.  
It is the earl's command—I'll answer it.

GASPARD.

I do despise ye, honest master steward!  
And wish but opportunity to prove it.  
But—let it pass—I die not unavenged!  
More there shall be will follow me. My dream  
Of greatness is gone by, and I repent  
I moved not swifter to the goal. Ye 're all  
Officious knaves; remarkable fine fools!  
Ye could pass o'er the man who had good cause  
To slay the earl, and wisely hit on him  
Who could have none for't: now your worships  
may  
Boast of your penetration. I condemn ye!  
Reptiles ye are, as reptiles should—

GASTON.

Oh!

PHILIPPO.

Look to my lord there. For this man, away

To death with him. He prates—away, I say.

[*Exeunt soldiers with GASPARD.*]

How fares my gracious lord?

GASTON.

Ill, ill Philippo!—but,—my wife—my wife?

PHILIPPO.

Ah me! he changes: as I live, joy hath  
O'erwrought the feelings; human nature can  
Bear neither good nor evil. We are tost  
Like waves upon this ocean of the world,  
And, if we struggle through the storm, we die  
The instant there is calm! How is't my lord?

*Enter ISABEL followed by LUCINDA.*

ISABEL.

Joy—joy, my Gaston! thou art pardoned; nay,  
The earl seeks pardon, and believes thee guiltless.  
Kneel, kneel with me, and to high Heaven present  
The genuine thankfulness of honest hearts!  
Have we not cause?—dearest, thy cheek is pale!  
Come kneel beside me; with a fervent breath  
Speak we our gratitude: that bold bad man  
Who almost proved our ruin—thou hast heard it?—  
Is ordered to the block; he too will need  
Our supplications—come, kneel with me, love!

GASTON.

Isabel—be near me; closer, sweet—  
Lend me thy hand.

LUCINDA.

He's wond'rous pale; Sure, sure it cannot be  
The harbinger of death!

GASTON.

Now kneel.

[*They kneel side by side.*]

My father, I forgive and bless thee: Isabel,  
Cherish my father; he is old, and hath  
Much sorrow to endure. Philippo, be  
Kind to my Isabel. Watch over her—  
And if—my unborn babe!—oh Isabel!  
A father's eye shall never gaze upon  
Its innocent features, waking as from sleep,  
Or to a short-liv'd smile, or lingering tear!  
Never shall lip paternal press its lip  
Moist with the breath of infancy, and feel  
Another life imparted in its being!  
Never for me will burst the exulting throb  
With which a parent hails his first-born's cry,  
And clasps a wife—a *mother* to his heart,  
Drawn nearer yet by new and tenderest ties!  
Enough—I feel life hastening to a close:  
My soul but stays to bless thee. My eye dims  
Apace. Weep not—I would not see thee weep,  
Nor hear thy lamentation; let me place  
My head upon thy bosom—how it heaves!  
I'm—strangely faint—that poison works—too well—  
My unkind brother—gave———oh. [Dies.]

PHILIPPO.

Afflicting object! little did I think

To see the sun of all my hopes set thus  
In blood and ruin!

LUCINDA.

Alas!—nay, move him, there may yet be life  
Creeping along the vein.

PHILIPPO.

No—he is gone; the noble soul that filled  
This goodly frame is passed. The eye hath lost  
Its animation. Death, he is thine own!  
But for that villain, who—

ISABEL.

*(Kneeling across the body.)*

Who talks of death?

Are we not born to die? to fill a space,  
A little space in this dark world, and presently  
Seek out a darker grave? Lie there—lie there,  
Thou that wert full of loveliness; the brave—  
The beautiful—rest in thy narrow home!  
There passion stirs not, and the open heart  
That trusted to the smile of perfidy,  
Is cold—but 'tis at peace! it glows no more—  
The quick'ning pulse of rapture's triumph beats not—  
But sorrows—sorrows die! Oh! what am I?  
A very wretch upon the earth; I turn  
Around me and seek comfort,—there is none!  
Misery is all mine own—I see—I feel it;  
The venom'd arrow presses on my heart,  
And will not be withdrawn. *[She rises hastily.]*

LUCINDA.

Great Heaven! her heart is broken: on her cheek

Blossoms the flower of death,—pale as the snow  
Resting on some fair monument ! Away,  
Summon immediate help.

*[To an attendant who goes out.]*

ISABEL.

Dead!—*is* he dead?

Didst thou not say so? 'Twas a stern sad voice  
That murmured in my ear: look ! on that face  
There never beamed but kindness—never; then  
To me the truest heart he had—the fondest—  
Yet thou could'st say he died ! Why, foolish man,  
Love cannot die, but is immortal as  
His Maker—who is Love ! Mount ye on wing,  
Yoke to thy car the morning cloud, and chase  
The living sun-beam ; let thy powerful flight  
Bear thee beyond humanity—who comes  
Radiant in glory—circled o'er with sighs,  
And tears as bright as constellations are ?  
'Tis he—'tis he—Almighty Love !—My Gaston,  
Art thou there ?

PHILIPPO.

Beshrew me, but this is  
A grief, above all griefs—her reason wanders.  
Noblest lady !

ISABEL.

Oh ! I do feel a throbbing here—and here—  
Fixed on my heart and brain : Philippo, where  
Where are ye ? and thou too, my best Lucinda ?  
Lend me thine arm ; so, set me gently down—  
Nay, pray ye—here ; no further ! I am sick,



Sick unto death—and I would fain impress  
A last cold kiss upon my Gaston's brow :—  
Why, now he smileth on me—doth he not ?  
One other—then—receive me Heaven!—Farewell—  
A long—farewell! [Dies.

## LUCINDA.

This is a sight of anguish—a dread sight,  
That falls terrificly upon the heart,  
And well might shake the reason! Though I live  
The longest age of life, this fearful scene  
Will still be present. Dear, unhappy pair,  
How beautiful ye were, how excellent!  
Even as ye now are—admirable,  
And like to nothing mortal! Fit tenements  
For things that were of Heaven, and ye have passed  
Gloriously on to immortality!  
Yet burning tears must fall for ye: the world  
Knew not of ought so lovely, or so loving;  
And it will mourn that ye are gone—but they,  
They only, who like us, have seen two flowers  
Florishing bravely on one tender stalk,  
And marked their blushing beauties hourly open—  
Then, when the blight came o'er their goodliest  
pride,  
And bore away one flower—have seen the other  
Droop piningly to dust; they can but tell  
By some such emblem, how these glories fell!

## PHILIPPO.

Ay, lady, but what image shall pourtray  
The sorrows of the living? Weak, most weak

The effort! What can again give comfort  
To him, whose rashness nursed this evil thing?  
Darkly and deeply is his punishment,  
A bitter lesson to the pride of man—  
The o'erweening pride of greatness! Now there is  
No heir to this wide earldom; strangers must  
Inherit: while for the base Navarre, who strove  
To gain unjust possession, and was cause  
Of much of this sad story, desolation  
Is even now preparing! The red sword  
Of war sweeps onward; and the voice of death  
Audibly echoes o'er the heart's fine string.  
Take up the bodies. [*To the attendants.*] The sad task  
belongs

To me alone, to inflict upon the ear  
The wound of these black tidings—to o'erflow  
A father's soul with anguish for his son!  
Then, in this world what more remains for me?  
Were I not grey already, sorrow would  
Make hoar the raven head, and bid the tomb  
Cut short my blithest season: that is past,  
And Death concludes life's darkest scene at last.<sup>33</sup>

*Exeunt.*

**NOTES**  
**TO**  
**THE HEIR OF FOIZ.**

“ Nothing requires more patience than a good series of citations.”

*Preface to the First French Edition of Bayle's Dictionary.*

## N O T E S.

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NOTE 1. Page 6, line 28.

*Their very badges will delight to mark ye.*

It was usual for the servants of noblemen and others, to wear upon their arm, the badge or cognizance of their masters. To this the text alludes. In Green's *Tu quoque*, 1614, is the following illustration:—

“ You think it does become you ; faith it does not,

“ A blue coat with a *badge* does better suit you.”

In the year of our Lord 1389, and 13th of the reign of Richard II. there appears to have been a “ Bill exhibited by the Commons, that the lords and great men of the realme should not give to their men *badges* to weare as their cognizances.” “ The lords would not consent altogether to laie downe their *badges* ; but yet they agreed that none should weare any such cognizance except their *servants of household*, and such as were in ordinarie wages by the yeare.”

Holinshed, vol. 2, p. 472, b. 60.

NOTE 2. Page 6, line 30.

*Your chair of state, your awful wand and chain.*

These were distinguishing appendages to the steward's office, and are very frequently alluded to by our old writers. Thus in Massenger's *New way to pay old debts*, A. 1, S. 2.

“ Set all things right, or as my name is Order,

“ And by this *staff* of office that commands you,

“ This *chain* and double ruff, symbols of power, &c.

And again,

“How dost thou think I shall become the steward’s *chain*?  
“ha! will not these slender haunches shew well with a *chain*  
“and a golden night-cap after supper when I take the accounts?”

Fletcher, “*Love’s Cure*,” A. 1. S. 2.

We might refer also to Shakespeare’s *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 3, and Stevens’s note thereon; to Webster’s *Duchess of Malfy*; and Middleton’s *Mad World my Masters*, Act 2.

NOTE 3. Page 8, line 3.

*I pray ye mark me.*

Phrases of this kind, appear peculiar to the styles of the elder dramatists: thus in Tournear’s *Revenger’s Tragedy*, “And ne’er be seen in’t: ne’er be seen in’t *mark you*.” A. 2, S. 1.

In Fletcher’s *Woman’s Prize*.—“That’s laid upon your bodies, “*mark me well*,” A. 1, S. 3, and Act 2, S. 2, “*Mark me Livia*, if thou be’st double?” In the *Pilgrim*, Act 4, S. 2, “As you have a mistress that you honour—*Mark me*, a mistress,” &c.

In Ford’s *Lady’s Trial*, Act 2, S. 1, “Your enemy in face—your mistress, *mark it*.” And in Act 3, S. 1, of the same piece, “Her several inches as exactly *mark it*.”

So, too, Middleton, preface to *The Roaring Girl*, “You shall find enough for sixpence, but well couched, and you *mark it*.”

NOTE 4. Page 9, line 4.

*What splendid pageants and what braveries.*

*Braveries*, i. e. *pomp, finery*: *brave* apparel, is gay, sumptuous apparel. The word is common among old authors:—

“He must needs, living among wits and *braveries*.”

Ben Jonson, *Epicæne or the Silent Woman*, Act 3, S. 3.

So, likewise, in the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 3, S. 1.

“ I pray commend me

“ To those few friends you have, that sent you hither,

“ And tell them, when you travel next, 'twere fit

“ You brought less *bravery* with you, and more wit.”

And in the Comedy of *Eastward Hoe* by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, the word is again met with :

“ Well said, sweet Syn, bring forth my *bravery*.”

In Holinshed's Chronicles, p. 172, a. 180. fol. 1574.

“ To see the costlinesse, and the curiositie; the excesse and the vanitie; the pomp and the *braverie*.”

NOTE 5. Page 13, line 13.

*Thoughts of suspect have risen in the earl.*

“ *Suspect*” is used by the elder dramatists, as a substantive in the sense of *suspicion*: thus,

“ I wanted these old instruments of state,

“ Dissemblance and *suspect*.” ~

Marston, *The Malcontent*, A. 1, S. 2.

Again:—

“ What a fair way

“ Had I made for my love to the general,

“ And cut off all *suspect*, all reprehension.”

Middleton, *More dissemblers besides Women*, A. 2, S. 1. and Sir W. Davenant, in the *Wits*, A. 2, S. 1.

“ What ground had her *suspect*?”

It occurs likewise in Marlow's *Edicard II.* and repeatedly in the *Malcontent* of Marston.

NOTE 6. Page 14, line 11.

*There must be spirits presiding*

*Over the elements; and man may learn*

*The word of power that bonds them to his will.”*

This was at one time a very favorite doctrine, and we find it

tenaciously maintained by many old writers. "Cardan relates of his father, Facius Cardan, that after the accustomed solemnities An. 1491, 13 August, he conjured up seven spirits in Greek apparel, about forty years ago, some ruddy of complexion, and some pale as he thought: he asked them many questions; and they made ready answer that they were *aërial devils*, that they lived and died as men did, save that they were longer lived (seven hundred years) and that they did much excel men in dignity, as we do juments, and were as far excelled again of those that were above them: our governors and keepers they are moreover (which Plato in Critias delivered of old) and subordinate to one another: *ut enim homo homini, sic daemon demoni dominatur*; they rule themselves as well as us; and the spirits of the meaner sort had commonly such offices, as we make horse-keepers, neat-herds, and the basest of us, overseers of our cattle; and that we can no more comprehend their natures and functions than a horse a man's. They knew all things, but might not reveal them to men; and ruled and dominered over us, as we do over our horses; the best kings amongst us, and the most generous spirits, were not comparable to the basest of them. Sometimes they *did instruct men and communicate their skill*, reward and cherish, and sometimes again terrifie and punish, to keep them in awe as they thought fit—*nihil magis cupientes* (saith Lysius, *Phys. Stoicorum*) *quam adorationem hominum*."

And again: "They (i. e. *aërial spirits*) cause whirlwinds on a sudden and tempestuous storms; which though our meteorologists, generally refer to natural causes, yet I am of Bodine's mind (Heat. Nat. l. 2.) they are more often caused by those aërial devils in their several quarters." Burton, *Anatomic of Melancholie*, Vol. I, p. 59-66. Where see much more on the same subject.

NOTE 7. Page 14, line 29.

*Herbs too abound*

*In sovereign virtues, if they be collected*



*When the full moon laughs on the fertile vale  
Or on the frowning precipice.*

“ Upon the corner of the moon  
“ There hangs a vaporous drop profound—  
“ I’ll catch it ere it come to ground.”

Macbeth, A. 3, S. 5.

On this passage of Shakspeare, Mr. Stevens remarks.—“ This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on *particular herbs, or other objects* when strongly solicited by enchantments.”

It may not be amiss to bring before the reader, a passage from Fairfax’s Translation of Tasso; it will throw some light upon the subject, besides affording me an opportunity of quoting a favorite author. It occurs in the 14th book of the *Recovery of Jerusalem*, Stanza, xlii. *et seq.*

“ Nor yet by help of devil or aid from hell  
“ I do this uncouth work and wondrous feat;  
“ The Lord forbid I use or charm or spell  
“ To raise foul Dis from his infernal seat;  
“ But of *all herbs, of every spring and well*  
“ *The hidden power I know and virtue great,*  
“ And all that kind\* hath hid from mortal sight,  
“ And *all the stars*, their motions and their might;

“ For in these caves I dwell not buried still  
“ From sight of heaven, but often I resort  
“ To tops of Lebanon or Carmel hill,  
“ And there in liquid air myself disport;  
“ There Mars and Venus I behold at will,  
“ As bare as erst when Vulcan took them short;

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\* Kind i. e. Nature.

“ And how the rest roll, glide, and move I see,  
 “ How their aspects benign or froward be :

“ And underneath my feet the clouds I view,  
 “ Now thick, now thin, now bright with Iris' bow ;  
 “ The frost and snow, the rain, the hail, the dew,  
 “ The winds from whence they come and whence they blow ;  
 “ How Jove his thunder makes and lightning new,  
 “ How with the bolt he strikes the earth below ;  
 “ How comet, crinite, caudate stars are framed,  
 “ I knew ; my skill with pride my heart inflamed :

“ So learned, cunning, wise, myself I thought,  
 “ That I supposed my wit so high might climb  
 “ To know all things that God had framed or wrought—  
 “ Fire, air, sea, earth, man, beast, sprite, place and time.”

I may add to this note what the author of the *Anatomic of Melancholie* learnedly observes upon the subject, and should the reader continue sceptical, let him not say, that he wants *authority* to remove his doubts—passing *great* names are at his service, and he may use them as he list.

“ If either Sextus Empericus, Picus Mirandula, Sextus ab Heminga, Pererius, Erastus, Chambers, &c. have so far prevailed with any man that he will attribute no virtue at all to the heavens, or to sun or moon, more than he doth to their sigus at an inn-keeper's post or tradesman's shop, or generally condemn all such astrological aphorisms *approved by experience*.—I refer him to Bellantius, Pirovanus, Marascallerius, Gaclenius, Sir Christopher Heydon, &c. If thou shalt ask me what I think, I must answer (*nam et doctis hisce erroribus versatus sum*) they do incline, but not impell.”—But the truth is, honest Burton was terribly smitten with the love of astrological mummary ; and firmly persuaded of the verity of his oracle. He calculated his own nativity, and it seems actually died, pretty much about the period he had foretold

some years before. The rumor, however, was: "that rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven, through a *slip about his neck*." He died, A. D. 1639.

NOTE 8. Page 18, line 30.

*And like the mounting haggard dare the sun.*

"A *haggard* hawk is a wild hawk, a hawk unreclaimed or unreclaimable." Reed.

So, in the *Scornful Lady*. A. 1. S. 4.

"Lady, I would not undertake you, were you again a *haggard*, for the best cast of ladies i' th' kingdom."

Again—

"As I am a gentleman,

"I'll meet next cocking and bring a *haggard* with me,

"That stoops as free as lightning, strikes like thunder."

Tomkis, "*Albumazar*." A. 3. S. 5.

For a particular account of the *Haggard*, see an excellent *Summary of Falconry*, in Willoughby's *Ornithology*. Chap. VI. p. 413. fol.—1678.

NOTE 9. Page 20, line 11.

*And here began the pageant.*

Masques and pageants of every species (including those singular forms of composition, called *mysteries* and *moralties*) were the delight and wonder of our ancestors. Numerous are the fanciful creations of the former kind, which sprung from the luxuriant imagination of Ben Jonson; and we have less reason to lament the time he so employed, though in an inferior department of literature, when we look at the beautiful specimens that remain. James the I., as well as Elizabeth (and we may add, two of the preceding princes, Mary and Henry the VIII.\*) had each a strong bias in

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\* Edward the VI may be omitted; for young as he was, he ap-

favor of these costly presentations; and the age in which they lived, with all its servile notions, adapted itself easily to the opinions of the sovereign.

As the reader may be pleased to receive some additional notice of the spectacle alluded to in the text, I shall select from the Chronicle of Holinshed, what he terms "A pageant very sumptuous and of notable deuise," represented in London, A. D. 1519, before Henry the VIII. and the French ambassadors, in honor of whom it was produced.

"All that daie were the strangers feasted, and at night they were brought into the hall, where was a rocke full of all maner of stones, very artificiallie made, and on the top stood five trees; the first an olive tree, on which hanged a shield of the armes of the church of Rome; the second a pine apple tree, with the armes of the emperour; the third a rosier, with the armes of England; the fourth a branch of lilies, bearing the armes of France; and the fifth a pomegranat tree, bearing the armes of Spaine: in token that all these fiue potentats were joined together in one league against the enimies of Christes faith.

"In and upon the middest of the rocke sate a faire ladie, richlie apparelled with a dolphin in her lap. In this rocke were ladies and gentlemen apparelled in crimsin sattin, couered ouer with floures of purple sattin, embrodered upon with wretches of gold, knit together with golden laces, and on euerie floure a hart of gold moouing. The ladies apparell was after the fashion of Inde,

pears not to have been much addicted to the vanities of his day. "He took" says Sir John Haywood, "great pleasure in exercises of activity, whereto he much trained his servants; and to that end he often appointed challenges among them for wrestling, leaping, running, riding, shooting at rovers and at rounds, and such like games; and at riding and shooting would sometimes be one of their sides.—*Life of Edward the VIth*, by Sir John Haywood, Knt, and Doctor of Laws, 1706, fol.

with kerchifes of ppeasance, hatched with fine gold, and set with letters of Greeke in gold bullion; and the edges of their kerchifes were garnished with hanging perle. These gentlemen and ladies sat on the nether part of the rocke, and out of a cane in the said rocke came ten knights, armed at all points, and fought together a faire tournie. And when they were senered and departed, disguisors descended from the rocke, and daused a great space, and suddenlie the rocke mooned and receined the disguisors and immediatlie closed againe.

“ Then entered a person called Report, apparelled in crimsin sattin, full of teongs, sitting on a flieng horsse, with wings and feet of gold, called Pegasus. This person, in French, declared the mening of the rocke, the trees, and the tournie. After this pastime ended, the king and the ambassadours were serued at a banquet with two hundred and sixtie dishes, and after that a voidee\* of spices with sixtie spice plates of siluer and gilt, as great as men with ease might beare. This night the cupboard in the hall was of twelue stages, all of plate of gold, and no gilt plate.” Vide Holinshed, Hen. VIII, vol. ii. B. L. 1587.

But a quotation from Froissard will illustrate this subject still better. On the 20th of June, 1389, Isabell, queen to Charles VIth of France, made her first entry into Paris, when the following costly pageants were presented.

“ At the fyrst gate of Saynt Denice, entryng into Parys, there was a heuyn made full of sterres, and within it yonge chyl dren, apparelled lyke angelles, swetely syngynge: and amonge them an ymage of our Lady, holdynge in fygure a lytell chylde playeng by himself, with a lytell myll made of a great nutte; this heuyn was hygh and richely apparelled with the armes of

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\* A *voidce*, I imagine to have been a *basket*. A *voider* was a large knife, with which broken victuals were swept from the table, into something appointed for their reception. This may have been a *voidce*.

Fraunce, with a banner of the sonne, shynying of golde, castyng his rayes: this was deuysed by the kynge for the feest of the iustes. The quene and the other ladyes as they passed vnder in at the gate they had great pleasure to beholde it, and so had all other that passed by. Than, whan the quene and the ladyes were paste by, than they came a softe pace before the fountayne in a strete of Saynt Denice, whiche condyte was couered ouer with a clothe of fine asure, paynted full of floure de lyces of golde: and the pyllers were sette full of the armes of dyuers noble lordes of Fraunce; and out of this fountayne there issued in great stremes punent and clarre\*; and about this fountayne there were yonge maydens richly apparelled, with riche chapelettes on their heedes, syngyng melodiously; great pleasure it was to here them; and they helde in their handes cuppes and goblettes of golde, offryng and gyueng to drinke all suche as passed by: and the quene rested there and regarded them, and had great pleasure of that deuys; and so dyde all the other ladyes and dameselles that sawe it."

" At the gate of the chatelet of Parys there was a castell made of woode and tymbre, as strongly made as it shuld haue endured xl yeares, the whiche castell was embatyllled; and at eucry lope there was a man of armes armed at all peces; and in the same castell there was a bedde made, richly encourteyned and apparelled, as it had been to haue stande in the kynge's chambre, and this bedde was called the bedde of Justice: and in this bedde there lay, by figure, Saynt Anne; in this castell there was a playne, for the castell conteyned a gret space, and this playne was full of trees, and full of hares, cones, and byrdes, that flewe in and out; for whan they were abrode, they flewe theder agayne for feare of the people: and out of these trees there issued a whyte harte, and went to the bedde of Justyce; and out of the other parte

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\* Piment and Claire.

of the wode there issued out a lyon and an egle properlye, and fresshely approched the harte, and the bedde of Justyce; then came there out of the trees a XII younge maydens richely apparelled, with chapelettes of golde on their heedes, holdyng naked swordes in their handes: and they wente bytwene the harte, the lyon, and the egle, and there they shewed themselfe redy to defende the harte and the bedde of Justyce. This deuyse the quene and all other had great pleasure to regarde. Than they passed forthe and came to the bridge of Parys, whiche was couered and richely besene; the couerynge of grene and crimosyn full of sterres, and the stretes hanged to our ladyes churchc."---  
Bourchier, Lord Berner's Translation. cap. clvii. vol. 2.

Besides the separate performance of such pieces, they were frequently blended with that of others; and there is scarcely an old play to be met with, in which the favorite interlude of masque or pageant is not exhibited, and where they serve principally to hasten the catastrophe of the plot. Hence heathen mythology was ransacked, and the mighty machinery of Homer's gods degraded into uses that never could have been "dreamt of in *his* philosophy." Hence was allegory wooed with unremitting assiduity: words became things—and things, persons\*; so that

\* The old play of "Promos and Cassandra," will furnish an apposite illustration of the incongruous mixture in the shews alluded to.

Actus I. Scena V.

*The BEDELL of the Taylers, PHALLAX.*

BEDELL.

Heare you, Maister Phallax?

The wardens of the marchant taylers axe

Where (with themselves) they shall their pageaunt place?

PHALLAX.

With what strange showes doe they their pageaunt grace?

even the far-famed "Minced-pie," loveliest of all the honored offspring of Christmas, assumed the redoubtable shape of a "fine cooke's wife, drest neat, her man carrying a pie, dish, and spoones †."

BEDELL.

*They have Hercules of monsters conquering,  
Huge great giants in a forest fighting  
With Lyons, beares, wolves, apes, foxes, and grayes,  
Baiards, brockes, &c.*

PHALLAX.

O wondrous frayes!

Marry, syr; since they are provided thus  
Out of their waies, God keepe Maister *Pediculus*.\*

BEDELL.

You are pleasant syr, but with speede I praye  
You aunswere mee; I was charged not to stay.

PHALLAX.

Because I know you have all things currant,  
They shall stand where they shall no viewers want:  
How say you to the ende of Ducke Alley?

BEDELL.

There all the beggers in the towne will be.

PHALLAX.

O, most attendance is where beggers are:  
Farewell, away.

BEDELL.

I wyll your wyll declare.

[Exit.

It may be noticed here, that the mention of "*wardens of the Marchant Taylers*" and *Ducke Alley*, is quite in the negligent style of the elder dramatists. The scene of the piece is said to be laid in the "*Cytie of Julio*, sometime under the dominion of *Corvinus king of Hungarie and Bohemia*."

† See Jonson's "Christmas, his masque; as it was presented at court, 1616." Ed. 1640.

\* *i. e.* A louse.



But these devices have had their day: they are gone—and with them, unfortunately, many a good old English custom, which the fastidious nicety of modern times either overlooks with carelessness, or considers with contempt. Formerly, land of our forefathers! thou couldst boast,

“ Thy wakes, thy quintels\* here thou hast; (*hadst*)

“ Thy may-poles too, with garlands graced;

“ Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,

“ Thy shearing feasts which never fail;

“ Thy harvest-home, thy wassail-bowl

“ That ’s tost up after fox i’ the’ hole;

“ Thy mummeries, thy twelfth-night kings

“ And queens—thy Christmas revellings;

\* *Quintel*, or *Quintain* was a rural diversion, usual at weddings. The parties were on horseback, armed with long poles, and a thick stake was fastened upright in the ground. At this they ran, in the manner of a tilt; and he who shivered the greatest number of poles, carried off the prize. Sir Philip Sydney notices it in the “*Arcadia*.” B. i.

“ Whilst dance about the may-pole is begun,

“ When, if need were, they could at *Quintain* run.”

The following description of this singular diversion seems to be pretty accurate, and therefore I insert it.

“ A *quintain* was a post or butt set up for martial exercises, on it was the figure of a man which turned on a swivel, intended to perfect the horsemen in the feats of running at the ring, or hitting his antagonist in tilting. If he who rode was expert in the use of the lance, he bore off on the point of it the trophy that was fixed on the figure; but if he hit it improperly or awkwardly, it turned round and struck him a violent blow. Mr. Guthrie says, that they used to hang shields, &c. on the *quintain*-block, at which they shot, darted, or rode, for the purpose of throwing them down as a proof of skill.”

“ Thy nut-brown mirth--thy russet wit,

“ And no man pays too dear for it\*.”

All, however, or the greater part, are entirely vanished; nor, in all human probability, will many years elapse, before the remainder follow. It is now but seldom, that a may-pole is to be observed; or that, as Stowe exquisitely says: “ In the month of May, namely, on a May-day morning, every man, except impediment, † walks into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise ‡ of birds, praising God in their kind.” Shearing feasts and the joyous abundance of a harvest-supper, are likewise rapidly disappearing. And where is “ Christmas, old Christmas? Christmas of London, and Captaine Christmas?” § Alas! the grave of time enwraps him; but on his crumbling monument may we inscribe, with far greater justice, I fear, than on the generality of tombstones—“ He was a kind father; an affectionate husband; an honest man;” and well therefore may we weep for his departure with genuine tears and heartfelt sincerity.

The disportings of Christmas are now esteemed proper only for children; though our progenitors—blessings on them!--felt that they derogated not from the majesty of men. Females of another day joined unaffectedly and cordially in the seasonable pastimes of the year; but the young of this, (taught better things we suppose,) hold “ *Blindman's buff*” in horror; and account nothing innocent, that is not, at the same time, indolent. The fragile forms, that we see shivering in the cold breezes of winter, *romping* would shake to pieces; while the older sort, lifting up their hands and eyes, express unutterable wonder, at the bare proposal

\* Herrick. “ The Country Life.”

† i. e. Unless prevented.

‡ Noise is concert: So in the “ *Ordinary*,” Act iv, s. 1.

“ Hey for a noise of fiddlers now.”

§ “ Christmas his Masque.”

of so unchristian-like a doctrine. We have gained much false refinement, at the loss of that harmless and delightful hilarity, which is the mind's best relaxation, when tired of severer studies: and with manners more coldly reserved, with feelings more austere, with notions more bigotted than the darkest times of puritanism, there is less common honesty, less pure philanthropy, and—must I add—less *true* religion. Lord Byron is right—this is “an age of cant:” and however wise it may have become in its own conceit, assuredly, is no *better*, than the age which has preceded.

Crimes of every kind are far more frequent; and what is an awfully tremendous fact, the profane boldness of those about to be launched, by law, into eternity, has strangely and rapidly increased. The felon, who is adjudged to death, wears to the very last, the effrontery and careless impudence of such a black and rooted depravity, that the thoughtful mind is perhaps more terrified at the remembrance of *this*, than at any other mark of human wickedness. And what should we infer? A man not wholly abandoned may be led by circumstance into the commission of a crime, which, ere it was perpetrated, he dreamt not of committing; and charity would hope that, as such might be the case, he dies sincerely penitent. But when we behold that man hurried from the present scene, with a brutal indifference to his future state, and when the great proportion of instances lamentably support the fact, we are compelled to accredit the conviction of our senses, and *almost* admit the increased perversion of the human heart.

If this be true—as in my conscience I believe—it becomes the censors of the age diligently to rub away the imposing gloss, which dazzles and allures it. They should

“Teach devotion now a milder temper;

“Not that it shall lose *any* of her heat

“ Or purity, but henceforth shall be such

“ As shall burn bright, although not *blaze* so much\*.”

It should be remembered, that to exaggerate a truth, is not to recommend; that to press forward, even what is good, above a certain mark, is in effect to do it a disservice; and that, lastly, the mind too violently acted on, becomes strained and injured, and “starteth aside like a broken bow.”

NOTE 10. Page 22, line 1.

*In the brave tourney that ensued.*

There is a curious charter enacted by King Richard of the “lion heart,” A. D. 1195, respecting the right of holding a tournament—which might be followed with good effect in the present day. If *pugilism*, whether public or *private*, had the same penalties annexed to every bout, as appears to have been the case here, many degrading scenes might be prevented—or a considerable addition to the revenue raised. The paper is, as follows:—

“ Richard, by the grace of God, king of England, duke of Normandie and Aquitaine, and earle of Aniou, to the reuerend father in Christ, Hubert, archbishop of Canturburie, and primat of all England, sendeth greeting. Know ye that we have granted turnaments to be kept in England in fiue steeds, to wit, betwixt Salisburie and Wilton, betwixt Warwicke and Kenelworth, betwixt Stanford and Warmeford, betwixt Brackely and Nixburgh, betwixt Blie and Tickhill, so that the peace of our land be not broken, nor yet our iustices authoritie diminished, nor any damage doone to our forests. Prouided that what earle soeuer will turney there, shall giue to us twentie markes, a baron ten markes, a knight that hath landes foure markes and he that hath no landes shall give two markes.

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\* Randolph. “The Muses’ Looking Glass.” A. 5. s. 4.

“ Moreouer, no stranger shall be admitted to turney there; whereupon we command you, that at the daie of the turnieng, ye haue there two clarkes, and two of our knights to receiue the oth of the earles and barons, which shall satisfie us of the said summes of monie, before turnieng begin, and that they suffer none to turnie till (before) they haue made painment, and haue caused to be entred how much, and of whom they haue receiued: and ye shall take ten markes for this charter to our use, whereof the earle of Salisburie, and the earle of Clare, and the earle of Warren are pledges. Witnesse myselfe at Ville Leuesche the two and twentieth of August.”—Holinshed’s Chron. p. 146, a. 20, vol. 2.

The above enactment, it seems, was issued in the 6th year of Richard’s reign, while he carried on his wars in Normandy. As an instance of the once common practice of tourneying, I extract the subjoined.

“ The king” (Edward the IVth., A. D. 1467) “ causing the lists to be prepared for these champions” (Anthony, natural brother to the earl of Charolois and Lord Scales) “ and verie faire and costlie galleries for the ladies, was present at this martiall enterprise himselfe. The first daie, they ran together diuerse courses with sharpe speares, and departed with equall honor. The next daie they turned on horsebacke. The Lord Scales horse had on his chafron a long sharpe pike of steele, and as the two champions coped together, the same horse, (whether through custome or by chance) thrust his pike into the noethrils of the bastard’s horse; so that for verie paine he mounted so high, that he fell on the one side with his maister, and the Lord Scales rode round about him with his sworde in his hande, untill the king commanded the marshall to helpe up the bastard, which openlie said: I cannot hold me by the clouds, for though my horse faileth me, snerlie I will not faile my conter companion. The king would not suffer them to doo anie more that daie.

“The morow after, the two noblemen came into the field on foot.

with two polaxes, and fought valiantlie: but at last, the point of the polax of the Lord Scales happened to enter into the sight of the bastard's helme, and by fine force might haue plucked him on his knees: the king suddenlie cast downe his warder, and then the marshalls them seuered. The bastard not content with this chance, and trusting on the cunning which he had at the polax, required the king, of iustice, that he might perform his enterprise. The Lord Scales refused it not, but the king said he would aske counsell; and so calling to him the constable and the marshall, with the officers of armes, after consultation had, and the lawes of armes rehearsed, it was declared for a sentence definitiue by the duke of Clarence, then constable of England, and the duke of Norfolk then marshall, that if he would go forward with his attempted challenge, he must by the law of armes be deliuered to his aduersarie, in the same state and like condition as he stood when he was taken from him."—Id. Chron. p. 669, a. 30.

NOTE 11. Page 22, line 16.

*The shrill-voiced trumpet sounded loud and long.*

"And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake."—Exodus chap. xix. 19.

NOTE 12. Page 22, line 18.

*Then came the challengers, their shields were placed  
Along the lists, and they were shortly answered.*

When a tournament was proclaimed, and a number of knights had engaged to maintain the field against all comers; it was usual for them to hang up their shields within the list, and await in tents the approach of an antagonist. The challengers were thus left to be selected at the choice of the *answerers*, as they were called: and this was done by striking with the lance upon a particular shield. If it were struck with the shafted end, it signified but an amicable encounter, undertaken in honor of their ladies; but if the blow were with the head of the spear, it was held a defiance to mortal combat.

Sometimes, however, the challenging knight, fixed two shields at the entrance of his tent, for the same purpose; one of which was termed the shield of peace and the other the shield of war, as may be seen from the following extract.

“ They ordayned in a fayre playne bytwene Calays and Saynt Ingilbertes thre fressh grene pailyons to be pyght up; and at the entre of euery pailion there *hanged two sheldes*, with the armes of the knightes; one *shelde of peace*, another *of warre*; and it was ordayned that suche as shulde ryn and do dedes of armes shulde touche one of the sheldes, or cause to be touched whiche as pleaseth them, and he shulde be delyuered accordyng to his desyre.”—Froissard, vol. 2. cap. clxviii. See also “Amadis of Gaul,” translated by Southey—*passim*.

NOTE 13. Page 22, line 30.

*And rushed to the attaint.*

*Attaint*, is from the Lat. *atingo*, to touch, to conjoin; and signified the touching or striking of the lance upon the opponent, when two knights met in career. Thus Holinshed, Historie of Scotland, vol. i. p. 252, b. 40, fol. 1574.

“ At the first course, tho’ they *atteinted*, yet kept they their saddles without anie perill of falling.”

And again, “ Eche of them strake other on their helmes, that the fyre flashed out: with that *ataynt* the lorde of Saynt Pye was unhelmed.”—Froissart, cap. clxviii.

“ The iiii course they *ataynted* ech other in the sight of their helmes.”—Id.

NOTE 14. Page 23, line 19.

*On his helm*

*My colors fluttered.*

It was customary for the chivalric spirits of former days to bear on their helmets the favors of their mistresses. These were of

very differing kinds, as appears from Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt*. Vol. i. p. 16.

“The nobler youth, the common rank above,  
 “On their courvetting coursers mounted fair,  
 “One wore his mistress' *garter*, one her *glove*;  
 “And he a lock of his dear lady's *hair*;—  
 “And he her *colours* whom he most did love:  
 “There was not one but did some favour wear.”

In Hall's Chronicle, we have something similar:—

“One part hadde their plumes at whyt, another hadde them at redde, and the thyrde hadde them of severall colours. One wore on his head-peice his *ladies sleve*, and another bare on hys helme the *glove of hys dearlynge*.” Fol. 12, 1550.

And again:—

“Mounted on thy fierce and trampling stede,  
 “Shining in armour bright before the tilt,  
 “And with thy *mistresse sleve tied on thy helme*.”

“Ferrex and Porrex.” Act 4. s. 2.

NOTE 15. Page 25, line 6.

*And fifty spears*

*Guard him to execution.*

“The companyons of seven fortresses assembled togyder at Ousac, englyssmen, and they were a *four hundred spears* well mounted.”—Froissart.

The word *spears*, for men at arms, is no unusual figure.

NOTE 16. Page 25, line 9.

*Help, bow the body.*

Bending or *bowing* the body, was formerly considered an infallible method of ascertaining its vitality.

So in the “Maid's Tragedy” by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 5. S. 4.



"Aspatia, speak !

"I have heard, if there be any life, *but bow*

"*The body thus, and it will show itself.*"

NOTE 17. Page 25, line 16.

*Like a soft breath that crisps the summer wave.*

*Crisps*, that is, *curls*. It is used by Shakspeare in the *Tempest*.

A. 4. S. 1.

"You nymphs called Naiads, of the wand'ring brooks,

"With your saged crowns and ever harmless looks,

"Leave your *crisp* channels."

And in "*Cornelia*," by Kyd. A. 4. S. 2.

"Turn not thy *crispy* tides, like silver curl,

"Back to thy grass-green banks to welcome us."

NOTE 18. Page 96, line 15.

*Why is the test*

*Of battle yielded not ?*

The right of the accused to demand battle of the accuser, if a man ; or a champion, if a priest or woman—is a circumstance often alluded to in the pages of chivalry.

In Machin's "*Dumb Knight*." A. 5. S. 2. We find the following mention made of this fact.

*Queen.* "My gracious lord, since no desert in me

"Can merit your belief, nor that your eye

"Can rightly judge my pure complexion,

"Yet as your hand-maid, let me beg the right

"Due unto wretches from our country's laws.

*Cyprus.* "The tenure of what law do you demand ?

*Queen.* "That in the case of slander, where the proof

"Proceeds as much from envy as from truth,

"We are allowed our champions to defend

"Our innocence, with a well-ordered sword."

Holinshed (from whom I have so often quoted) relates "a strange

and notable triall" of this kind, which perhaps the reader may not be displeased to see. The occasion was this. Sir John Annesley, Knight, alleged against a certain Thomas Katrington, Esquire, commander of the fortress of St. Saviour in Normandy, that, for a sum of money, he had traiterously surrendered up his trust into the hands of the French; possessing at the same time sufficient means for its defence. Sir John Annesley therefore, as the nearest relative to Sir John Chandois the owner, and in right of his wife, accuses Katrington of treason, offering to refer the cause to the decision of battle. This being determined on, "The king" (Richard the Second) "his nobles and all the people being come together, in the morning of the daie appointed, to the place where the lists were set up, the knight being armed and mounted on a faire courser seemelie trapped, entered first as appellant, staieng till his aduersarie the defendant should come.

"And shortlie after was the esquier called to defend his cause in this forme: Thomas Katrington defendant, come and appear to saue the action, for which Sir John Anneslie, Knight, and appellant hath publiklie and by writing appealed thee. He being thus called thrise by an herald at armes, at the third call did come armed likewise; and riding on a courser trapped with traps imbrodered with his armes, at his approaching to the lists, he alighted from his horsse, lest according to the law of armes the constable should have chalenged the horsse, if he had entered within the lists. But his shifting nothing availed him, for the horsse, after his maister was alighted beside him, ran up and down by the railes, now thrusting his head over, and now both head and breast, so that the Earle of Buckingham, because he was high constable of England, claimed the horsse afterwards, swearing that he would have so much of him as had appeared over the railes, and so the horsse was adiudged unto him."

The marshal and lord high constable now exhibited the indenture previously assented to by the parties, and signed and sealed before them; containing the charges brought by the appellant

against the defendant. It was then read before the assembly, and violently objected to by Katrington, whose innocence even at that time appears to have been doubted. The Duke of Lancaster, displeased at the reiterated cavillings of the man, ordered him to abide by the conditions of the combat, or be adjudged a traitor on the spot. This sentence gave great satisfaction to the populace, who had heretofore considered the duke too partial to his cause. Katrington therefore (a man of tall and robust stature) prepared himself for the fight, if not with the confidence of justice, with much dependance on his own uncommon strength. But, (in the words of the Chronicle) "before they entered battell, they tooke an oth, as well the knight as the esquier, that the cause, in which they were to fight, was true, and that they delt with no witchcraft, nor art magike, whereby they might obtaine the victorie of their aduerserie, nor had about them any herbe or stone, or other kinde of experiment with which magicians use to triumph over their enimies. This oth received of either of them, and therewith having made their praiers deuoutlie, they began the battle, first with speares, after with swords, and lastlie with daggers. They fought long, till finalie the knight had bereft the esquier of all his weapons, and at length the esquier was manfullie ouerthrowne by the knight. But as the knight would haue fallen upon the esquier, through sweat that ran downe by his helmet, his sight was hindered, so that thinking to fall upon the esquier, he fell downe sidelinge himself, not comming neere to the esquier; who, perceiuing what had happened, although he was almost overcome with long fighting, made to the knight, and threw himselfe upon him, so that manie thought the knight should haue bene overcome: other doubted not but that the knight would recouer his feet againe and get the victorie of his aduersarie."

At this critical juncture, the king interposed, with the intention of reconciling the combatants; but the resolute knight entreated that they might continue the struggle, and the esquire be left in the situation he then was. This request being refused, they were both raised upon their feet; and while the knight walked "cheer-

fullie" to the king, the esquire was unable to move without support. When the weakness of the latter was perceived, the appellant still more vehemently urged his suit. His eagerness and the offer of large sums of money, finally prevailed; but as they proceeding to effect his wish, the esquire fainted from fatigue and exhaustion of blood. The remedy of casting wine and water in his face being tried without avail, his armour and apparel were plucked off, and the knight proclaimed conqueror. As for the esquire, his end was melancholy. Whether the consequence of defeat or the compunctions of an evil conscience, remains unknown; but on recovering from the fit, he lost his senses, and died, the ensuing day, "raging mad."

This trial took place upon the seventh of June 1381, "to the great reioising of the common people and discouragement of traitours."—Chron. vol. ii. p. 42 4-5. B. L. 1587.

Froissard, vol. ii. cap. lxi. records a trial by combat, between a squire called Jaques le Grys and Sir John of Carongue, held at Paris: the circumstances of which are equally striking; but to which the length of this note obliges me to refer the reader. See also Blackstone's *Commentaries*. Vol. iii. p. 337 and vol. 4.

Both the trials by battle above noticed, I find likewise cursorily alluded to by Sir Walter Raleigh, *History of the World*, book v. chap. iii. p. 679. fol. 1739. And an additional circumstance regarding what he calls "*Trials of right*" is worth transcribing.

"In combats for trial of right, it is not so;" (that is, the vanquished was not subject to capital punishment,) "neither is the appellant or defendant bound to fight in person, but he may try it by his champion; as did Paramor and Lowe, or offered to do, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. And in this case, he that is beaten or yieldeth, looseth only his cause, not his life. Neither are the combats upon accusation, or trial of right, fought in open field, as are those of bravery, but in *campe close*; that is, within rails."

A little further on, he continues,—"Now in those challenges upon accusation of treason, murder, or other offence deserving

death (and in those only) the rule held; that *le défendeur estoit tenu de proposer ces defenses par une dementier*;—the defendant was bound to plead not guilty, by giving the accuser the lie: otherwise it was concluded that the defendant did *teiseblement confesser le crime*;—silently confess the crime. But after such time as Francis, the French King, upon some dispute about breach of faith, had sent the *lie* unto the Emperor Charles the Fifth, thereby to draw him to a personal combat, every petty companion in France, in imitation of their master, made the giving of the *lie* mortality itself; holding it a matter of no small glory, to have it said, that the meanest gentleman in France would not put up, what the great Emperor Charles the Fifth had patiently endured."

But the trial by combat, Sir Richard Baker says (Chronicle p. 27. fol.—1696.) though not entirely abrogated in the time of the Norman Conqueror, was, after that period, "of no ordinary use."

NOTE 19. Page 28, line 6.

*Say you?*

This laconic mode of expression, *Say you?*—for *what do you say?*—or *What say you?* is very usual among old writers.

So, in Marston's *Malcontent*. A. 1. S. 3.

"Mendoza dies; his son marries this daughter. *Say you?*

"Nay, 'tis frequent."

And in *Greene's Tu quoque*.

*Geraldine*. Prithce walk in; what you bargain for, I'll discharge.

*Longfield*. *Say you?*—fall to your work, I'll be your chapman.

See also *Othello*. A. 3. S. 4.

*Desdemona*. Heaven bless us!

*Othello*. *Say you?*

Again in Jonson's *Volpone*. A. 1. S. 4.

*Mosca*. He has no faith in physick.

*Corbaccio*. "*Say you, say you?*

And a somewhat similar mode of expression is frequent in Sir P. Sidney's writings. Thus in the *Arcadia*—*But what ?* signifies—*but what then ?* Book iii. p. 570; and again among many other instances in the *Defence of Poesy*, p. 49.—which see.

NOTE 20. Page 28, line 26.

*Sure ye exempt*

*Your truest servant from the opprobrious charge—*

*Do ye not mistress?*

“A connection similar to that of the Italian Cicisbei and their ladies, though not carried to such an extent, subsisted formerly in England, with this exception, that neither party was confined to a single object of attachment. The lover called his fair one *mistress*, and she, in return, acknowledged him as her *servant*. The custom was often accompanied by the most absurd acts of devotion, some of them too disgusting to be mentioned. Almost every play of those days has some allusion to it; and the lady who had the greatest and most splendid train was considered as the most enviable of her sex. This singular attachment was undoubtedly derived from the ancient romances; and accordingly we meet, in the beautiful tale of Ippomydon, with a very apposite instance. The hero regularly engages in the service of a lady, and for his wages, obtains a kiss for every time he leads her from or to her chamber. We may, perhaps, trace this species of service to that which young noblemen were accustomed to in the middle ages, before they took the degree of a squire.”—Note to *Beaumont and Fletcher's works*. Ed. 1812. Vol. 2. p. 263.

NOTE 21. Page 29, line 2.

*So ye can bewray it.*

To *bewray*, is to reveal, to discover. So, in “*The Historie of Promos and Cassandra*.” A. 3. S. 2.

“Faire dame my outward lookes my inward thoughts *bewray*.”

And again :—

“ But know, Grimaldi, though (may be) thou art

“ My equal in thy blood, yet this *bewrays*

“ A lowness in thy mind.” FORD.

NOTE 22. Page 31, line 7.

*A scrip full stored with powder—I should say*

*With deadly aconite.*

“The erle cast his eyen on hym, and sawe the strynges of the purse hangyng at his bosome; thanne his blode changed, and said, Gascone come hyder, I wyll speke with the in thyne eare; the chylde came to him, and the erle toke hym by the bosome and found out the purse, and with hys knyfe cut it from his bosome: the chylde was abasshed and stode styll, and spake no worde, and looked as pale as ashes for feare, and began to trymble.”

FROISSART, Cap. xxvi.

NOTE 23. Page 32, line 8.

*The animal*

*From mine own hand received the fatal test*

*And in convulsions died.*

“The erle of Foiz opyned the purse and tooke of the powder, and layde it on a trenchour of bredde, and called to him a dogge and gave it hym to eate; and as soone as the dogge had eaten the first morsell, he turned his eyen in his heed and dyd incontinent.” Id.

NOTE 24. Page 33, line 2.

*He was told*

*(He says) there lay a secret charm within it.*

“Than the kyng sayd, Gascone, fayre nephue, ye shall do, as I shall shewe to you; ye se howe the erle of Foiz, your father, wrongfully hath your mother, my suster, in gret hate, whereof I

am sore displeased, and so ought ye to be; howbeit, to performe all the mater, and that your father shulde loue agayne your mother, to that entent ye shall take a lytell of this powder, and put it on some meat that your father may eate it, but beware that no man se you, and as soone as he hath eaten it, he shall entende to nothyng but to have agayne his wife, and so to loue her ever after."—Id.

NOTE 25. Page 34, line 5.

*And win the soldier.*

*Soldier*, is for *Soldiers*: this is common phraseology in the old age of the drama. Thus,

"I know the *Soldier* loves him, more than heaven."

*Valentinian*, A. 4. S. 1.

Again, Cartwright, in the *Ordinary*.

"The *Soldier*, then,

"May be thus ranked."

A. 2. S. 1.

NOTE 26. Page 39, line 30.

*Imped by that magic may.*

"To *impe* is a term most usual among falconers; and is, when a feather in a hawkes wing is broken, and another piece *imped* or grafted on the stump of the old."—"The word to *imp* is borrowed by the English; first, surely, to graft trees, and thence translated to *imping* feathers."—Blount's *Ancient Tenures*. 1679.

To *imp*, by a metaphor, signifies so *assist*, to help. So, in a very beautiful passage, of Tomkis's "*Albumazar*." A. 2. S. 6. Noticed also by Mr. Gifford in a note to his excellent edition of *Massenger*:

"How slow the day slides on!—when we desire

"Time's haste, it seems to lose a match with lobsters;

"And, when we wish him stay, he *imps* his wings

"With feathers plumed with thought."



NOTE 27. Page 41, line 8.

*Would that I had no speech, no tongue, no heart—  
No faculty!—Would heaven, that I were dead!*

When I wrote the passage to which this note refers, Heywood's Tragedy of *A Woman Killed with Kindness* had not come under my observation. There is, however, a coincidence of rather a singular nature. Frankford, after the discovery of his wife's infidelity, in a conversation that ensues, asks

“What would'st thou speak?”

*Mrs. Frankford*, “*I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,  
“No apprehension, no capacity.”*

NOTE 28. Page 46, line 20.

*Some score of monasteries*

*Built and endowed, again brings all things even.*

In the year 1514 an infamous publication issued from the press at Rome, under the title of “The Roman Chancery Taxes.”\* It contains the *price* of absolution for almost every horrible crime; and is perhaps the most iniquitous work, that ever received the sanction of the Papal Chair. The murder of a father, a mother, sister, or wife, is there said to be sufficiently expiated by a trifling sum of money; viz. 5 or 7 gros†; and further, that there is “*Ab-solutio lapsu carnis super quocunque actu libidinoso commissio intra et extra septa monasterii; aut cum consanguineis vel affinibus, aut filiâ spirituali, aut quibusdam aliis, sive ab unoquoque, sive*

\* The Latin title of the Ed. of 1514 and 1515—the one published at Rome, and the other at Cologne, runs thus. “*Regulæ, constitutiones, reservationes cancellariû, S. Domini nostri Leonis papæ decimi, noviter editæ et publicatæ.*” And another edition in folio, 67 concludes with, “*finiunt feliciter.*” Bayle.

† 24 gros, make a ducat, which is worth from about 40d. to 60d. sterling.

per se, sive simul ab omnibus absolutio petatur cum dispensatione ad ordines et beneficia, cum inhibitione tur. 36. duc. 3.—with much more to the same effect.

Vide Bayle, artic. Banck. vol. 1. page 628. Ed. 1734.

NOTE 29. Page 46, line 23.

*The old earl's mewed up.*

*Mewed*, i. e. *shut up*; a term adopted from the sport of falconry; a *mew* is the place in which hawks were confined.

"What trial is there of my honesty

"When I am *mewed* at home?

*The Spanish Curate.* A. 2. S. 2.

NOTE 30. Page 61, line 3.

*To think how little brain*

*Suffices for a woodcock.*

It was commonly imagined that *woodcocks* were without brains. A woodcock, therefore, is a silly fellow; and hence the numberless allusions to them, in old plays. So in Ford's *Lovers Melancholy*, A. 2. S. 1.

*Cuculus.* "I think so; I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a head-piece——

*Rhetias.* "Of woodcock without brains in."

And in the *Loyal Subject* of Beaumont and Fletcher. A. 4. S. 4.

"Go, like a *woodcock*.

"And thrust your neck into the noose."

And these citations will be fully corroborated by the subjoined extract.

"Among us in England, this bird is infamous for its simplicity and folly; so that the *woodcock* is proverbially used for a simple, foolish person."

Willoughby, *Ornithology.* Book 3, p. 290.

NOTE 31. Page 61, line 19.

*The dark forms of soldiers in burgonets.*

A *burgonet* is a steel cap. So Heywood, *Four Prentices of London*.

“Proof cuirasses and open *burgonets*.”

And in the *Iron Age*, of the same author—1632.

“I’ll hammer on thy proof steeled *burgonet*.”

So likewise in *Henry VI*.

“This day I’ll wear aloft my *burgonet*.”

NOTE 32. Page 61, line 26.

*So I did—thy state.*

*State*, in old authors, frequently denotes *wealth* or *estate*. So, in *Wit without Money*, *Valentine* says

“Now to your business uncle,

*Lovegood*. “To your *state* then.

*Valentine*. “Tis gone, and I am glad on’t.”

A. 1. S. 1.

And again in *Women Pleased*, A. 1. S. 2.

“Whilst prodigal young gaudy fools are banqueting,

“And launching out their *states*.”

NOTE 33. Page 70, line 22.

The reader will perceive, that I have, throughout the piece, given to the character of *Philippo*, a greater degree of importance than may seem altogether suited to it. But I had principally in my eye, the stewards of old romance, who were certainly personages of much higher note. *Sir Bryant* in *Sir Bevis of Hamptoun*, is as well the steward, as the chief counsellor of the English king, *Edgar*; and suffers for his imprudent advice, by a stroke which the hero, *Bevis*,

“Set upon his crown,

“That to the saddle he clave him down.”

If the circumstance of the character's importance appear inconsistent with the *official* appendages which I have given, and which are indisputable marks of a much later date ; I would observe that, as an old and confidential servant in any age, he might reasonably lay claim to that degree of eminence allotted him in the text

**MOONLIGHT.**

The following slight Poem, though denominated a "*Tale*" has scarcely any just claim to the title. It serves merely to connect Moonlight recollections, and to give

" To airy nothing,

" A local habitation and a name."

# MOONLIGHT,

## A Tale.

---

“ All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,  
“ But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;  
“ And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep :  
“ \* \* \* \* \*  
“ The sky is changed!—and such a change ! oh ! night,  
“ And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong.”

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto 3d.

---

### I.

THE night is calm—a silvery moon  
Rides through a cloudless sky,  
The voice of nature answers boon  
To the heart's rising sigh :  
And peace—the peace of heaven doth seem  
To float upon the lunar beam.  
So light is every breeze around,  
Moves not the smallest leaf ;  
So soft the rippling waters sound,  
They sympathize with grief ;  
And feelings spring, whose bland control  
Blesses the lorn and luckless soul !

## II.

Thus might we deem, if moons as bright,  
As full of seeming peace as this,  
Had not erewhile bestowed their light,  
Nor turned one painful thought to bliss :  
If from the past there did not rise  
Delicious nights, and sunken eyes—  
The priests of Pleasure's sacrifice!

## III.

Alas! how many a tearful eye  
Hath looked on heaven's serenity,  
Hath gazed on nature's loveliest smile,  
With sorrow-stricken heart the while!  
And they who, in the zephyr's breath,  
And in the rippling current's beat,  
Have owned emotions wild and sweet,  
Have lived to taste of more than death,  
When time had passed away;  
The willow, then, for rapture's wreath,  
The cyprus, for the bay!

## IV.

Yet love we to indulge the dream  
Of fancy, 'neath the midnight beam;  
And, with the heart's enchantment, blend  
The verdant earth, and smiling skies—  
And somewhat 'tis, when we can send  
The excursive mind to those sweet eyes.



Which laughed on us, so like the star  
Sparkling above us then;  
That now, though distance parts us far,  
We see them there agen.

## V.

But still—and these are hours that cling  
More closely to time's changing wing—  
When by night's lighted torch we trace,  
On memory's page, the embittered place  
Marked deeply with our tears;  
And view the forms, we loved to view  
(Blanched in their sorrow's baleful dew)

Dispel the mist of years:

Oh! when we seem to see them start,  
With swollen eye, and throbbing heart,  
And seek, yet know not where to find  
Relief for the afflicted mind—

How dark the hour appears!

How dark! though, with their brightest shine,  
Earth and the orbs of heaven combine  
To shed upon man's weary way  
Forgetfulness of joy's decay—

To mitigate his fears!

## VI.

And hard it is, with happy brow,  
To witness such a scene as now  
Rises before me, and believe  
That ought it smiled upon *could* grieve!

But 'tis not so: the blithest scene  
Swiftly recalls what once hath been;  
Something that frets the bosom's core—  
    Something it loathes to touch;  
For thought on thought, that slept before,  
Wake into sudden life, and pour  
    Remembrances of much  
That speak of error, shame, and sin,  
Which creep the human heart within.

## VII.

I love to watch the Night, and well  
I feel the influence of her spell;  
Yet ne'er returning even throws  
    Its radiances abroad,  
But to my heart poor Ellen's woes  
    They ceaselessly record:  
They fling around a withering shade,  
And soon those fairy visions fade,  
By hope imbued with every die  
(That Iris of man's clouded sky!)  
    Which youthful dreamers form;  
While disappointment spreads on high  
    The inevitable storm.

## VIII.

On such a night as this—so mild—  
    So lovely, did we roam along  
The ruined castle's court-way wild,  
    Where rose the night-bird's lonely song:

The river poured a murmuring tone,  
The moon-light tinged the ivied stone;  
From darksome towers the boding scream  
Of owlet died a-down the stream,  
And echo, answering from the wave,  
A sullen sound of hoarseness gave:  
Then all was silent, and the world  
    Slumbered on nature's breast,  
As if, within her temple furled,  
    War's crimsoned banners rest.  
It was a night that breathed upon  
    The heart like breath of life;—  
And lives there in creation one,  
    Who thus could cherish strife?  
Cast him, if any such there be,  
Where gendereth deathless enmity,  
Where love is known not, where the name  
    Of all that 's dear to man,  
May grow for him, a scathing flame—  
    A deep, eternal ban!  
Oh! hours like these, whate'er beside  
    Ye feel, are not for hate;  
Tenderness should extinguish pride,  
    And gentler thoughts create.

## IX.

Oft Ellen glanced her languid eye  
O'er heaven's fair studded canopy;  
She spoke not, but her trembling frame  
Imparted griefs she might not name;

And once I heard a shivering sigh,  
And then her heart beat audibly—

Ah! what could be her woe?

Her head sunk feebly on mine arm—  
How exquisite is that alarm

We fear, yet long to know!

She wept—full bitterly she wept,  
And still that mournful silence kept;  
Her hand pressed on her quivering heart,

As to confine it there;

Lest from the shrine the victim start,

In its last dark despair.

X.

Vainly her tongue assayed to speak,  
Her accents faltered—paled her cheek—

'Twas strange—my wonder grew:

“Ellen,” I said—“dear Ellen, why”—

I paused, she raised her streaming eye—

Oh! what an eloquent reply

Burst from the softened blue!

As stars, reflected in the stream,  
With mellowed radiance chastely gleam;

So, excellently beaming through,

Her bright eyes glistened in their dew:

And, as the gazer sees impressed

Heaven's image on the water's breast;

So, in that look, the weeping maid

Both heaven and earth at once displayed—

Heaven, in the soul that gave it birth,  
And shadowed by some stains of earth—  
Some frailties, but too closely tied  
To her—to all the world beside!

## XI.

Whether the hour, to thought inclined,  
Had agonized her feeling mind,  
By recollection chained  
To former times of good and ill—  
To sorrow, which, without the will,  
Comes driving onward—onward still,  
And may not be restrained;  
Or happiness, which flies when sweetest,  
When loved the most, alas! the fleetest—  
Lost, ere 'tis wholly gained—  
I knew not then; and though there seemed  
Somewhat of mystery, I deemed  
It was not of that sad concern  
Which since I learned—and wept to learn!

## XII.

Dear, hapless girl! how sadly fell  
Upon my soul thy last farewell!  
How piteously came that look,  
That parting look, which seemed to be  
Too truly the prophetic book  
Of thine accomplished destiny.  
The characters were fair to trace  
Of suffering on thy beauteous face;

And, in thy hand's convulsive clasp,  
The dullest soul might read,  
With what an unrelenting grasp  
The bolts of sorrow speed!  
Had'st thou but said, where lay the dart,  
Haply thou might'st have found  
Some balm to soothe thine aching heart,  
And staunch the bleeding wound:  
But hid from all—from all but *one*,  
And he the arousing flame—  
Thy dream of life—thy race was run,  
Ere needful succour came.

## XIII.

Peace to thine ashes! it hath been  
At times, when memory's treasured thought  
Returned again that moonlight scene,  
That evening, with affliction fraught.  
It seemed as if thou would'st have made  
Thy sorrows known—as if afraid,  
As shrinking from communion free,  
Though with thy friend, the sex's shame,  
Forgetting grief's admitted plea,  
Refused its inward thought to name:  
And hence the struggle, hence the tears,  
The bitterness of hidden fears;  
The war of feeling, and the strife,  
The intensity of passion's life!

## XIV.

And then, how terribly came on  
The tempest's savage glare—  
Though from my mind all else were gone  
That still would linger there!  
The gathering cloud of swarthy hue,  
That broke but as the lightning flew;  
The deep and loud and solemn roll  
Of thunder—Oh! it shook the soul;  
And if ye e'er were used to fear,  
Ye must—'twere meet to tremble here!  
The round large drops of heated rain,  
Ere yet the tempest burst amain,  
Were warnings—like the tears that start  
Prelusive to some breaking heart—  
Of terror just behind:  
And then the pause, the dreary pause,  
Whose maddening expectation draws  
The arrow of the mind,  
And plants it deeper, deadlier still,  
Than e'en when falls the threatened ill!—

## XV.

Yes—'tis an awful moment where  
The tempest broods in upper air,  
At that calm time of night when gleams  
The silver moon's resplendent beams  
On tree, and tower, and winding streams;

When to the fair neglected flower  
She yields a glittering crown of light—  
Sudden to mark the evening lower,  
And night obscured by denser night ;  
To see, with apprehensive glance,  
Slowly the dark blue cloud advance,  
And all we felt, and all we feel  
Lost in the thunder's rattling peal :—  
Yes—this *is* pain ; and if there be  
A fearful pleasure—not for me,  
With feelings wrought as mine were wrought,  
Be such a pleasure given :  
It is enough it comes unsought,  
Type of the wrath of Heaven !

## XVI.

Clung to my arm the trembling dove,  
Whose spirit seemed about to fly  
To the pure spheres of bliss above,  
And shun the deathly danger nigh :  
“ Preserve us Heaven ! ”—the whispering word  
At lengthened intervals I heard ;  
Then felt my arm her loosened grasp,  
While her small hands the ivy clasp ;  
And, pressing to the moistened leaf,  
She looked some picture in relief  
Of wild amazement, fear, and grief.  
I strove to comfort—bade her be  
Persuaded of security—



That anxiousness might cease :—  
But quick, and quicker lightnings flash ;  
Loud, and more loud the thunder's crash  
Mixed with the roaring torrent's dash—  
'Twas vain to talk of peace !  
We stood, to 'scape the tempest's sweep,  
Beneath a ruined donjon keep ;  
Where erst had many a wretch implored  
The mercy of the slaughtering sword,  
Condemned to pine life's hour away,  
Lonely and sad, the mournful prey  
Of his own thoughts ; and who shall say  
How blessed he hailed his dying day !  
But now the iron guard hath fled,  
Injured and injurer, both are dead ;  
Ruined the labors Fancy framed  
Eternal—and eternal named ;  
Through the wide portal unconfined  
Passes along the wintry wind ;  
And softly blows the summer's breath,  
Through space that once admitted death !

## XVII.

Such are changes, time surveys—  
What shall be next ?—Ah ! he who weighs  
Life's moment right, forgets what scene,  
What turns of fortune intervene ;  
Forward he presses to the goal  
Fit mark for an immortal soul—

Hope wafts him on—Hope gilds the day,  
Cheers to the last, his toilsome way;  
And yields in Time's expiring sigh  
Triumphal crowns of victory!

## XVIII.

Amid the storm—amid the jar,  
The shock of elemental war,  
This hope survived.—I said we stood  
Beneath a ruined tower;  
Below, rushed on the swollen flood,  
Above, the night winds scour:  
Vividly still, across the expanse  
Of Heaven, the forked lightnings glance,  
And with short pause, yet deep and strong,  
Echoed the awful peal along!

## XIX.

Now veered the blast; and now again  
Met us in front the heavy rain:—  
We turned, and where a narrow pass,  
Thick overspread with tangled grass  
And brambles, and an arching lime  
Gave shelter, we withdrew:—  
Great Heaven! ere yet the wing of time  
Sped forward on his flight sublime,  
A fearful vengeance flew;  
Full on the donjon keep there came,  
A living mass of sulphurous flame,

And with stupendous bound,  
The accumulated weight of years  
Shivered in atoms, downward bears,  
And crashing, crumbling, widely tears  
The desolated ground.

## XX.

'Twas there—blest Providence!—'twas there,  
Even in the very spot we stood ;  
And but for His preserving care  
Stained were the earth with human blood!  
Oh! for the friend—if we might claim  
But the least part of friendship's name—  
Who viewed the crushed and mangled limbs  
Of those he used to greet ;  
Perchance his eye the tear-drop dims,  
His heart may quicker beat!  
How fondly, when this life is o'er,  
Its treasure idly spent,  
Dream we that for the lavished store  
There be, who will lament !  
How love we to believe the grave  
Excludes not every sigh ;  
That flowers more freshly o'er us wave,  
Wet from affection's eye!  
And 'tis a thought that well may bless  
Death's conquering hour of bitterness !

## XXI.

Poor Ellen, as the danger past,  
A grateful, glowing look up-cast ;

Clasped were her hands, the murmuring prayer  
Rose on the stilled and tranquil air,  
For now the dark clouds swept away,  
And brighter flashed fair Cynthia's ray;  
As if in pity to impart  
Light to the sick and troubled heart!  
And seemed it, as in that dread burst  
The Spirit which the storm had nursed,  
In its last agony had driven  
A bolt that shook the stedfast heaven,  
And, ere annihilation came,  
Poured out its soul in blasting flame—  
So strong, so terrible the power  
That fell upon that ruined tower:  
And then the moon-beam re-appearing,  
Like love, amid a world of woe,  
Strengthened the heart, the spirit cheering,  
While desolation stalked below!  
Serenely shone that blessed light—  
And still of this eventful night  
(Come hours of splendor, hours of blight,)  
The deepening thoughts return;  
And Memory, as she springs aloft,  
Retards Time's hurrying flight, and oft  
Visits the mouldering urn,  
Where rest within their peaceful bed  
The ashes of the honored dead!

## XXII.

For she, the subject of my lay,  
Withered; and ere a distant day,

As wakened from refreshing sleep  
Hastens the giant sun to keep  
His glorious path, the golden light  
Streamed upon eyes that set in night!  
The summer breezes lightly flew,  
Descended healing drops of dew—

But fate pronounced her doom:  
That moon, that had beheld her glow  
Bright as herself, and chaste as snow;  
That storm-wrapped Heaven, whose darkened eye  
Glanced fire, as though in rivalry,

Now play upon her tomb;  
And beauty, youth, and love are gone,  
But reckless nature laugheth on!

## XXIII.

Seek ye the bitter cause to know

Of grief's corroding smart?

The muse, shall bid the numbers flow  
Responsive to the note of woe,

And haply soothe the heart:

And, Albion's bards! who whilome sung,

*Your* music dwell upon the tongue;

*Your* spirit weave the syren spell,

And strike the lyre, ye loved so well!

## XXIV.

The hours of childhood fleetly pass,

Scarce breathes the dew on life's fair glass,

Ere forms of wretchedness and pain  
The darkened mirror sadly stain—  
One moment there reflection brings  
The hues of death, the bosom's stings,  
Then, ere the anxious eye may pause,  
Time moves with stealthy pace,  
And o'er the imaged feature draws  
Oblivion's deepest trace!—  
Thus, Ellen! thus, thy part hath been  
On life's perturbed and mortal scene,  
And, save within some faithful breasts,  
Dark as the grave thy memory rests!

## XXV.

No matter; they who know thee—they  
Who felt thy virtues' gentle sway,  
Though few, in sooth, with faith sincere  
Have sorrowed o'er thy sable bier;  
And though upon the lowly tomb  
No scutcheons gleam, no banners flaunt;  
Though one small flower, in summer bloom  
Survives, thy lonely visitant:—  
Yet brighter than the proud array  
That glitters o'er the great,  
The solitary tear shall say  
We loved, we mourn thy fate;  
Thy monument our bosoms bear  
And kindly thoughts are springing there.

## XXVI.

But pass we to the hour that bid  
The light dawn on her opening lid,  
And gave the gladsome world a wild,  
A wilful, but a lovely child.  
Sole daughter of her house, how gay  
Rolled infancy's fair scenes away!  
How dear, to heart of parent proud,  
She clapped her little hands and crowed,  
Exulting in the healthful tide  
Of buoyant life, so newly tried!  
The morning heard her laugh—the night  
Rose on her look of pure delight;  
And if a tear were felt, the eye  
Forgot it, ere the drop was dry!  
So passed her earliest life among  
A kind, but rude and gamesome throng:  
Boys her associates—for they were  
Fraternal spells that bound;  
Like holy lamps, diffusing there  
A quiet radiance round!  
And she was now that favored thing,  
Whom thought refused to arraign—  
Whose heart's least formed imagining  
Was never breathed in vain!

## XXVII.

Time glided by; the child became  
The accomplished woman, with the same

Affectionate endearments given,  
The same bright laughing look of heaven :  
And how, indulged in every whim,  
Could the blue eye its lustre dim ?  
With not a wish ungratified,  
How could she smiles refrain,  
The world itself—that world untried,  
Where vice and misery reign ?

## XXVIII.

Her soul, the seat of youthful hope,  
To feeling gave the wildest scope ;  
And never throbbed a heart more warm,  
Lodged in a frail and earthly form—  
But unrepressed, or uncontrolled,  
Onward the flood of passion rolled,  
And impulses of doubtful birth  
Mingled allay with matchless worth :  
Pride had its power, and anger lent  
The eye a fire that nature meant  
To express whate'er was excellent !  
Yet this soon died : the obscuring shade  
Appeared, but light impression made ;  
Like storms, that dark the brightest day,  
It had its hour, and passed away.  
Still, ere amid the world she shone,  
Her errors slept, her heart unknown ;  
Like fiery sparks that evening shows,  
Unnoticed when the day arose !



Early she learnt the wayward will,  
And drank the draught that flattery gave—  
Oh! softly flows that pleasant rill,  
Grateful its taste, and bright its wave;  
But oh! how like that fount of ill<sup>1</sup>  
Where magic voices, muttering shrill,  
Transformed whate'er its waters lave!

## XXIX.

Nurtured among the hardier race,  
Perhaps her mind assumed a tone  
Which after times might not efface—  
Soothly she clung to that alone.  
Through her brief life's embittered span  
Her friendships she partook with man,  
And though refined as woman may,  
From her own sex she shrunk away!  
To love of admiration prone,  
Perhaps *they* spoke her faults alone,  
And censured in too harsh a tone;  
Perhaps they struck the envious blow,  
Which joys to bring a rival low:  
Or in disgust she turned aside  
At faith profaned, and injured pride!

## XXX.

This as it may—Though looks, that bless  
With all the warmth of gentleness,  
Were hers; though modest frankness hid  
A powerful charm in all she did;

Though unaffected kindness broke,  
And shone in every word she spoke;  
Yet true it is, she shunned a near  
Communion with her kind;  
And sought, but scantily found it here,  
Union of mind to mind.

Hence when her evil days came nigh,  
None was there to relieve the sigh;  
None to advise, to soothe, to still  
Pangs of inevitable ill;  
For those to whom she might have turned  
Strangely her wayward bosom spurned;  
And in her "heart of hearts" concealed,

While added griefs impend,  
Woman's sweet shame her bosom sealed  
To *him*, she *felt* her friend!

They too, whose ill-judged kindness threw  
O'er morning's tint a shadowy hue,  
Her parents died, and one by one  
Her brothers filled the tomb:

Oh! how the heart, whose ties are gone,  
Wraps it in cherished gloom!

Sadly that young enthusiast wept;  
And thought on thought confus'dly swept  
In maddening course along—

Reason stood shaken on her throne,  
And she so lovely, and so lone,

Moved through the world's rank throng,  
Who viewed with cold and tearless look  
Beauty obscured, and Reason shook!

## XXXI.

Not long remained she thus; but ne'er  
The light of laughing eyes returned;  
And oft hath burst the heart-wrenched tear  
When, wending in its bright career,  
O'er her the lamp of evening burned:—  
'Twas such a season that she passed  
With one loved brother—'twas his last!

## XXXII.

She was much changed—each ireful thought  
Fled to the grave of those who died;  
And gone was every feeling fraught  
With darker stains of human pride.  
Yet still, she sought not to repose  
On female love her joys and woes;  
Still 'twas rejected, though not now  
Beheld with half contemptuous brow,  
Or marked ingratitude; in sooth  
No thankless mind she bore—  
Truth she repaid with answering truth;  
But there her part was o'er!  
Her froward soul she failed to move,  
She placed no hope on woman's love—  
And man's was disallowed:  
So stood she in this world of ill  
Beautiful, followed, flattered; still  
Alone, amid the crowd!

## XXXIII.

Oh! if there be a human throe  
More deathly than all other woe;  
It is, where lives a single heart,  
Of each impassioned feeling full,  
With none to whom it may impart  
The hopes that bless, the fears that dull;  
And wearily the world must roam,  
A stranger in its native home;  
No other grave it need to have—  
It bears about a living grave!

## XXXIV.

Thus sad was Ellen's life, when love  
Came o'er her, in unhappy hour;  
Yet to her eye it seemed the dove  
Of peace, that blessed her lonely bower:  
Welcomed it was with joy; caressed  
And treasured in her anxious breast,  
With all that warm affection stirs  
To phrensy in a mind like hers!  
Imprudent girl! with thoughtless haste  
That fervidness of love was placed;  
For he who fixed it there—  
He who had raised the hope of bliss,  
Who dragged her down the precipice,  
Laughed on her heart's despair!

## XXXV.

I list not to bewray the force  
Of that life-cheering dream;  
I speak not of the secret course  
Of Love's beguiling stream:  
I tell not of the agony  
That tore her heart, and filled her eye;  
The sleepless night, the morning fraught  
With fearfully protracted thought;  
The lonesome hour's distempered mood,  
At war with courted solitude;  
The fevered fancy's restless maze,—  
The cherished hope of happy days  
For ever—ever gone!  
I pass them all: it skills not here  
To note the quick advance of fear,  
Or paint the unresisted tear—  
I gladly hasten on;  
Sorrow hath hours enough, and ye  
Need not dilated misery.

## XXXVI.

He whom she loved, who long had given  
The star that decked her clouded heaven,  
By which she steered her venturous bark  
Through wintry seas and billows dark;  
That single star, that glittered through  
The blackest storms of life,

That blessed ray, departed too—  
Oh! chilly then the wild winds blew,  
And loud the ocean's strife!  
Yes, as she deemed the moment near,  
When brighter still that star should rise,  
And clouds and darkness disappear—  
It vanished from her watchful eyes!  
For rumors came, low muttering round,  
And tongues officious spread the sound  
Of secret marriage solemnized;  
And quick, the startled maiden caught,—  
Quick as the light, the desperate thought  
Of death to all her bosom prized!

## XXXVII.

It was too true:—In earlier life,  
When Prudence was with Love at strife,  
When Passion proved the faithless guide  
That haled him on, mid Pleasure's tide,  
The sparkling lure that Beauty sent  
Was all his soul's bewilderment;  
Reason forsook, he rushed along,  
Delighted with her magic song,  
And soon, infatuation rife,  
The mistress held the name of wife;  
But, bound in loathsome chain of vice,  
Abhorred, the purchase—dread, the price.  
Nor long did the delusion last,  
Away the loosened robe was cast;

And then repentance—then disgust  
Followed; suspicion conquered trust;  
And, ere one moon had onward sped,  
Afar, o'er other lands he fled—  
And Fame entombed him with the dead.

## XXXVIII.

He named him now another name;  
Few asked—none knew from whence he came.  
Polished his manners; and refined  
And powerful was his tone of mind:  
So, sought by all—by all approved,  
And by one heart too dearly loved,  
    Rolled on the threatful hour;  
Then fell the bolt—and she who first  
The treacherous fire so madly nurst,  
Sunk 'neath that storm's tremendous burst,  
    A scorched and withered flower!

## XXXIX.

The voice of friendship calls aloud—  
Alas! she fills the funeral shroud:  
Love lifts a weeping eye to trace  
The smiles of her impassioned face—  
Alas! the tomb is beauty's blot,  
And Love and Friendship find her not!  
Oh! say not so—of ours a part,  
Still lives that warm, that Broken Heart!





THE

# FALSE ONE;

A TRAGIC TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

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IN THREE CANTOS.

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“ A *tale*, forsooth!—he cometh unto you with a tale; which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner.”

SIR P. SYDNEY.

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THE foundation of the succeeding poem may be seen in *HOLINSHED*. It was, at one time, my intention to put it into the shape of a drama, conceiving it highly susceptible of dramatic effect. But I already tremble at the boldness of my first attempt; and, with good reason probably, am afraid to pursue the course I have too venturously begun. Howbeit, I leave this to those whom it may concern: if they possess good nature enough, they will easily find some excuse for my temerity;—if they do not, nothing I can say will impart it.

My disposition to dramatize, it will be observed, has led me to throw more of the tale into dialogue, than is usual with productions of the kind. If it answer my intent—that, namely, of bringing the actors more immediately before the intellectual eye of the reader, I shall be glad: and if in some instances it seem to spin out the narrative to too great a length;

in others, I trust, it will be found to prevent monotony, and increase the interest of the piece. HOLINSHED is uniformly prolix; and his relation of the story contains nearly four folio pages: all that I have taken from him, is comprehended, I believe, in one or two short paragraphs, inserted in the notes; and which struck me on the first perusal as being uncommonly fine. I hope I have not marred it in the detail; and that the decision of the reader will support my judgment.

## THE FALSE ONE.

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### Canto the First.

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“ Like winter rose, and summer ice,  
“ Her joys are still untimely ;  
“ Before her, hope—behind, remorse ;  
“ Fair first, in fine unseemly.”

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, Ed. 1590.

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“ AVE MARIA ! 'tis a night of fear !  
“ Hark ! how the wind sweeps hollowly among  
“ The branches of the forest ! 'Tis as if  
“ It sighed upon the raven's morning meal,  
“ O'er murder wrought at midnight ! Our wise host  
“ Of the *Fleur de Lis*, predicted so much for us !  
“ Better have quaffed till day his Sherris-sack <sup>1</sup>  
“ Than thus to be bewildered : 'twas ill done  
“ To venture from our hostelry. Advise,  
“ Whither may we direct us ?—”

Questioned thus,  
In hoarse low tone—as from a sepulchre  
A spirit might have muttered—Bertrand spoke.  
“ What reck I? ’tis not the first hour I’ve couched  
“ Beneath the greenwood tree, and slept as sound,  
“ As heedless of the battling elements  
“ As of the rustling leaf. Belike *thou* dream’st  
“ Of plunder? or, mayhap, of murderous deed  
“ Done in the deep of night? or goblin seen  
“ By the quick meteor, or the lightning flash,  
“ To ride upon the storm; and like an ape  
“ Mowing at our disaster, pelt us on?—  
“ What are thy terrors, honest Edwin? What  
“ Alarms thy fast integrity of soul?”

His comrade answered not; or if there came  
A murmur from the lip, ’twas lost amid  
The bellowing thunder. From his coal black steed  
Leapt Bertrand to the earth. His armour rang,  
And the sheathed falchion clashed upon his thigh.

’Twas strange, between these midnight wanderers  
How great the dissimilitude! The one,  
Tall and broad-shouldered, with an eye of flame,  
And heart like very Etna! Sallow his cheek,  
Save when the lava-flood of passion poured  
A desolating redness; long coarse locks  
Of raven hair spread downward; and his beard,  
Jagged and short, curled round the tapering chin.  
His look was a torpedo, numbing all  
The heart’s expanding feelings.—But the other  
Was fair as light—most femininely fair.

His young limbs delicately fashioned, yet  
Well knit, and promising a warlike soul :  
It answered not the promise ; all within  
Was vanity and fearfulness. The first  
Leading on peril, from which turned the last  
With a base craven's shudder. As a rose  
His cheek bloomed beautifully, when nought of dread  
Spread the wild lily over it: his eye  
Shone like an animated gem, but full,  
Where'er it glanced, of that licentious gaze  
Which droops the lid of female modesty.—  
For ever branded be the dastard wretch  
Who puts the breast of innocence to shame ;  
And calls the warm blood to the tingling cheek  
Of maiden honor—be he shunned for aye !

They cast them from their steeds, beside an old  
And withered oak, that flung its leafless boughs  
To heaven, as supplicating the return  
Of its past beauty and forgotten pride.  
The trunk was hollowed, or by art, or time,  
And there they screened them from the tempest, while  
They communed with their hearts. Had peace her home,  
Had conscious rectitude a harbour there ?  
Alas ! Vice held her revels—Vice in all  
Her loathsome shapes claimed undisputed power !  
A bloody coronal enwreathed her brow,  
Mingled with tears of innocence beguiled—  
Of broken hearts, and daggers drenched in gore !

So, by that ancient oak, in moody thought,  
Sat Bertrand and young Edwin. It was like

A thing thine eye hath scanned: a poison-flower  
Of beautiful colors, springing by a grave  
Of rank mortality—even such were they!

The sterner form seemed brooding on the strife  
Of hostile fields; blood-shot his scowling eye.  
In constant scorn, curled the proud lip, and on  
His gauntleted left hand he rested him; the right  
Mechanically poised an ashen lance.

The moon rose in her majesty; ye had seen  
A solemn sight, when her pale splendor streamed  
Through Autumn's withered foliage, and on him  
Shed an unearthly brightness:—then he smiled,  
But 'twas a smile of ghastliness; as if  
It were the herald of Revenge; the flash  
That showed the consummation of a wrath  
Implacable as death.

His fellow near  
Slept not, though feigning sleep: his cautious eye,  
Unclosed at intervals, in eager quest  
Of that it would not; and his aching ear  
Caught at the gentlest motion of the blast  
Passing upon its way. The courser's tread,  
As of advancing footsteps, startled him;  
And the big sweat-drop, like a heart-wrenched tear,  
Fell on his quivering bosom. Beads he told;  
And grasped an amulet of wondrous power  
O'er night-disturbing hags, and sprites unblest  
That rove in that wild season—but in vain!

There was a spirit in his heart, which not  
The consecrated relic could destroy:



It mocks at incantations—it defies  
The potentest magician that e'er charmed  
By wizzard spells, the mighty prince of Air!  
That spirit was his Conscience; for he felt  
It still was quick within him; still he felt  
The goading pang that slumbers not, nor sleeps.  
Mentally came before him, days gone by;  
Hours not to be recalled—and innocence  
Lost, when young life put forth its choicest flower.  
There was a vision met his eye—perchance  
In sleep, when nature was exhausted—but  
There stood, inclining over him, a form,  
The shape of one whom he remembered. 'Twas  
In feature as a woman; pale, but lovely  
E'en in her very paleness. On her arm  
She held a new-born babe! the infant wept  
And struggled to be free, but could not—for  
The female pressed her finger on its throat,  
And its faint cry waxed fainter. Then it seemed  
Gasping for breath; and then a livid stain  
Told that the pang was past. The cruel one  
Gazed on the child, and in her countenance  
Despair and madness left their scathing trace.  
The dead was in her arms—she bent, and placed  
The lifeless corpse upon the living heart  
Burning beneath her: deathly cold it fell,  
And heavy—like a monumental load  
Up-piled upon him. One deep groan went forth,  
A groan unutterably wild, as on  
The earth he writhed; and screaming fearfully

The name of—"Julia!"—strove to grasp—but there  
Was naught beside his touch, save forest-trees—  
Naught human, save the associate of his way!

And laughed that man of darkness; bitterly  
The foul taunt passed, that stung him to the soul;  
Oft the tongue prompted a reply, but still  
The faint heart failed him; so he turned, and stood  
Caparisoning his courser. "Will the dawn,  
"Come never?" he exclaimed impatiently.  
"Yea," quoth the other, "ere thy courage break,  
"The morrow will be on us—fear it not;  
"Else, by my fay, the night were all too long!  
"Coward! go, wanton in thy lady's bower:—  
"Where tapers shine, and the light lute-string sounds  
"Thy proper sphere is; not in purposes  
"That the day blushes to behold—though like  
"Coy mortal maidens, she put wisely by  
"Her modesty at eve. Thou tremblest, fool!  
"I hear the leaves shake to thy cowardice,  
"As if infected by it! Could'st thou not  
"Keep thee at home? the winds of night respect,  
"No more than I, thy silken furniture,  
"Soft cheek, and delicate white hand. Go—go,  
"They are no mistress for thee!—*Julia!* was't?  
"Thou might'st ere this have added to't—*Amelia*:  
"But that thy last night's sack outweighed thy love  
"And caused us loiter, while De Frederick passed."  
Edwin replied—" 'Twas not my will, thou know'st,  
"To tarry on till midnight; *then*, indeed,  
"When storm and darkness covered heaven and us,

“ I would have tarried, but thou sprang’st to horse;

“ My mind foreboded ill!”

“ When did it *not*

“ Dost think?—Had the slave guided us aright,

“ All had been as it ought; his latest breath

“ Amelia’s lord had breathed: nor matters it,

“ The hour must come—it never ’scaped me yet!

“ Fixed to its purpose, my high soul is, as

“ The needle to the pole; but not like it,

“ Or *thee*—can tremble:—firmly set, it scorns

“ To turn apostate, though the world turn with it!

“ Away—thou keep’st thy promise? The reward—”

“ Is thine, kind Bertrand!—oh! be satisfied;

“ Would ye a pledge? Thou need’st but ask and have!”

“ No, faith! I need none other pledge than this—

“ *This*, Edwin!”—As he spoke, his hand withdrew

Half from its scabbard, the bright blade; and then

Back to its rest he drove it, with a sound

That echoed gratingly in Edwin’s ear,

And raised the involuntary shudder. He

In secret cursed him, but reply gave none.

Day dawned; and vaulting each upon his steed

They traced again the forest’s wilderness;

And ere the dew-drop left the chalice flower,

Peered loftily above, the embattled dome

And wave-washed mansion of De Frederick.—

Oh!

How sweetly morning’s balminess comes o’er

The heart that is at rest! Happiness is

Its inmate, and reflects upon the face

A joy surpassing beauty,—like the sun  
Rising serenely from a tranquil sea,  
The solar radiancy is 'neath the wave,  
But heaven is died with glory. Such is man—  
Man unseduced to tread the paths of evil,  
As yet unwarped by human vanities!  
And even to him, whom misery hath torn,  
To whom the hopes of this world are not more  
Than those fair beams, that touch the topmost waters,  
Short-lived and unsubstantial; even to him,  
If conscience be not an upbraider—there  
Is peace; there riseth beautifully still  
The morning's freshness, and the radiant heaven!  
Clouds may flit o'er him, storms may blot the hour,  
But on his heart the sun of righteousness  
Gloriously shineth, and will shine for ever!

It was not so with those of whom I spake;  
They had no love for the magnificence  
Of nature, spread around them and above:  
Nor recked they of its Maker; they despised  
His ordinances; worshipped at the shrine  
Of the dark deity, themselves set up.  
So they were given to an evil heart,  
And followed their own lusts unshrinkingly.

On through the court they moved. A pilgrim there,  
Of fourscore years and upward as it seemed,  
Stood on the higher stepway. By his garb  
A smiling urchin, aged enough to ken  
His youth's protector, held. One fairy hand  
Clasped a small portion of their daily meal,

The boon of charity; and on his friend  
He cast a wishful eye, importuning  
Him, fondly to participate with all  
The endearing arts that childhood could devise.  
It was a lovely vision : and the man  
Thanked with a warm, salt tear the little one ;  
But gently turned aside its offering—till  
Persistingly it followed him, and clung  
Yet closer to his garment ; then he felt  
It were a kind of cruelty to spurn  
That gift of young affection. So he took  
The urchin in his arms ; devoutly blessed,  
With more than parent's blessing, its fond heart.  
Laughed the fair child exultingly, and kissed  
The old man's cheek, and clapped its hands for joy !

Our fellow horsemen marked the thing ; and if  
They could have mourned o'er innocency gone,  
Here might regret have risen—'twas not so.  
Envy, unmixed with penitence ; rebuke,  
And contumelious speech, the scoffers dared  
To fling on age, and unrepining want.  
The child's eye sparkled, as the old man raised  
His palsy-stricken hands to Heaven ; but not  
As heretofore with joy—its tears flowed fast !

There is within the fearless, a contempt  
Of wrong, done purely for itself. Who feels  
Superior courage, wastes it not on those  
In whom is no resistance ; save, perchance,  
Prompted by wrathfulness, or by revenge—  
Or some fierce working power ! Not wantonly

The strong are cruel: 'tis the property  
Of craven souls, that dare not wrong for wrong—  
That wishing much, fear more; and dastardly  
Wreak on the helpless their offence:—malign  
Pour the full cup of passion on the wretch  
More heartless than themselves, or whom the hand  
Of Fortune hath less favored—such will do  
Annoyance where they can, not where they would!  
As one who flees the adder in its wrath,  
Crushes the stingless worm, that he may find  
An impotent revenge, and trembling dream  
Beneath him writhes the victim of his hate!

So, with a mocking gesture, and loud taunt,  
Bertrand passed *by* the pilgrim and the child.  
But as the other followed, all his soul  
Teemed with malicious purpose. The old man  
Stood, even as ye have heard, still smiling through  
The tears that little one's caress had wrung;  
His back borne by a pillar, verging on  
The upper stepway. Gliding round, unseen  
And as unweeded, Edwin—monstrous act!  
Cast on the stone-slab of the court beneath  
That way-worn wanderer, fourscore years and up-  
ward!

Bleeding and breathless on that spot he lay,  
His white hairs streaming round him! Who that then  
Inherited one kindly feeling, or  
Had but one spark of human fire within him,  
Could have forborne to dash the savage spirit  
(Dishonoring its fair abiding place!) from earth—

From mortal wickedness, to meet the arm  
Of an immortal justice?—Who had borne!  
Even Bertrand's brow grew darker, and the scorn  
Of his proud lip rose up.—“Heaven! this is well!—  
“Whence comes the mighty warrior? Whence ap-  
pears

“This soul of bravery—this doughty sir!  
“Is 't not a marvel where such valour sprung?  
“A gallant!—by my soul! a noble one,  
“Meet for a lady's fancy: meet to be  
“The guiding star of chivalry and love!”

Just as he said, uprose, with look severe,  
The blood bespattered pilgrim; he trod on  
With slow, yet stern demeanour, and approached  
That caitiff, coward villain. The support  
Of many a weary step which he had traced,  
Rested against the column, where but now  
Himself had rested. Eagerly he seized  
The doomed avenger; and at one home blow  
Levelled him with the ground. Calmly then, he turned,  
And shaking his hoar locks, and rearing up  
His tall form to its height, he stalked away.  
With him the child; while fixedly amazed  
Stood Bertrand, gazing after him, as if  
Some subtle spell had mastered all his might,  
And left him without mind, or thought, or heart!  
“Grammerey, Pilgrim!” were his words at last,  
And loud hoarse laughter followed. “Thou hast done  
“That which thou hast my thank for—sooth, thou hast:  
“Beshrew thy old arm, there is mettle in it!

“ Ho, there!” His voice brought an attendant.—“ Is  
“ My lord arrived ?”

“ This moment.”

“ Humph !—and my lady,  
“ Where is *she* ?”

“ In the long tapestried gallery  
“ That overlooks the lake ; methinks there is  
“ Impatience in her manner ; and a strange  
“ Forgetfulness at times, that——”

“ Sirrah ! you  
“ To your vocation ; leave the lady’s looks  
“ To those who’ve more concern in them. And here ;  
“ Give Master Edwin thine attendance : he  
“ Droops his high crest to-day, a pity ’tis :—  
“ The age, (conceive me !) boasts not many like him ;  
“ Which is another pity !—Fair sir ! on,  
“ I’ll follow ye at leizure.”

Anger flushed

The brow of Edwin ; shame it *should* have been !  
Enraged but unabashed he moved along,  
Betraying at each step the consciousness  
Of an unimitable grace.—That port  
Which majesty assumes when it would awe—  
That charm, which from the wise extorts a smile  
Of passing approbation—were his own.  
But vanity, the foppishness that draws  
Disgust and ridicule, and more than half  
Conquers the fascination of the eye,  
Was his too—and it might be happily !  
For else, what was there, that could free the heart



Chained to exterior, and regardless all  
Of inward feebleness of mind, or worse,  
Of desperate, hard depravity of soul!

The gallant's dress was something thrown awry  
By the fray lately toward. So he paused  
A moment to arrange it, and shake off  
From the hot cheek, its visible disorder.  
His bonnet's plume sat vulgarly—he gave  
A fit direction to it; and drew more  
To the left shoulder his mandilion <sup>2</sup> gay:  
Then drained—to one he named not—a full cup  
Of goodly ippocras;<sup>3</sup> and passing on  
Entered the arras'd corridor.—Beneath  
A latticed window's gothic tracery,  
Where streamed the light, through broken shadows  
formed

By latter autumn's withering garniture—  
Paced to and fro, the fair—the false Amelia!

The lady was set forth in purple robe,  
Slashed with embroidered white. Soft, dark brown  
hair

In beautiful curls fell on her snowy breast,  
Wantonning here and there. Her plover-eye,  
Black, bright and restless, watched a puny bark  
Bearing it bravely o'er the waters: on  
The delicate veined lid, and jetty fringe  
There seemed a trembling moisture; and the white  
Circling each lucid world of splendor, swam  
In its ethereal dew, passion-dilated!  
Oh! that large, heavenly eye—that it should want

A heavenly heart too! Wherefore did it not  
Dissolve in its own bitter tears—like pearls  
The Egyptian wanton liquefied—even then,  
When at the touch of foul lasciviousness  
That pearl of price, its innocence, departed?  
But it shone clearly, beautifully still,  
Maugre the utter darkness veiled below!  
And there was that in her sweet face, that held  
The gazer rivetted; that bound him down  
Without or breath or motion: as if all  
That eye could see, ear comprehend, heart feel,  
Were uttered in a glance; and full it was,  
Too full, of ravishing bewitchery!  
She had a pensive cast of languishment  
At times, that gave strange softness to her look—  
A gentle, fawn-like gaze, that turned on ye,  
Not as it would command, but as it sought—  
Sued for affection. 'Twas not modesty,  
Nor yet the effrontery of impudence;  
But, blended with the twain, it may be. So,  
More to be feared than either; for it built  
Its power on man's self-flattery and self-love!  
Such, and so fair—so excellently fair,  
De Frederick's faithless dame!

As Edwin's step  
Beat on the oaken board; and his white plume  
Waved in the dimness of the distance, she  
Started;—and with a tremulous quick heave  
Undulates her white bosom. Not as yet  
Bewrayed was the intruder. Nearer now,

And nearer he approaches, till the light  
 Fell with strong gleam upon his countenance—  
 Then, even as one delirious, with a bound  
 Sprang she into his arms. A burning blush  
 Sat on her cheek, and fire lit up her eye—  
 Like to a charnel-lamp that shows beneath  
 Corruption's lothliness!—The crawling worm  
 That battens on the dead, how like the youth  
 In her impetuous clasp! and he returned  
 The pressure with a kind of drunkenness  
 Of rapture. They were young and beautiful—  
 But they were old in Sin, by Vice misshapen!

“Sweetest!” he said, and threw a fearful glance  
 Around: “Art sure thy lord —? Know'st thou  
     we have

“Failed to effect our purpose?”

“We have failed,”

She answered in a voice more soft, more sweet,  
 Than zephyr breathes upon the magic harp  
 Æolian; or the heart-uttered voice of song  
 Trembling upon the waters.—“We have failed,

“But to succeed more surely: I could mark

“By his unlooked for coming, ye had sped not:—

“Good sooth! I started when the bugle rung,

“And horses' hoofs were clattering on the pavement!

“But more I started when that wily knave,

“My page, bade me rejoice, for he returned

“In safety to his halls! When we were met,

“And my cold look thanked not his warm embrace,

“It crossed him bitterly.—The fool! he knows

“ I hate him with a hate that cannot change,  
“ Yet note his constant dotage! I do marvel,  
“ If he possess or jealousy, or spleen?  
“ We give him cause, think’st not?”

“ Much, by my faith!

“ But—let me whisper to thee—whither now  
“ Hath he gone forth? There’s danger in discourse”—  
“ Becalm thee, dearest! thou hast nought to dread:  
“ Soon as beheld, I urged him to pursue  
“ Yon fishers;—thou may’st see the bark e’en now  
“ Toiling upon the water: he was worn  
“ With hunger and fatigue, and yet he went!”  
“ Nay, ’tis a foolish loving soul—”

“ Why, good now!

“ Let us think not of him, my Edwin!—Hark!  
“ Is Bertrand steady?”

“ To his god—his gold,

“ He is so ever; oh! the heliotrope  
“ Were but a mockery for an emblem! He’s  
“ The most designing villain—but not less  
“ Meet for our purpose!”

“ Well then, we will feed

“ His humor bountifully. Come this way,  
“ I’ll show thee my contrivance.” They passed on  
In low and earnest conference to a door  
Fixed in the wainscot of the gallery, hid  
By arras. Entering here, they turned, and then  
Reached a with-drawing room, o’erspread with  
rushes, <sup>4</sup>

And hung with tapestry from British looms. <sup>5</sup>

Here mighty Saladin, in silver field  
And golden armour shining, proudly knelt—  
And there the leader of the Christian host,  
Waving the sword of knighthood over him,  
Stood circled by dark men. Yet further on  
The holy sepulchre was wrought; and long  
The monkish train around it. They held up  
Their supplicating hands to Heaven for mercy,  
While sternly, scornfully the Infidel  
Denied the boon they sought,—when, lo! a marvel!  
The earth wide opens, and the infernal power  
Bears back the conqueror in flames of fire;  
Just as in air, a rosy hand holds out  
The emblem of the faith!—Such the wild forms  
That superstitious terror grafted on  
The record of past deeds.<sup>6</sup>

“ But ye consent

• To what ye have heard then?” asked the Lady:

“ There

“ Is danger in it; it were best he fell

“ By poison; and that is—bethink thee, how

“ To hide the body, how convey it hence.”

“ I tell ye, Edwin!” half impatiently

Exclaimed his leman—“ ’Tis no time to idle;

“ We must use means, and swift ones, to secure

“ Our safety and our hopes. He dies to-night!—

“ Say, shall it be so?”

“ Ay, if Bertrand care

“ To undertake it: hark! did I not hear

“ De Frederick’s bugle?”

“ Surely not; I guess

“ He holds to his employment. If he come

“ I shall receive him finely.—Sweet, thou art

“ Some deal too melancholy: fie! that cloud

“ Looks but unseemly on thee. I will chase

“ With a warm sunny kiss the intruder.”

“ Hush!—

“ Again!—it was a horn most certain!—was’t not?”

“ Nay, now thou mock’st me; shall I sing the lay

“ Thou lov’d’st so?—Once it had a power to charm,

“ Which I would see if it retaineth—doth it?”

“ All that thou dost, doth that; thou canst do nought

“ Without it!”

“ Ah! flatterer!—yet I trust to thee;

“ Thy honied accents captive draw mine ear,

“ And drop so blissfully upon my heart

“ I cannot but believe thee! Wilt thou bring

“ The virginals? <sup>7</sup>—or stay, my lute will serve

“ It hangs so near thy hand: then thus—

“ The voice of Love—the voice of Love!

How exquisite thy power!

Like a soft breath that sighs above

The perfume of the flower.

“ The rosy wreath that beauty twines

May fade—and fade it will;

But when the pride of life declines,

The voice of Love lives still!

“ The voice of Love—the voice of Love!—  
How eloquent thou art;  
With what a sweet vibration move  
Thy tones upon the heart!

“ By darkness, by despair oppressed,  
The voice of Love supplies  
A hope, to animate the breast  
And light the clouded eyes.

“ The voice of Love—the voice of Love!  
How exquisite its power;  
Like a soft breath that sighs above  
The perfume of the flower!”

She ceased; and, suddenly up-rising, showed  
Her soul's uneasiness. “ Edwin!” she said,  
“ 'Twere wise to hasten Bertrand—Loiterer! why,”  
In lower tone she added—“ Comes he not?  
“ But, if it please thee, bid him here at vespers;  
“ Thou canst disclose what he should know, and  
“ what  
“ I have possessed thee of: my sweet one! lie  
“ thee.  
“ Yet hold—bear that; a diamond may prove  
“ No bad remembrancer. Away, I hear  
“ My—no, no—not *my* lord's—De Frederick's bugle.”  
There was alarm in Edwin's eye; a shoot  
Of tremor in his heart, as rose the blast

Sonorous. Hastily sped he to obey  
That treacherous Lady—that unfaithful spouse—  
That falsest of false women!

END OF CANTO I.



# THE FALSE ONE.

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## Canto the Second.

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“ For my part

“ I do not think she hath a soul so black

“ To act a deed so bloody : if she have,

“ As in cold countries husbandmen plant vines

“ And with warm blood manure them, even so

“ One summer will she bear unsavory fruit,

“ And ere next spring, wither both branch and root.”

WEBSTER. *The White Devil.*



IT is the vesper hour :<sup>8</sup> grey twilight dons  
Her dewy vestment, and the raw chill air  
Bids the late traveller enwrap him round.  
The sky looks sullen, and the murky cloud  
Flits hazily along. No longer now  
The radiance of the morning ! far away  
The storm broods heavily ; yet nigh yon tower,  
Nested amid the dark-blue water, shines

Singly upon the face of Heaven, the star  
Of evening, quenched not by the mist, nor veiled  
By the black cloud that hovers round it;—like  
An eye of brightness, beaming through life's glooms:  
Though weeping, lovely—loved, though desolate!  
And hark! amid the fitful gale, the toll  
Of the monastery bell; perhaps the chime  
That speaks the knell of some departed spirit:  
Perhaps the call to penance or to prayer!

It *was* the call to death!—That form that stands  
In pale cold silence, near the tapestried hall,  
Is—Edwin's: where is his companion now,  
The dark ferocious Bertrand? Hist!—  
Was it the wind that moaned?—Again! and did  
The passing murmur of the gust create  
Such a convulsive shiver? could it be!

Oft on the threshold of that ante-room  
Breathless he stood; and listened till the sweat  
Of his soul's agony bedropped his brow;  
Oft grasped his clammy hand, a naked blade,  
But the raised arm sunk nerveless as his heart!  
There was a lamp burned over him; its ray  
Lit up the colorless cheek and large dulled eye  
That started from its socket—as the moon  
In the stern hour of night shines forth to gild,  
With yet more deathly lustre, the cold dead  
Left on the battle field! And it supplied  
A wild, cadaverous aspect to his face;  
As if, from out his bosom's cemetery,

Where conscience lay entombed, its spirit had  
Darted, and lay incarnate in his eye!

Oh! what a pitiable thing is he  
Who owns an evil heart. There may be griefs  
That harrow up the mind: there may be pangs  
That sear the very soul, and turn the brain  
To madness—but there is not, nor can be  
So poor a wretch, as him, who hath forsaken  
The path of light, and loves the walk of darkness!  
An evil conscience is the worst of ills  
That may befall a man. Haply ye deem  
Its sting shall yet be deadened—quelled; or that  
The long succession, and success of sin,  
Shall indurate the bosom, and at last  
Leave to it nought of anguish or of fear!  
Ye err—the surface may concrete, but not  
The core; and there is that vitality of pain  
Which is not to be vanquished. If it seem  
To sleep, 'tis but the sleep of earthquakes, soon  
To rise up in convulsion, and lay waste  
The breast that it inhabits: 'tis the sleep  
Of serpents coiled around their prey, that will  
Strike with redoubled fury when they wake!

Ye note that son of wickedness? let not  
The limner be distrusted; 'tis the hue—  
The mould of life—and thou may'st find it, Man!

Now rose a crash from the interior, where  
Statue-like Edwin clung. It seemed to bring  
Intelligence of struggle, fierce and long.

That ended; and behold, a sudden rush,  
Precipitous as tempests sweep the wave,—  
As full of fearful portent, brought to ken  
The lost—for ever, and for ever lost  
As wife, as woman—the unblessed Amelia!  
Oh! but to mark how terribly the power  
Of passions working in her heart had changed  
That face, so fair of late! The swollen eye,  
Wild as the deed it spoke of, had forgot  
It e'er was practised in Love's cunning; or  
Could animate the marble form that there  
Shrunk in full consciousness of all the ill  
That hour was witness to: it had a fierce  
And horrid glare; triumphant malice sat  
Like a proud demon in it, and her heart  
(Could she possess a heart?) beat with a high  
Yet tremulous beat of exultation.—“Done—  
“Yes, it *is* done!” she shrieked: no longer now  
The sweet soft tone, that fell like harmony  
Of seraphs on the earth; it was a shrill  
But awful cry! and at the rising voice  
Ye had said, the angry bolt of Heaven had passed  
Through Edwin's shivering frame. E'en Bertrand  
    paused  
With something of a tremor, as he strode,  
Following the lady; stern and slow his step.  
“Done! say ye?—ay, but more is to be done,  
“Ere ye enjoy your triumph!—Gentle pair!  
“And honest—(I avouch it)—first secure  
“Your safety, then your love, so please ye! But—

“ The gold !—I’ve nobly earned it. That shall be  
“ My passport and my joyance in far lands,  
“ Whither I now direct me. Yet—a word !  
“ Why have *I* been subservient to your lust ?  
“ Not that I loved ye, nor *so* well your coin,  
“ As to give up my steel to such a service—  
“ But, he who fell once did me wrong, and I  
“ For *that* have been avenged. Not I, *your* tool,  
“ As ye suppose me ; ye are mine, and have  
“ Accomplished my resolves !—I asked for gold,  
“ Is it forthcoming, lady ?”

With a smile

That flashed ten thousand scorns from her dark eyes  
Snatched she the pendent purse of corded mesh  
Fixed to her girdle ; and, with haughty mien,  
Flung the full scrip beside him. He spoke not,  
But bent his black brow on her ; pointed then  
To the dark path they had so lately traced !  
A change came o’er her countenance ; he marked  
Its coming—that accomplice of her guilt—  
And scant forebore the gibe ; but that he felt  
’Twas not an hour to prate in. So he turned  
To his departure, and a kind of joy  
It was to those he sped from. Little can  
Crime bear with its remembrancer ; and they  
Who fear their fellow, hate him for that fear.

Long, when the sound of his retiring step  
Had ceased, they listened for it ; when the ear  
Sought it in vain, the busy eye became  
Interpreter between them. They looked on

Each other fearfully—as if in each  
They apprehended an accuser, or  
Death for the death they'd plotted and produced.  
“Edwin!” exclaimed the lady,—“why is this?  
“Dost thou regret the price at which is won  
“Love and security? Dost lament that thou  
“Wilt be the lord of houses and fair lands;  
“Falcons, that strike at eagles, like the bird  
“In Persian story, but with fate less hard;?  
“Steeds, that surpass the wind in fleetness; and  
“Gay housings—serving-men, with seemly badge,  
“To wait submissive on thy will? Are these—  
“Are *these*, not worth the purchase?”

Edwin's eye

Brightened into a sparkle, as she told  
Of that, which in his narrow mind was more  
Than love, than honor, or than innocence.  
Even remembrance of the past had died,  
As she recounted future vanities!  
His was a nature ever prone to ill,  
But fearful of the event. The danger threw  
Sometimes a barrier, which repelled the assault  
Of a temptation else omnipotent:  
So, he was virtuous by necessity,  
Evil by inclination. She had spurred  
His vacillating soul to murder with  
The splendid picture she pourtrayed, of wealth  
And pleasures inexhaustible. But ever,  
With unremitting care, his feeble mind  
She drew from thought of peril: by degrees,

Slowly, yet surely, he advanced in crime ;  
And still with fatal craft she magnified  
The hazard of receding ; while she spake  
The onward path so fair and even, so  
Secure in the accomplishment, that never  
Could fear once operate to deter. He had  
Terrors enow ; but with magnetic force  
One way they urged him—and that way was death.

When the foul deed was consummated—then  
Came penitence ; if it may be, which mourns  
Not for the evil, but the punishment !  
He wist not of the former's lothliness,  
But felt 'twas unavoidable the last :  
And such had been his life.

Ye have heard he prized  
The pomp of greatness, but true greatness scorned :  
Thus his soul sprang from its abyss of dread,  
As flowed the words of witchcraft on his ear.  
He dreamt of joys illimitable—bliss  
That should attend him, wheresoe'er he turned :  
His fancy revelled in delight—and she  
Who had created, and could yet create  
So excellent a power, again rose up  
All that was lovely—all that he could love !  
“ My Amelia ! best, and dearest ! why believe  
“ Regret should mingle in the thought that gives  
“ *Thee* to my arms ? Fate there is impotent,  
“ And on thy breast is happiness supreme ! ”

He spoke : and would have caught her in his clasp,  
Warned with his own conceit ; but, horror-struck,

Back he recoiled : his eye glared on her, like  
A maniac's phrenzied orb—and hers, as if  
Affected by it, though she recked not why,  
Assumed his look of terror!—

“ Stand—stand off;  
“ There's human blood upon thee—ay, upon  
“ Thy once white bosom—wherefore rests it there?  
“ Is it the grave, as it hath been the pillow,  
“ Of him ye swore to honor and to love?  
“ Hast thou built *there* his sanguine monument,  
“ Or raised it for a trophy of thy crime?  
“ See, vengeful Heaven!—see, 'tis a severed lock  
“ Of his black hair adheres to that red spot!  
“ Why thou—thou only wilt bring on discovery!  
“ Thou wilt betray us both; and I must pour  
“ My blood to sanctify thy lewdness! Oh!  
“ Had I not sinned so far, I would flee back,  
“ And seek that peace I never may find now.  
“ Now heaven hath cast me from it, and the earth  
“ Thirsts for the empurpling element of life!  
“ Oh! where may I repose me? whither turn  
“ From thee, mine enemy?”

It was as he  
Had said. Her palpitating breast, distained  
With a long streak of clotted gore, attached  
The steeped hairs of the murdered to it! How  
They had possessed them of the place, she knew  
Nothing—almost remembered nothing—but  
It made *her* shudder; as with hasty hand  
She cleansed the foul pollution. In the act,



The lamp above them shed a brighter flame,  
And threw out sparks, that crackled as they flew  
Diversely round them.—'Tis not to be told  
What vain things shoot dismay into the hearts  
Of those who feel they merit what they fear!  
Not the deep burst of thunder—not the flash  
Lured by the tower's attracting pinnacle  
To embrace a ruin, and awake the roar  
Of the lashed waters groaning underneath:  
Not echo's doubling and redoubling voice,  
Sounding among the mountains, when the storm  
Howls with unearthly clamor—had called forth  
Such agonising shriek of desperation!  
But there was none to hearken—all beside  
Had purposely been placed where cry could not  
Enter, though piercing as a spirit's be!  
The emotion soon subsided in the one  
Who *seemed*—a woman; and if she had had  
A woman's heart, she had been something more!

Time hurried on: 'twas needful to bestow  
The body to its rest unhallowed. So  
She strained all arts of flattery to lull  
The awakened trepidation that enforced  
A lukewarm penitence. And Edwin turned  
An earnest ear, as one who would be wrought  
Gladly to that which he would gladly find.  
Cunningly worked she on his nature, till  
Again a change of thought was visible—  
Until again he half forgot himself.

Then they departed for a season; and  
Returned with two stout knaves, whom they had found,  
Or made what they would have them: they went in  
To the place of slaughter. There De Frederick lay,  
Spotted with wounds; the rush-besprinkled floor  
Drank his red blood, and in the struggle was  
Left of its covering. On the head and breast  
The blows of fate were stricken; but a gash,  
Done, as it seemed, when all was over, shewed  
Horrible contrast to the pallid cheek  
And stiffened eye-lid: 'twas upon the throat,  
And down the bared neck, had the crimson stain  
Mournfully trickled. He was borne away  
Through secret passages; a postern door  
Admitted them beyond the garden: thence  
The church-way path conducted on, and they  
Pursued its windings. The bright star had fled,  
That at the hour of vespers was put forth,  
A flower amid the wilderness—or as  
The guardian angel, that had kept its watch  
Till evil triumphed over it! All now  
Seemed to proclaim the turbulence of storm  
Hastening to do its mission. The wild wind  
Blew coldly over them; and the dead corse,  
Filled with its violence, to these dark men  
Oft took a voice of warning and lament,  
That came upon the conscience startingly.  
Yet they persisted; yet they wandered on  
To where the yew-tree flung its funeral shade.

Cooped in a narrow corner of that land,  
Death's rank repository! A rippling stream  
Played careless by its side. Even so, the world  
Marks man convey his fellow to the grave,  
And still tracks on its course—still speeds along,  
Sparkling in sun-beam a few hours of life,  
Then sinks, like it, in darkness and decay.

Here, by this yew-tree, by this thing that florished  
On the mortality of man, they laid  
The bleeding trunk, and to the worm consigned  
Without or shroud, or prayer, or gush of sorrow.

Heaven is more merciful than man! ere yet  
They moved, the storehouse of the cloud  
Opened upon them, and the feathery snow  
White as the plume upon a maiden's hearse,  
Became that corse's winding-sheet: the breeze  
Dying into a murmur, softly sang  
The requiem over him; and, if thou wilt  
Indulge imagination—think, the wreath  
That fell upon the waters, and increased  
The stream's full flow; think, canst not?—that it was  
A tear to the sad obsequies!—If man  
Mourn not o'er his own kind that perisheth,  
Nature is gentler, and *may* weep for him!

The snow-fall came apace; the twain beneath  
The church-wall paused, bewildered; for the flake  
Dropping upon the eyes' dimmed vision, filled  
The lid with water: so they stood awhile,  
Trembling with cold and terror.—Were they found  
By other wanderers, and so near the dead,

On them would fall the murder! If they sought  
To venture the returning path, they might  
Err in their footsteps, and suspicion fix  
Upon them, when the morrow gave the work  
Of death to day-light!—Then perchance they felt  
How much *had* been their error, and they poured  
The spirit of execration on the deed,  
And on the doers—'twas too late, poor wretches!  
The curse fell back upon them, for they were  
The abettors and partakers of the ill.

Now too, the horrors of the grave began  
To encompass them about. The sting of thought—  
That dreaded Deity, of those who own  
No God but their own lust, rose, boding death!  
Visions of disembodied spirits passed  
Terrifically before them: they could bear  
All beside this; but this, what *man* can bear?  
They fled confusedly, and as chance would,  
Safely regained the postern; but the snow  
Ceased, ere their steps achieved it.

The meanwhile,

What did Amelia? What did Edwin?—They  
Strove to look happy, but the smile became  
A very mockery of happiness. Not  
That which they'd been; and oh! what they might be,  
In future time, occurred; for still they thought  
Their crime inscrutable. They yielded them  
Not to forebodings of detection, but  
To undefined, vague, incomprehensible  
Emotions, that had reference to nought

Palpable and exterior. The black deed,  
Wrought but so lately, by strong effort was  
Banished; or tricked in colors such as die  
The vapoury vault of Heaven, when the full cloud  
Hangs darkling, touched by intercepted beams  
Of broken light.—*Their* light was broken; even  
An artificial gleam, which Fancy threw  
Amid the depths of fate. It was not joy,  
Though they rejoiced; nor the hope real  
Which it elicited. Indistinct fears,  
With which the mind possessed not power to grapple—  
As 'twere a hand invisible that struck  
A deadly wound, and the hot blood drained out  
Drop after drop—so 'twas ordained for them!

The stains had been erased, that marked the place  
Of violent death; and fresh green rushes strewed:  
All but the heart was laved; all but the heart  
Renewed. They sat them down to wassail; and  
The mantling cup brimmed lustily. With it  
The swell of music rose, and all the power—  
The blandishment of minstrelsy she proved  
To win him from himself.—The voice of song  
Mingles a thrilling cadence!—As the brook  
Gushing along its interrupted course,  
Joins the soft breath of zephyr, and accords  
Well with the woodland harmony; so she  
Adapted her sweet music to the string  
Her delicate finger struck; and every note  
Seemed as it melted on the tongue<sup>10</sup>, and dropped  
Delicious dews of melody—it so

Moistened the parched, tense heart ! 'Twas thus  
The Siren's song rung forth :

“ How beautiful rises the morning sun  
When flitteth afar the shadows dun ;  
And brilliantly flashes his blissful eye  
As the gelid vapour forsakes the sky !  
But faint the fair beams of that planet <sup>11</sup> prove  
To the first burning glances of youthful love !

“ Noon wanes ; and immersed is the solar ray  
In the ocean flood—it hath passed away ;  
The cold hour comes with the evening breath,  
And the storm is let loose from the caves of death.

“ But the eye of the Lover's more sparkling far  
Than thought can imagine the brightest star ;  
And his heart is warm, though the chilly air  
Congeal the pure drop that trembles there ;  
And his hand is prompt as his heart, to save,  
When the tempest flies on the wings of the grave !

“ There's a light in Love's eye, that can ne'er depart—  
'Tis the lamp of the soul—and the soul of the heart ;  
Unbroken in splendor, that waveless flame,  
Through good and through evil, exists the same ;  
Unquenched by the tomb, 'twill but purer be  
Shining on through all worlds of eternity !”

The voice was heard no longer, but her hand  
Made ravishing division,<sup>12</sup> and held on  
The strain which it commenced with, soft and  
low ;

Then suddenly swelled forth, as if to speak  
In its best, sweetest kind, how well it loved  
That which supplied its eloquence ; but, ere  
The close symphonious—from without rose high,  
Pealing upon the stillness of the night,  
A trumpet's brazen clangor.—Had the sound  
Of that all wondrous horn<sup>13</sup> which whilom rang  
To the rough breath of him, in knightly worth  
Unrivalled—young Astolfo ! had the voice  
Of that enchanted music, which struck dread  
Unto the valiantest and noblest heart—  
Breathed on this instant, not with power unlike,  
The affrighting strain had issued forth — so shrill  
It ran along their guilty veins ; and poured  
The tremors of an evil conscience over them !

Again—and yet again, the clarion's call  
Summoning to instant parley, rolled away  
Unanswered ; till at length the breathless twain,  
To whom the dead owed an ignoble rest,  
Obeyed the imperious mandate. All the other  
Of the long menial train, inebriate,  
Had sunk to heavy slumber, by the red  
And smouldering embers of the wood-piled fire,  
Stretched swinishly around the spacious hearth.  
'Twas not a natural sleep ; nor all the effect  
Of deep potation—for, commingled with it,  
The poppy shook its spirit in the cup.

The arched stone portal was unbarred, and gave  
Admittance to a troop of horsemen, clad  
In military vest. The chief, or he  
Who seemed to be so, spake in wrathful tone.

“ Ye be sound sleepers here—methinks our blast  
“ Had roused the very dead to life, but ye  
“ Sleep out your slumber! What may be these knaves,  
“ Are they not yet awake? or be they drunk,  
“ Or fearful? peradventure both—what think ye?  
“ Masters! we seek the Lord De Frederick. How  
“ The fools gape on us! do ye not conceive  
“ My meaning? we would see your lord; we bear  
“ Dispatches of importance from the council!—  
“ Crack the knave’s crown some one—will ye not answer?”

“ He is gone hence:” replied the man—

“ Gone hence?

“ Ye dolt! impossible! he had yesternight  
“ Positive orders from the Lord Protector  
“ To await our coming: why, I’ll wage my life,  
“ The fellow lies to save himself a trouble—  
“ Or to avenge the night’s disturbance, faith!  
“ Sirrah! look to it—ye had better, or  
“ The lash shall teach ye. Get ye gone, and say  
“ Our message without further let.<sup>14</sup> What, ho!—  
“ Where is the other pelting rascal?—run  
“ Ere he had ta’en our purpose! This would chafe  
“ A statue—though of patience! Ye vouchsafe  
“ To do my bidding!”

“ Yea; to whom?”



“ Whom !

“ To your master, booby !”

“ When my lord returns

“ Be sure on’t: speak your pleasure.”

“ Ha ! returns !

“ Gerard ! dismount, and castigate the scoundrel ;

“ We may bandy words till morning !”

“ Ay, and what

“ Will ye know more by harming me ?” replied

The fellow scowlingly ;—“ I tell ye sooth,

“ He is *not* here ; if ye would further, seek

“ My lady : let her give it ye,—for me

“ I care not, do your worst !”

“ The slave !—why then

“ Speed ye not to your lady ?—if indeed

“ Her lord be absent ! If he be, the news

“ Will startle Somerset, I trow ; no matter—

“ Gerard, along with him ; our charge must be

“ Apology for such intrusion.”—They

(The menial and the soldier) moved together

On to the hall of presence. There (apprized

By him who’d gained a vantage-time—of what

The embassy should turn upon) apart,

And seeming busied with the embroidery<sup>15</sup>

Of silver tissues, and rich cloths of gold,

The False One sat. At their approach, she spake :

“ De Frederick ! thou hast tarried long, meseems,—

“ Longer than thou wert wont. I prithee, what

“ Detained thee from me ?”

“ Ye much err, fair dame!<sup>15</sup>”

Answered young Gerard, smiling: “ I have not  
“ The honor of the name, nor know the bliss  
“ Of an espousal to the queen of love  
“ And soul of loveliness; would that indeed  
“ It were so: not thus desolate and lone  
“ Should beauty sit unhonored—sooth, it should  
not !”

Alarm was well expressed in the dark eye  
That turned upon the intruder. Majestic’ly  
She moved; even more her stately form put on  
The semblancy of stateliness—and it  
Became her well; so well, she should have worn  
That ever—ay, for ever: it had been  
A corslet to the soul—a counter-charm,  
(If inward truth confirmed that semblancy !)  
To the resistless might that bore away  
Her heart from its right sphere—the sphere of virtue !  
For it had awed licentiousness, and driven  
The wanton thought far off !

“ Ah ! an armed stranger !

“ Where be these varlets?—Rude, unmannered sir !  
“ Is’t thus ye break upon my privacy ?  
“ This speaks ye nothing gentle<sup>16</sup>—though ye bear  
“ The spur and belt of knight!—And you, sir  
knave !”

Turning with prettily affected wrath  
On his attendant there—“ Art thou become  
“ A traitor to thy mistress ? this shall to

“ My lord when he returns; thou bear'st no more  
“ Thy blue coat, and thy badge!”

“ No fault of mine.”

Fiercely replied the man; unweeting why  
He thus had been accosted—

“ Be it then

“ On me the burden,” said the soldier—“ I  
“ Would beg a moment's audience, lady! if  
“ It suit with your good pleasure; and may be  
“ I shall cast off the aspersions you have thrown  
“ Not so deservedly, I deem, upon me:  
“ Meantime, I seek forgiveness, and your heart  
“ Strangely belies your eye, if 'tis denied!  
“ Perish astrology, if there be not  
“ A benign influence ruling there! I would  
“ To highest Heaven, it were the star that shone  
“ On my nativity!”

“ So—*gentle* Sir!

“ I do retract my assertion; for I see  
“ Ye lack not adulation, though ye lack  
“ Some manners—courtier-like! Please it ye, now  
“ To say why unannounced, unlooked for, here  
“ I'm honored with your presence!”

“ Fairer than

“ Most fair!” began the other—

“ Generous Sir!

“ I know the style of my address; ye may  
“ Proceed to other matter: if I marked  
“ Aright, your entrance spoke some haste!”

“ Ye say

- “ Shrewdly—but well; I had forgotten that.  
“ We wanderers of the night, bear ill the flash  
“ Of sudden light: and when it comes upon us,  
“ As vividly as *now*—why, if we lose  
“ Our senses, ’tis not much!—But to my mission.  
“ Here at your barbican, Sir Edward Warner,  
“ Under a deputation from the Lord  
“ Protector of the realm; and in the name  
“ Of our Sixth Edward, bears commission to  
“ Demand a subsidy of horse and armour:  
“ Which, joined to certain forces now on foot,  
“ Should, on the morrow, cope the rebels, led  
“ By the ruffian Ket.<sup>17</sup> But furthermore we bring  
“ Dispatches from the council; for the which  
“ A courier yesterday was posted hither,  
“ To the intent your lord should be in readiness.  
“ So that the urgency that spurs us on  
“ Is not to be controlled. His absence will  
“ Create offence; and ’twas unwise in him,  
“ If he indeed have left his towers, to risk  
“ The consequence, at such a need as this!  
“ ’Twill seem like disaffection, and the duke  
“ Will note it rigidly,—beshrew me, will he!  
“ Yet I conjecture—and I hope ’twill prove so,  
“ That still he may o’ertake us; for methought  
“ E’en as I entered, ’twas his step ye fancied.—  
“ I have said, fair Dame! and hark, a bugle! ’tis  
“ Haply the Lord De Frederick’s!—No, not it;

“ ’Tis my impatient chief’s—I know it well:—  
“ Your answer.”—A short pause—a flush, and then  
A sudden trembling and a stifled sob,  
Might, to a keen observer, or to him  
Suspicion had awakened, have denoted  
Something mysterious—Gerard, marked them not.  
“ Yes, ’tis my heart’s warm hope, that my dear lord  
“ Is not remote from hence. At vespers he  
“ Departed; but, how solemnly, his vow  
“ Pledged to my fond impatience quick return!  
“ He has, and it is strange, delayed; but yet  
“ I do assure me, that I shall be blessed  
“ In some brief space. And still, now I recal,  
“ He went forth unattended, though I urged,  
“ Anxiously urged the danger! Oh! if aught  
“ Of evil have befallen him Oh! sir!  
“ The thought hath conjured up a thousand fears!  
“ Haste thee, good Harold! rouse thy fellows; sound  
“ Loudly the alarm; let them arm, and skir  
“ The country in all parts—the church-ground, and  
“ All wheresoe’er thou canst bethink thee: why  
“ Thou art a stone—away, away—Oh! sir!  
“ ’Tis my turn now to be forgiven by ye!  
“ Will ye entreat your captain to receive  
“ My poor accommodation—and assist  
“ Our people in the search for their lost lord?  
“ He may command all here—for what am I?  
“ Just Heaven forefend my fears prove true—a widow,  
“ A most unhappy one—but ye can pity!”  
“ Lady, I can—yet calm ye; there may be

“ Nothing to verify your dread; and though  
“ The rebels be abroad, they would not dare  
“ (Expected as *they* know we are) to approach  
“ So near your towers; nor would De Frederick give  
“ So much the advantage; he is wary, shrewd—  
“ An understanding man, and would not run  
“ Heedlessly into danger!—but I go  
“ To execute your wishes. Shall I first  
“ Usher my veteran chief into your presence?”  
“ So please ye—but oh! speed—speed, sir! I am  
“ Almost distracted!”

“ Guess ye not the path  
“ He might pursue? We were more certain then  
“ To trace his onward step.”—The lady stood  
As if in meditation; on her lip  
The fair long finger pressed; and to her hair  
Artfully gave she an admired disorder.

“ It may be—my bewildered brain can scarce  
“ Call up its recollection—yet perchance  
“ The neighbouring monastery’s walls contain him:  
“ He had—what do I say? he had dispute  
“ About the tenour of a peasant’s will,  
“ From which the old Abbot claims—I know not  
“ what.

“ Yet note that monk’s ingratitude. Himself  
“ And all his order—hypocrites! were saved  
“ In the last reign from ruin by my lord;  
“ And but short time ago, when Somerset,  
“ I pray ye note it, laid destroying hands  
“ Upon them, they were freed once more by force

“ Of mighty intercession ; yet that monk  
“ Must aye be busy, where it not concerns him :—  
“ And as I said, *all* he had wholly lost  
“ But for my husband’s nobleness !—I deem  
“ Ye may hear of him there. And now farewell !—  
“ Farewell, sir ! and Heaven speed ye ! I had best,  
“ Believe me, I had best retire ; you may  
“ Commend me to your captain ; and to all,  
“ Bear a right noble welcome—fare ye well, sir !”

Poor creature ! thought young Gerard, as he met  
The salutation, and gazed on the form  
Of exquisite loveliness before him :—she  
Feels all the intenseness of alarm, and is  
Strangely disordered. Oh ! when woman loves,  
Her passion hath no bound—no bidding-place !  
Love is the being of her being ; she  
Hath not a thought beyond it ; she creates  
A fairy palace in the heart, and spreads  
All magic tints around it—peoples it  
With young affections, fruitful as the hours,  
And radiant as the sunbeam. Her eye is  
An index to her heart ; a mirror that  
Reflects the bosom’s truth unerringly.  
What woman lost to man, she gives again  
In her life-long attachments.<sup>18</sup> If she be  
Pure, there’s no purity like hers—it is  
The promise of a future Heaven ; that which  
Speaks to the soul as though an angel spake !

Such were the commuings of Gerard’s mind,  
As he moved back to his superior ; who

With fretful aspect, and impatient tongue  
Chided the lengthened tarriance; then discussed  
The nature of their conference: and in haste  
The troopers guided by the serving-men—  
Yet scarce roused up from that deep lethargy  
The draft somnific wrought—in fair array  
Scoured the adjacent paths.

END OF CANTO II.



# THE FALSE ONE.

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## Canto the Third.

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“ Her fair name,—

“ Late chaste as trembling snow whose fleeces clothe

“ Our Alpine hills; sweet as the rose’s spirit,

“ Or violet’s cheek, on which the morning leaves

“ A tear at parting—now begins to wither

“ As it would haste to death, and be forgotten.”

SHIRLEY. *The Royal Master.*

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LOUD, and yet louder rose the frequent clash  
Upon the convent gates; and to and fro  
The lights danced rapidly within. Alarm  
Shook from their matted pallets the cowed head  
And craven heart. They trembled for the wealth  
Whose fatal lure already had drawn on  
Their confraternity the gripe of power:  
For nought the papal bull<sup>19</sup> availed them—nought  
The alb and amice, cope and scapulaire!<sup>20</sup>

One transitory gleam had yet to break  
 Over the gathering darkness;<sup>21</sup> and then night,  
 With whelming storm accompanied, would bear  
 Monastery and monk to unbewept decay!  
 The one, enveloped in the ivy-leaf—  
 The abode of silence, broken by the cry  
 Of the hoarse things, that hide their callow brood  
 Far from the truant's haunt, or stranger's foot,  
 Trampling upon the sculptured column and  
 The fallen archway;—or the voice that flings  
 Unhallowed sounds abroad; the reckless laugh;—  
 The summer tones of beauty moulded in  
 The shape of song—the lightsome canzonet;  
 Or lighter breath of sportive childhood, as  
 It bounds, with shrill halloo, across the stone,  
 Moss-covered, glorying in its might!—Such to the

*one*

Was doomed in aftertimes; but what did fate  
 Design the *other*?—To be cast away,  
 E'en as the earth-corrupted bone the spade  
 Ejects from its dark hiding-place; to yield  
 A moral and a tale!<sup>22</sup>—Yea, all the rest  
 Flits o'er the mind like phantoms of a night;  
 Leaving less trace than shadows that the cloud  
 Throws on the gay green turf!

The convent's crowd

Pours tremulously forth. Perplex'dly they  
 Mark the stern troops of armed men, and stand  
 Awe-struck. What next?—shall all their lands lie  
 waste,

Their sanctuary be desolated?—’Twas  
A moment of despair; they knew not what  
Was asked of them, nor what to utter back;  
Till from the midst outstepped that pilgrim grey  
Ye heard of heretofore. His had been a life  
Of constant warfare, on a foreign soil;  
When old age came upon him, he returned  
To the place of his nativity, and found  
His kindred passed away, and all to him  
Mournfully strange. Even their language was  
A thing for him to wonder at; and save  
One cherished blossom, the wide world had not  
A tie upon his heart,—but that, oh! that  
Was as a strain of music, which returned  
All that he once had loved, and all that made  
The memory of the past so blissful, yet  
So sad!—It was the fondling of his dotage—  
And had it been the child of his old age,  
He could not more have loved the little one!  
For him he claimed a patrimony, lapsed  
By long secession from his country to  
The lord De Frederick: it had been denied  
To his humble suit; for the disputed land  
(Neighbouring the hallowed fane) had been closed in,  
And a fair monument erected. So  
He kept possession—through persuasives more  
Perchance than inclination—yet ’twas kept.  
The lordly abbot then took up the cause,  
And sheltered the old pilgrim and the boy.  
He had again been suppliant for the boon

Of his paternal state, when Edwin and  
The dark browed Bertrand crossed his path; the first  
Smarted for his base action, as ye know.  
The pilgrim spake. "The Lord De Frederick 'bides  
" Not in these precincts; nor hath he been kenned  
" Within them through the day."

"Would ye confer  
" With the lord abbot?" said a monk, "he may  
" Have other tidings!"

"Even so," replied  
The voice of Gerard—"speedy be his step;  
" We are constrained to use dispatch, and if  
" Aught he can shew us, be it not delayed.  
The question brought not the intelligence  
They sought and hoped for—nothing there was known.  
Confusion followed and amazement; all  
The imagination was at work to form  
Solution to the mystery; and it was  
As each conceited! The whole convent rose  
In uproar. For the soldiers—they, (with more  
Each moment added to them,) still kept on  
The unsuccessful search. By Gerard rode  
The pilgrim; and their earnest converse seemed  
To tell of weighty argument. "Ye say  
" This Bertrand passed ye at full speed, upon  
" The hour of vespers; and, concealed behind  
" A tall tree's stem, ye heard him mutter—'*ven-*  
*geance,*'  
" That hour De Frederick issued forth; and since  
" That hour hath not been heard of! Bertrand is

“ My lord’s retainer—Know ye further yet?”

“ Nothing so certain; what I think, must not

“ Be said—I shrink at my own thoughts; and ye

“ Would not accredit them!”

“ It may be, not!

“ And, pilgrim! are ye so besotted as

“ Not to perceive how circumstance concurs

“ To hurl upon *thy* head, the like suspect

“ That may be his,—his due, I not deny it!

“ But were *ye* then afar when Hesper came?

“ What made ye in the forest at that hour;

“ Even—observe me—at the moment, when

“ The Lord De Frederick is supposed to have passed?

“ If guilt for this be fixed on him, why not

“ On you?—I pass his talk of vengeance; that

“ May be your own too, in accusing *him*!

“ Yet ye are here to testify ye saw

“ And heard what yet lacks every thing—the proof;

“ And may perchance involve ye in the crime!”

“ That I *am* here, should testify for me,

“ And will, to those who know me. How I chanced

“ So opportunely there, is purely thus—

“ It is my wont at early morn and eve

“ To wander ’mong the withering forest leaves,

“ And offer up thanksgivings to the throne

“ Of Him, at whose command the seasons change,

“ And nature wantons in diversity!

“ I love to be abroad, when starry myriads

“ Sparkle upon the firmament; nor less

“ When the loud elements give battle. It

“ Reminds me of past times; and I again  
“ Feel, if not youthful, that I have been young!  
“ And, please ye to remark, I say not that  
“ Bertrand *hath* blood upon him. I relate  
“ That which I saw and heard—ye may deduce  
“ What inferences ye will; I shall not shrink  
“ When I see cause to vindicate my honor!”

“ Well, pilgrim! knowing it, not wrongfully  
“ Will Gerard charge another: we are yet  
“ Ignorant of his end, for whom we mourn,  
“ And ought not to prejudicate. If he  
“ Be slain, and Bertrand fled, there will be ground  
“ To fix suspicion—but, meantime, let not  
“ The fancy be our guide, ’tis too oft fatal!”

They ceased discourse; and by the torches’ glare,  
Which cast a flickering and uncertain light  
Around, they marked the place of sepulture;  
Built up as if in mockery of the dead—  
As if by splendid blazonry to make  
Corruption incorruptible, and gild  
The foulness of decay!—The worm should be  
Thankful to human vanity: the reptile that  
May leave its slimy trace upon the slab  
Of monumental marble; or can crawl  
Luxuriously around the pillared dome  
Funereal; should shew all gratitude  
To human weakness!—for they better can  
Enjoy that pomp putrescent—than the dead;  
Ay, or the living!—let them give all thank!

“ Lo! yon fair structure!” said the pilgrim,—“once

“ That portion of the soil on which it stands,  
“ My fathers were the lords of; it hath gone  
“ Cruelly from their grey descendant! Here,  
“ E’en in its very site their cottage stood,  
“ And well my aged sire delighted in  
“ The pleasant object which the house of God  
“ So near him did present. He was a cripple,  
“ Bed-ridden, and in his dotage, but he ever,  
“ As the loud anthem raised its swell to Heaven,  
“ And young sweet voices joined the choral strain,  
“ Would set his thin pale features earnestly,  
“ And pushing back the long white hair that fell  
“ In silky stream upon them, list each gush  
“ Of harmony—and almost, like the note,  
“ Would seem lift up above the world and all  
“ Its earthiness. They say, he scarcely died  
“ Ere the possession was attached; and sure  
“ Good cannot follow!—By your leave, fair sir!  
“ One moment would I pause, and o’er that tomb  
“ Drop the warm tear, I feel my eye bewray  
“ For him who died—and him who wronged his  
“ death!”

From his steed the old man threw himself, and trod  
With slow and mournful step beside the yew,  
’Neath which the cold and stiffened corse was laid  
Of the one their travail sought. He saw him not  
Upon his first descent, but his bent eye  
Caught the impress of footsteps in the snow.  
Downward he held his torch; attentively,  
And not without surprise, he noted them

" Sir knight!" he hallooed—" here be traces on  
 " The earth! The snowfall was not till the dark, and  
     " there  
 " Hath been much trampling since! 'Twere well if  
     ye  
 " Turned hither: but the men, meanwhile should be  
 " Stationed aloof; their feet and numbers else  
 " Will mar the search." So Gerard joined the pil-  
     grim,

Waving in either hand a blazing torch;  
 And eagerly his eye roved round to catch  
 Something of more encouragement. At length  
 He bordered on the tree—the tree of death!  
 The quivering flame struck forward, and lit up  
 The solemn pale of that sunk countenance.  
 The snow-flake covered him; through which the blood  
 Of his death-wounds had oozed, seeming like buds  
 Of roses plucked and scattered there—or as  
 The ripe red berries which the wild bird drops  
 Heedlessly on the bleached earth of the winter!

It was a hideous sight, and Gerard turned  
 Heart-sick as he looked on. " Sir Pilgrim, here  
 " May our search end: this thing incarnadine  
 " Tells what I dreaded to believe, yet feared.  
 " It tells us of De Frederick's murder—but  
 " By *whom*, asks further thought. Ho, there"—  
     " Yet stay,"

Ejaculated the old man, perceiving  
 He waved the soldiers to move up: " Ye do  
 " Rashly in this; the vestiges that mark



“ The pathway of the murderers, must not be  
“ Erased so lightly !”—“ Ye say truth,” rejoined  
The other—“ Back”—and the troop wheeled back-  
ward.

“ Thy caution, pilgrim ! hath removed the stain  
“ Which seemed to fasten on thee :—let us to  
“ Our task.”

They bent them to it eagerly ;  
The keen eye glanced, where'er the torch-ray fell,  
And left no nook unscanned. Step after step  
They traced the tedious way ; and where the men  
Bewildered by the snow-fall had retired,  
They too were in uncertainty. Ere long  
Success crowned the endeavour ; they were led  
On to the postern-door—but, closed against  
Their efforts, it repelled assault. They stood  
Mutely regarding one another ; and  
Surprize or something more, was visible  
In the fixed eye of each.—“ Whither now ?” became  
The question.—“ Not unaided can we force  
“ The opposing barrier :”

“ Deem ye I should wind  
“ My bugle ? but a breath will bring it !”

“ First

“ Return we to the body ; something there  
“ May help to guide our judgment—time at least  
“ Will more mature it.”

To the corpse once more  
They sped them ; once again they searched through  
all

The confines of the grave, but nought appeared  
To point out the destroyer, or to lead  
Opinion to its goal.—“ Now may ye bring  
“ Your soldiers,” said the pilgrim. Gerard blew  
A loud note in reply, and one and all  
Ranged them around the dead. The stubborn eye  
Melted as it beheld; and they who had,  
Amongst that crowd, once served and honored him,  
Mingled the manly voice with generous wail!  
They paused in consultation; and it chanced  
The torch a soldier had up-reared against  
The yew tree’s stem, borne by a sudden gust,  
Fell at the feet of him, who there lay slain.  
“ By the blest saints !” exclaimed the man—“ what  
meaneth

“ That withered rush within the buskin ? <sup>23</sup> Lo !

“ Here be yet more below ! *these* were not had

“ In travel o’er the forest, as I trow !”

The exclamation, and the comment drew  
All round him. Then the pilgrim spoke. “ Ye mark  
“ The hand of Providence, sir knight, in this !  
“ Merciful Heaven ! how blind and bigotted is  
“ Mankind in error ! we run on, and dream  
“ Justice will ne’er o’ertake us : so we slight  
“ The All-seeing eye, and arm omnipotent.  
“ But, see ye here, even a *rush* may be  
“ The avenger and revealer of a crime !  
“ Doth it not speak aloud ? is’t not a voice  
“ That, while the bosom trembles to believe,  
“ Comes to ye like a truth ?”

“ Oh ! I am lost

“ In wonder,” said the questioned : “ Join to this

“ The snow-tracked pathway, leading—righteous  
Heaven !

“ To yon high towers that frown upon the deed !

“ *Rushes* upon him ! and yet he went forth

“ At vespers — that *she* knew ; but surely not

“ Bedight in such strange guise ! Why then, from  
“ whence

“ Do these things find their way ?”

“ And Bertrand fled !

“ Observe *that*,” said the pilgrim—“ he who was

“ Much favored, much rewarded by—it skills not ;

“ Time will shew all !”

“ Ha ! and I now remember

“ When in her haste, the lady bade that knave

“ (Harold, she named him ; is he here dost think ?)

“ Search for her absent husband, she did hint

“ The *church-ground* as a place of likelihood !

“ Fool ! I conceived she meant the abbey-lands,

“ And true, it is somewhat ! Is he not here

“ That Harold ?”

He was *not* ; too much he feared

The deed's investigation, and had fled.

But the strong arm of justice was not slow ;

For as in darkness he moved on, the stream

Laving the abbey, which he needs must ford,

Was swollen ; all unweeting where he stepped,

The wretch plunged in, and his faint bubbling cry

Was heard by one who passed ; but nothing could

Save or assist him, and to his long home—  
To his sad doom, no preparation made,  
He hurried from the world, with all his guilt  
Heavily hanging on him—and to hang!  
But Gerard and the pilgrim, turned them to  
Earnest consideration. Their resolve  
Was to pursue the footsteps in the snow,  
Till lost in some impervious hiding-place.  
Half of the band—the serving-men—and all  
The stragglers who had joined the search, were left  
To guard the body: the remainder then  
Passed to the postern, and with strength conjoined  
Fractured the oaken board. So they attained  
Admittance to the garden-ground. With quick,  
Yet due observance, they tracked on their course;  
And after many a circuit, many a maze  
Intricate; they approached where grew a copse  
Of shadowing underwood, thick scattered o'er  
With thorns and aged brambles. Here they paused,  
For here no turn betrayed continuous marks  
Of those who had preceded them; yet to  
This place the foot-print was apparent. Then  
The pole-axe swept away the fronting bush,  
Towards which, distinct, the traces pointed them;  
And midst the entanglement of trees and shrubs  
A narrow pathway seemed, which they pursued;  
Onward, upon the branching of a tree,  
The light glanced o'er a rose;<sup>24</sup> that rose had been  
Torn from the buskin of the murdered! 'Twas  
Plainly indicative that they had taken

The path the murderers took ; nor was it long  
Ere a low door-way, artfully concealed,  
Gladdened their anxious search. No bar presented  
Impediment to progress : they who had  
Passed hither, deemed not danger was so nigh.

First Gerard entered, then the Pilgrim, and  
By one and one the troop. A winding stair  
Conducted them above ; and next a gallery  
Received the lengthened train : but here they found  
No outlet—nor a sound to make their guide.  
Cautiously struck they with their weapons, and  
Where came a hollow cadence than the rest  
They forced themselves a passage. So right on  
Ascending somewhat—with a rapid foot  
They moved. Again opposed a barrier ; this  
Gave them a path ; and now a soft full tone  
Fell, as if issuing from the distance, on  
The ear. They stood and entered into council.  
In serried ranks the men were stationed, whilst  
The Pilgrim and young Gerard passed along  
To whence the voice proceeded. 'Twas as if  
Reproach was mingled with a wish to soothe—  
As if resentment were suppressed, and made  
Subservient to a kinder thought—or one  
That much strove to appear so. Need I tell  
From *whom* the magic charm of that sweet sound  
Arose ? need I reveal upon whose ear  
It sunk all bootless ? Who, but Amelia  
*Could* utter music so delicious ? who  
But Edwin could have hearkened—yet not heed ?

And there were words of passion said; for all  
His frame was filled with terror. Reason sat  
Unsteadily: the soldiers and the search  
Had raised alarms no tempering could correct—  
No sophistry o’erturn! Her lofty soul  
Quailed to the despicable wretch, whom she  
Had loved—’twere hard to say how fondly! But  
Such ever is the event of lawless love,  
It ends in its fruition: and to her  
Not only thus it had become, but she  
Experienced the first loathings of contempt,  
For him, her arts had worked to the commission  
Of crimes it is man’s nature to abhor!

So she reaped all the bitter fruit of that  
Her wayward will had sown—and it was meet.  
Yet did she strive to hide the arrow, fixed  
Deeply within her bosom; and although  
Sometimes its agony compelled a writhing,  
When the poor craven she was linked withal  
Stubbornly ventured in his folly, to  
Some act that might betray them—still she braved,  
In outward seeming, all that could betide.  
She did e’en more—she covered the full scorn,  
That grew in spite of her, with blandishment;  
And soothed, and would have raised the coward’s heart,  
To the belief that it had courage, and  
Might blow off, as the gossamer, what moved it!  
But it was not to be: the petty taunts,  
Which in the fretfulness of fear were poured  
Upon her, were her recompence. How could

A burning heart like hers—a haughty soul,  
 Such as in all her errors she retained  
 When crossed in her resolvings—how could these  
 Bear with the petulant reproach, which though  
 It was her sin's right, scarce was so from him?

Oh! she was guilty! and if she suppressed  
 The throbs that half convulsed her, 'twas not that  
 The acuteness now was more endurable;  
 But that more hung upon the issue, than  
 The ebullition of her passions brought  
 Of spleenful feeling gratified. Yet oft  
 Impatience was depicted in her look,  
 And oft she seemed forgetful—never long;  
 It was a momentary conflict; passed  
 (At least from her clear aspect) as beheld.

“ Why Edwin! what should torture thee? we are  
 “ Nothing suspected, and our agents' faith  
 “ Not to be doubted! Say, the soldiers should  
 “ Find the dead body, as 'tis likely; then  
 “ Let that cold-blooded villain, Bertrand, bear  
 “ The accusation: he hath 'scaped, and must  
 “ Be the reputed murderer. Ay?—*wronged* was he?  
 “ 'Twas a good hint; we'll make the most on't too!  
 “ Nay, cheer thee, Edwin!”

“ Serpent!—fiend—she-devil!  
 “ Touch me no more; there is a pestilence  
 “ Creeps from thy hand upon me—would it might  
 “ With ten-fold fury turn upon thy heart!  
 “ Get thee afar, false thing!”

“ What!—have I then

“ From *thee* deserved this ? ” and she cast her eye  
Fiercely upon him : “ Dost thou think it nought  
“ To have been what I have been—be what I am—  
“ A thing not to be named ! and all ———. But thou  
“ Art much forgetful Edwin ! *I* could rail,  
“ An that would be of service ; prithee have  
“ Somewhat of man, in shew at least : the dead  
“ Will not return to life again, and if  
“ *Thou* wouldst not be as he is, keep thee more  
“ Guarded from observation. We must not  
“ Even be subject to suspicion ; for  
“ Once call attention on ye, and farewell  
“ To hope—to life ! suspicion soon finds proof !  
“ Think but on that, and act as may become ye.”  
“ Oh ! would I’d ever done so ; I should now  
“ Be free from them—and thee, curst tempter ! yet  
“ There ’s wisdom in thy cunning—if I had  
“ The power to use it ! ”

“ Art thou then an idiot ?

“ Hast thou not reason ? hast not ——— ? but vain  
hope ! ”

Despondingly she uttered in a faint  
And tremulous tone—“ Mountains may rise up  
“ And fling the load of ages from their heads,  
“ Ere *he* will quit his fears !—Mark me, there is  
“ But one alternative. Either resolve  
“ To banish from thy dastard thought, the dream  
“ Of cowardice, or perish like the brute,  
“ Albeit, so blest not, or so worthily !  
“ Chuse ye between them, then ———— ”



She could no more,  
For from beneath the arras, like a spirit,  
Prepared to execute a righteous judgment,  
Gerard broke forth; he wound a short shrill note,  
And all his comrades ranked about him. “*Bind*  
“*The murderer and the murderess*”—A wild shriek  
Of utter, extreme anguish, Edwin poured,  
And fell motionless. But the woman stood  
With folded arms, and eye-lid drooped. The pale  
Of her changed cheek was deathly. Not a sob,  
Or sigh burst out. All was concluded—*that*  
She saw, and little recked what followed. Word  
Passed not her lip, and her eye never dared  
To raise its sparkle upward. She did shed  
No tear; but ye might see there wrought a power  
Fearfully in her heart! ———. They who had been  
The instruments of Providence, to bring  
This deed of guiltiness to proof, went on  
Their way in sorrow. E’en the battle-storm,  
Hurtling around that young and valiant heart,  
Drove not the memory of the False One from  
The oppressive, but kind thought. To the far day  
Of death, he ne’er forgot her; and though high  
In aftertime he rose, beneath the sway  
Of the Imperial Virgin<sup>25</sup>; and went down  
Loaded with honors to the grave, still dwelt  
The dream of his young days unblotted. He  
Joined him to one as lovely—but more blessed,  
She never wandered from the track of honor.  
Life was a morn unclouded, and he set  
Like a majestic sun, gazed at with awe,

And followed to his rest by the pure drops  
Affection weeps upon the tomb of Love!

Not such the fate of those, of whom ye heard!  
Not such was *their* departure! I pass by  
The hours of justice and of judgment: all  
The solemn pomp—inquisitorial tone,  
And long harangue: proofs that were nothing needed,  
And evidence that spoke its fancies, not  
Its knowledge—I pass by them all. The doom  
Was death!—blood for the blood that they had spilt!

Yet not the same their destinies. Fear had  
So wrought upon the lady's paramour;  
That when remanded to the dungeon's gloom,  
And left to the alarms of wickedness—  
The desperation of an evil heart—  
Reason forsook her mansion. Phrenzy seized  
The frame that terror had convulsed and torn!  
Wildly ferocious grew his countenance;  
But in his eye, the fire of madness seemed  
Less terrible than that within his heart!  
Nature bore not the struggle long: with strength  
Scant human, he wrenched off the manacles,  
And 'gainst the stone-wall of the prison cleft  
His skull, and perished. Anhelose he lay,  
As oped the iron-guarded entrance, and  
Two forms were present. In the one, appeared  
The venerable sanctity of priesthood;  
And in the other, 'tired in mourning weeds,  
The eye acknowledged the already changed,  
And fatal excellence of loveliness!

But now her *heart* was softened; she had found  
Religion's blessed emollient; and the tears  
Which came not till that hour, poured plenteously  
Their streams of soul-refreshing penitence!

Fast fell the drops, like evening dews upon  
A parched and barren soil, as they beheld  
The prostrate suicide.

“ Oh Father! can

“ There yet be hope of Heaven for one so lost?

“ Am I not all an outcast—doomed to be

“ Condemned by the Almighty, as by man?

“ *This* too have I to answer—this must I

“ Add to my deep enormities! —Oh! hast

“ Thou flattered me with hope, when hope is not?”

“ Think'st thou, my daughter! it is well to fix

“ Limits to the All-Merciful? To Him

“ That saith there is more joy in Heaven o'er one

“ Frail mortal who repenteth, than o'er all

“ The just that need it not?—The prodigal

“ Was welcomed home with minstrelsy and mirth!

“ Thou hast sinned much—hast much to be forgiven,

“ But never should'st despair. Cleanse thy whole  
heart,

“ And let the incense of its prayer rise up

“ To Him who hath shed His grace; and, as with light,

“ Touched thy soul's darkness! who hath given thee  
time,

“ While yet time is, to find the peace of Heaven!

“ Look on this saddening spectacle, and feel

“ How much should be thy gratitude! *He* hath

- “ Passed to his dread account — alas! with all  
“ That mass of imperfections on his head!  
“ And—though it lessen not thy sin — be sure,  
“ Hadst thou not tempted him, another had!  
“ His wickedness was of the heart, and not  
“ The child of circumstance. ’Tis soothing to  
“ The fallen one, to dream that he had stood  
“ In safety, had not that particular vice  
“ Swept him away! Good sooth! temptation comes  
“ In every varied shape; and he who trusts  
“ To his own strength, and not to the support  
“ Of Him, who only can deliver — falls  
“ Be he tempted how he may! Let, then, thy death  
“ Be happier than thy life; and though thou goest  
“ In all the prime and witchery of youth  
“ To an early unregretted grave — believe  
“ If thou hast felt true sorrow for thy crimes —  
“ If in thy heart the love of God hath gained  
“ A conquest over sin — thou’lt yet partake  
“ The cup of life, and crown of righteousness.  
“ Come then, my daughter! since too late we bear  
“ To this poor wretch the comfortable hope  
“ Which thou hast tasted — as a heavenly spring  
“ Of living water, rising in the midst  
“ Of desolation — come thy ways; prepare  
“ With christian fortitude to undergo  
“ The fate that yet awaits thee. Dost thou know  
“ Its terrors? — ’tis, poor thing! it is the *stake*.”<sup>26</sup>

A shudder, though a transient one, o’erspread  
Her form to whom he spake. But she had found

A courage never yet possessed ; and as  
The words of blessing flowed, her eye assumed  
A lustre, like an angel's. The red blood  
Ran vividly across her cheek, and ne'er  
Had beauty been more honored than 'twas now.  
Oh! the blest sight, to see a creature turn  
From evil unto virtue! — to bewail  
The past, yet feel the future's opening comfort!

The dread hour came: the faggots were piled high  
Around the pillar, and commingled with  
Bituminous essence, soon about to be  
Invested with new properties. A train  
Of halberdiers led up the criminal ;  
And their rough features moistened as they cast  
A look at her calm wretchedness. She was  
So altered in her whole deportment; so  
Gentle—and oh! so beautiful, 'twas like  
A wrongful sacrifice, not the decree  
Of just and needful justice. Eyes that ne'er  
Till then o'errun, wept bitterly; and of  
The thousand, and ten thousand witnesses  
That there pressed on with eager aspect, to  
Catch a last glimpse of that fair being, scarce  
One, but groaned inwardly. Perchance there were  
Many who deemed her innocent—who thought  
Nothing so lovely could work evil! but  
Who shall bewray the power of beauty on  
The human heart! And when in penitence,  
In scalding tears, and agony that wrung  
And seemed to wring the very soul—who could

Remember her iniquity? who could  
Pause to reflect how merited her doom?

The holy man was there; his hallowed words  
Were her support; so much, that ere she gained  
The fatal spot, a tempered joy diffused  
Its blissful spirit o'er her countenance.

The long rich ringlets of her dark brown hair  
Had been dissevered; and a sable sheet  
Enveloped her tall form. She clomb the pile;  
Her trembling hands convulsively were clasped,  
And faint the murmur of her lip went up  
Amid the solemn silence that prevailed!  
They bound her to the stake—Oh! Heaven! the thrill  
That shot through that assembly! all were moved  
As if by an instinctive terror. And  
From those soft bosoms in the crowd, that were  
Female, or filled with female tenderness,  
An audible cry escaped; but when the flame  
Burst rapidly, and fiercely burnt above,  
Arching its gleamy neck, and menacing  
Inevitable, dread, immediate fate—  
When the wood crackled, and the piercing shriek  
Of that devoted woman rose on high—  
A shout that made the welkin ring, expressed  
The feelings of the multitude. Her youth,  
Her matchless beauty, her high rank, were then  
Right eloquent, right powerful advocates  
In her behalf—but lasting not! And she—  
Her dark eyes raised to Heaven—or firmly closed,  
As if to shut out sense of pain; her lip

Quivering with rapid motion, as in prayer;  
While her distorted features spoke too well  
The anguish of that moment—she became  
A nothing to the world. As passed the smoke  
Of her red funeral pyre—as died the shriek  
Of agony,—the murmur, and the wail,  
So, hath she passed away! Her very fame  
Hath sunk into oblivion. That wide crowd  
Which marked her sufferings, and awhile retained  
The crime and its due punishment—too soon  
Forgot both them, and her!—Now they too are  
Gone to their last account, and many a spring  
Hath walked above their crumbling sepulchres!  
Many a fair flower hath lived and withered there,  
Since they lay down to rest; yet may the voice  
That speaks as from their graves, bid ye control  
The growth of evil in its infancy.

If not—in vain will ye attempt to bind  
The giant's limbs matured: the blighting course  
Yourselves prepare, and even as ye may  
Meet the event—despair, and shame, and death!

Bertrand escaped not; ere he could embark,  
The fangs of justice fastened on him! High  
In the wild breeze his rattling bones were heard;  
Bleached by the beating storm. Nor happier he  
The fellow-bearer of the murdered dead!  
Conviction followed *him*; and unatoned  
The dark transgressions of his lawless life,  
Blasphemous and impenitent he died!

The Pilgrim had his right: but where the corse

Beneath that yew-tree lay, never again  
The green grass flourished.<sup>27</sup> Long it was, and rank  
All round; but *there* no cultivation could  
Produce the by-past verdure!—Oh! ill thrives  
Injustice; let the world take note—the curse  
It brings, is all-destroying to the heart!  
It never blooms—it never prospers, as  
It ought. The sun may shine—the dew-drop may  
Yield it a plenteous moisture, but it shows  
A barren thing, while all around is full  
Of hope's increase, and heaven-blessed fruitfulness!

END OF CANTO III.



## **N O T E S:**

ZETON

## NOTE TO MOONLIGHT.

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NOTE 1, Page 125, line 5.

*But oh! how like that fount of ill.*

- " About this fountain, which doth slowly break
- " Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek
- " That waters all the valley, giving fish
- " Of many sorts to fill the shepherd's dish.
- " This holy well (my grandame that is dead,
- " Right wise in charms, hath often to me said)
- " Hath power to change the form of any creature,
- " Being thrice dipped o'er the head, into what feature,
- " Or shape, 'twould please the letter-down to crave,
- " Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave
- " Me on her death-bed."

*The Faithful Shepherdess, A. 2. S. 3.*

## NOTES TO THE FALSE ONE.

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NOTE 1. Page 137, line 7.

*Better have quaffed till day his sherris-sack.*

THIS wine, so celebrated of yore, was brought from Xeres (anciently called *Eseuris*, says Skinner) in Andalusia, situated at the mouth of the river Ana; and hence its name. That merry old soaker, Falstaff, hath so excellently commended the many virtuous qualities of this wonder-working liquor; that I hope my reader will not be ill gratified, if I pledge him once again, in the "parcel-gilt goblet" of "plump Jack."

"A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapors which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice (the tongue), which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards, to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners and inland

petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: so that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use."

"If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack."—*Hen. IV.* 2d part, A. 4. S. 3.

NOTE 2. Page 149, line 10.

*To the left shoulder his mandilion gay.*

Mandilion is a horseman's, or perhaps more correctly, a soldier's cloak or cassock. "*Ab It. Mandiglione:—hoc à Lat. Mantelum; unde et Fr. G. Manteau et nostrum Mantle.*" See Skinner's Etymologicon, in voc. Ed. 1671. And he adds of *Mantle*, that it is "*ab It. Mantello, pallium; à lat. Mantelum, hoc est manûs tela, quodd manus tantum tegat.*" "*Primariò significavit Mantile, seu χειρὸμακτερον Græcorum; secundiariò ob similitudinem etiam vestem instar involucris, collo et brachiis circumjectam, postea etiam ad pallium translatum;*"—which seems to me, a curious specimen of etymological analogy!

NOTE 3. Page 149, line 12

*Of goodly ippocras.*

Ippocras—or Hipocras, is a wine brewed with spices; of the method of making of which, Pliny gives the following account, B. 14, c. 16.

"I find also, that they used to make a kind of spiced wine or Ippocras, not for sweet perfumes and ointments onely, but also for drinke. At first (as I haue shewed) they made these aromaticall wines with myrrhe onely, but soone after they added thereto Nard Celtick, sweet Calamus and Aspalathus: either slicing these drugs, or putting them by gobbets into new must or some dulcet wine. Some aromatize their wine with Calamus, Squinawth, Costus,

Spikenard, Amomum, Casia, Cinamon, Saffron, Dates, and Azara-bacca put thereto in like manner by gobbets. Others take Spikenard and Malabathrum, of each halfe a pound to two gallons of new wine. *Much after the same manner we spice our wines now-a-daies also, but that we adde pepper and honey thereto; which some call condite, others pepper wines.*" Translated by Philemon Holland, Doctor in Physicke, 1601. Tome 1, p. 421.

To this beverage Queen Elizabeth is said to have been extremely partial; but what she thought of the "auncient time," when "women in Rome were not permitted to drinke any wine," I know not. Yet it appears, that a "certaine Romane dame, a woman of good worship, was by her own kinsfolke famished, and pined to death, for opening a cupboard, wherein the keies of the wine-cellar lay. And Cato doth record, that hereupon arose the manner and custome, that kinsfolke should kisse women when they met them, to know by their breathe whether they smelled of Jemetum—for so they used in those daies to terme wine!" Id. p. 418. *Quære*—Is *this* the origin of kissing? If it be, it had a vile unmannerly beginning!

NOTE 4. Page 152, line 29.

*Reached a with-drawing room o'erspread with rushes.*

Before the introduction of carpets, and indeed long afterwards, it was the custom of our ancestors, to strew the floor of their apartments with rushes. Seldom, however, had they the good fortune to be removed; it being thought enough, as one lair grew fouled, to pile another above it. So that the *tout ensemble*, might not be unaptly likened to a dove-cote; where sticks and straws and feathers, and much diversity of rubbish, are mingled together, and at last carried away *en masse*, to the great benefit of the careful owner. High occasions were the only inducements to cleanliness; and even the extravagance of fresh rushes was but indulged in, on the arrival of a new guest; as appears from the following extract.

"I am sorry, Euphues, that we have no *green rushes*, consider-

ing you have been *so great a stranger*." Lyly's *Euphues and his England*.

That the use of rushes was continued after the comfort of a carpet became known, we may gather from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, *Cox-Comb*, A. 4, S. 3.

"Take care my house be handsome

"And the new stools set out, and boughs and *rushes*,

"And flowers for the window, and the *Turkey carpet*,

"And the great parcel-salt, Nan, with the cruets;

"And prithee, Alexander, go to the cook

"And bid him spare for nothing, my son's come home."

NOTE 5. Page 152, line 30.

*And hung with tapestry from British looms.*

Tapestry, or Arras (so called from Arras a city of Artois, in the low countries; where it was extensively manufactured) frequently decorated the mansions of our forefathers. "The halls and chambers of the wealthy," says Dr. Henry, "were surrounded with hangings; sometimes with arras, and replenished with a cupboard, long tables, or rather loose boards placed upon trestles; forms, a chair, and a few joint stools." Hist. of Great Britain, vol. 6. p. 651. 4to. "The term is now appropriated to a kind of woven hangings of wool and silk, frequently raised and enriched with gold and silver, representing figures of men, animals, landscape, &c. The invention of tapestry seems to have come from the Levant; and what makes this the more probable is, that formerly the workmen concerned herein, were called, at least in France, *Sarazins*, or *Sarazinois*. Some have supposed, that the English and Flemish, who were the first that excelled therein, might bring the art with them, from some of the croisades or expeditions against the Saracens." Chambers's Dict. 1783. But this seems at variance with what follows: "The art of weaving tapestry was brought into England by William Sheldon, Esq., about the end of the reign of Hen. VIII." Idem.

NOTE 6. Page 153, line 16.

*Such the wild forms  
That superstitious terror grafted on  
The record of past deeds.*

A note is added in this place, to guard against any imputed anachronism. Of course the "wild forms" here spoken of, are the relicts of anterior times; and if the manufacture of tapestry, as appears probable, was brought into England at the period of the crusades, the subjects represented would naturally turn upon what had then the greatest interest. The *Saladine tenth*, which was "a general tax imposed upon the laity, and even the clergy of the Latin church, for the service of the holy war," bears incontestible evidence, Gibbon says, to the terrors inspired by the oriental conqueror. On this account, therefore, I have introduced him into the text. A story exists, intimating that he solicited and obtained the *profane* honor of knighthood from the Christian general; and to this is the allusion. But the "*grand finale*" of the infidel, as expressed in the poem, however much *like* the history of those times, is *not*, we believe, historical!

In later periods, sporting subjects, viz.—hunting, and especially hawking, were those generally depicted upon tapestry: and of such, if my memory fail not, is what may still be seen in the curious old edifice of Haddon Hall, in Derbyshire.

NOTE 7. Page 154, line 18.

*Wilt thou bring  
The virginals?*

"The virginal" (or more properly *virginals*) "is a keyed instrument of one string, jack, and quill to each note, like a spinet; but in shape resembling the present small pianoforte. It has been imagined to have been invented in England, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to have been thus denominated in honor of that virgin princess; but we have here, not only a proof of its use in this kingdom before she was queen, but a drawing, and description of it, appeared in Luscinius's *Musurgia*,



before she was born." General Hist. of Music, by Charles Burney, Mus. D.—Oxon. vol. 3. p. 5. 4to. 1789.

The *proof* above hinted at, relates to a list of "Musitions and Players," in the reign of Edward VI., in which the names of certain male performers on the virginals are recorded. They were however principally confined to the practice of *virgins*, and from this circumstance derive the name. "*Sic dictum quia plerumque puellæ virgines, hoc instrumentum pulsare discunt.*"—Skinner.

NOTE 8. Page 157, line 1.

*It is the vesper hour; grey twilight dons  
Her dewy vestment.*

By this notation of time, *twilight* is now very generally understood. Mr. Fosbrooke however (British Monachism) describes it by the phrase "*after dinner.*" I should conceive this incorrect, if we are to suppose the usual dinner hour of our ancestors to be signified; because they were accustomed to take this meal at twelve o'clock, and often, even as early as eleven.\* The different portions of conventual life, are thus marked by Mr. Fosbrooke.—"*Matins or lauds (midnight); prime (6 a. m.); thirds or tierce (9 a. m.); sext or sixths (12 at noon); nones (3 p. m.); vespers (after dinner); complin (7 p. m.)*"

NOTE 9. Page 162, line 9.

*Falcons, that strike at eagles, like the bird  
In Persian story, but with fate less hard.*

The story to which the text has reference, is thus very prettily related in Thomas Heywood's "*Royal King and Loyal Subject.*"

\* The following extract from Sir John Harrington's "Orders for household Servantes," will illustrate this observation :

"XI. Item, The table must be covered halfe an houer before 11 at dinner, and 6 at supper, or before, on paine of 2d.

"XII. Item, That meate be readie at 11 or before at dinner, and 6 or before at supper, on paine of 6d."

## ‘ A Persian history

- “ I read of late: how the great Sophy, once  
 “ Flying a noble falcon at the herne,  
 “ In comes by chance an eagle sousing by;  
 “ Which, when the hawk espies, leaves her first game,  
 “ And boldly ventures on the king of birds.  
 “ Long tugged they in the air, till at the length  
 “ The falcon (better breathed) seized on the eagle,  
 “ And struck it dead. The barons praised the bird,  
 “ And for her courage she was peerless held.  
 “ The emperor, after some deliberate thoughts,  
 “ Made her no less: he caused a crown of gold  
 “ To be new framed, and fitted to her head,  
 “ In honor of her courage. Then the bird,  
 “ With great applause, was to the market-place  
 “ In triumph borne; where, when her utmost worth  
 “ Had been proclaimed, the common executioner,  
 “ First, by the king’s command, took off her crown,  
 “ And after, with a sword, struck off her head,  
 “ As one no better than a noble traitor  
 “ Unto the king of birds!”

The Sophy’s “barons” would read an excellent lesson in the decree, though perhaps little to their taste.

## NOTE 10. Page 169, line 29.

*And every note*

*Seemed as it melted on the tongue.*

So Dryden, in his translation of the *Flower and the Leaf*.

“ So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,

“ It seemed the music melted in her throat.”

Or, as Dan Chaucer hath it, but not altogether as rendered by Dryden—

“ Began anone

“ A lady for to sing right *womanly*

“ A bargaret in praising the daisie.

NOTE 11. Page 170, line 7.

*But faint the fair beams of that planet prove.*

As the sun was *once* held erratic, it is conceived there can be little impropriety in the appellation here applied. Not till late in the sixteenth century was the Copernican system promulgated.

NOTE 12. Page 171, line 2.

*But her hand*

*Made ravishing division.*

This word, according to Mr. Steevens, the excellent annotator of Shakespeare, was anciently used "for the pauses or parts of a musical composition." It occurs in the tragedy of a "*Woman killed with Kindness*,"—by Heywood.

"Her lute!—Oh God! upon this instrument

"Her fingers have run quick *division*,

"Swifter than that which now divides our hearts."

And again in a beautifully descriptive passage of Ben Jonson's Masque of *The Vision of Delight*.

"The chirping swallow called forth by the sun,

"And crested lark, doth his *division* run;

"The yellow bees the air with murmur fill,

"The finches carol, and the turtles bill."

These lines I think uncommonly sweet and expressive.

NOTE 13. Page 171, line 11.

*Had the sound*

*Of that all wondrous horn, which whilom rang*

*To the rough breath of him, in knightly worth*

*Unrivalled — young Astolfo!*

Alluding to the horn given by the fairy Logestylla to Astolfo, in the Orlando Furioso, Canto 15. stanza 15.

"Dico che'l corno è di sì orribil suono,

"Ch' ovunque s'oda, fa fuggir la gente.

"Non può trovarsi al mondo un cor sì buono,

"Che possa non fuggir come lo sente."

NOTE 14. Page 112, line 25.

*Get ye gone, and say*

*Our message without further let. What ho!—*

*Where is the other pelting rascal?*

*Let*, here is hindrance, or impediment; and *pelting*, in the next line, means low, pitiful:—it was the common phraseology of the day.

NOTE 15. Page 173, line 25.

*Apart*

*And seeming busied with the embroidery*

*Of silver tissues, and rich cloths of gold,*

*The False One sat.*

“Before the Reformation, young men were educated in monasteries, women in nunneries; where the latter were instructed in writing, drawing, confectionary, needle-work, and what were regarded then as female accomplishments, in physic and surgery.”

Henry's Hist. of Great Britain, vol. 6.

NOTE 16. Page 174, line 25.

*This speaks ye nothing gentle, though ye bear*

*The spur and belt of knight.*

*Gentle*, in its original signification, implies well born,—noble. Thus, in a “ballad made by Chaucer, teaching what is *gentleness*, or whom is worthy to be called *gentill*.”

“This first stocke was full of rightwisnes,

“Trewe of his worde, sober, pitous and free,

“Clene of his goste, and loved besinesse,

“Against the vice of slouth in honeste;

“And but his eyre\* love vertue as did he,

“He is not *gentill* though he rich seme,

“All wear he miter, crowne, or diademe.”

\* Mr. Chalmers, in his glossary of Chaucer, interprets *eyre*, by *air*: this is a palpable error, for it evidently signifies *hair*. However, it may be a misprint.

NOTE 17. Page 176, line 14.

*Cope the rebels led*

*By the ruffian Ket.*

Robert Ket, alias Knight, was by trade a tanner, resident at Wimondham (called also by contraction, Windham) about six miles from Norwich. In the third year of the reign of Edward VI., A. D. 1549., he put himself at the head of a body of rebels, who had risen in that part of the country, under the plea, that certain pasture grounds near the city, to the immunity of which they conceived themselves entitled, had been unlawfully inclosed and occupied. They committed great depredations, and the government (then beset with difficulties from opposing factions) being dilatory in applying means for the suppression of them, their power rapidly increased. After defeating the Marquis of Northampton, who had been sent against them, they were finally routed, with great slaughter, by the Earl of Warwick; and Ket, together with his brother William, hanged in chains; the one upon the top of Norwich Castle, and the other on Wimondham steeple. Sir Edward Warner, mentioned in the text some lines preceding, was field-marshal, under the marquis of Northampton, in the unfortunate defence of the city of Norwich.

NOTE 18. Page 179, line 25.

*What woman lost to man, she gives again*

*In her life-long attachments.*

This sentiment has, I think, been expressed before, though I cannot remember where. An old writer of a curious book (entitled, *The English Gentleman, and English Gentlewoman*)\* has the following epigram upon woman, which to me carries all the force of originality.

“ Had woman, man's choyce succour, ne're beene sinner,

“ Pure as shee's faire, shee'd had no error in her:

\* The full title runs thus, “The English Gentleman: containing sundry excellent rules, or exquisite observations, tending to direction of

" Now, humble soule, her *error* to descrye,

" She still retaines the *apple* in her eye."

And what makes the point yet better, it is affixed to his list of *errata* in the "English Gentlewoman." He observes,—“To describe an English Gentlewoman without an *error*, were a glozing palpable error; and to free her more than an English gentleman of *error*, were to incur a prejudicate *censure* of both; which, without farther apologie, the presse hath saved me a labour: yet, reflect upon the *weaknesse* of her *sexe* (whose purest *selfe* dignifies her *sexe*) and the *subject* will injoyne thee to hold it thine highest honour to salve her *error* with an ingenious candor. So maist thou vindicate the *author*, and by beeing a ver-tuous lover, gain a most deserving mistresses favour.”—There is good sense as well as wit in the passage.

NOTE 19. Page 181, line 8.

*For nought the papal bull availed them.*

In the twelfth year of the reign of Elizabeth, Pius V. pro-

every gentleman of selecter ranke and quality; how to demeane or accommodate himselfe in the manage of publike or private affairs.” And “The English Gentlewoman drawne out to the full body: expressing, what habilliments doe best attire her, what ornaments doe best adorne her, what complements doe best accomplish her. The third edition revised, corrected, and enlarged, by Richard Brathwait, Esq. London, printed by T. Dawson, 1641.” The book concludes with “The Turtle’s Triumph, presented in a supplement highly conducing to an useful application, and graceful understanding of the two former subjects.” This Author also wrote a treatise, called the “Huntsman’s Raunge;” but which I have never seen. In the “Biographia Dramatica” (appendix) he is said to be a voluminous writer; and amongst other things produced—1. *Mercurius Britannicus*; or, the *English Intelligencer*. T. C. 4to, 1641. —2. *Regicidium*, T. 8vo. 1665.

nounced sentence of deposition against this famous Queen; and the bull, sent over to England for that purpose, was found attached to the gate of the bishop of London's palace, in St. Paul's Church-yard. As the document is curious, it may be "behooful" in the words of the historian, "here to interlace some rorings of the same, as I have gathered them out of one that I am sure had a conscience to tell the truth."

"Sententia declaratoria contra Elizabeth, &c.

"Pius episcopus servus servorum Dei, &c. Missæ sacrificium, preces, jejunia, ciborum delectum, cælibatum, illa (regina Elizabetha) abolevit. Eadem occupato regno supremi ecclesiæ capitis locum, in omni Anglia, ejusque præcipuam auctoritatem atque jurisdictionem monstrosè sibi usurpans, regnum ipsum rursum in miserum exitium, revocavit. Regium concilium ex Anglicà nobilitate conflatum diremit. Hominibus obscuris implevit. Hominibus hæreticis complevit. Ad quem velut ad asylum omnium infestissimi perfugium invenerunt, &c. Declaramus prædictam Elizabetham, eique adhærentes in prædictis, anathematis sententiam incurrisse. Quinetiam ipsam prætenso regni prædicti jure, necnon omni et quocunque dominio, dignitate, privilegioque privatam. Præcipimus et interdiciamus universis et singulis proceribus, subditis, et populis, et aliis prædictis, ne illi ejusque monitis, mandatis et legibus audeant obedire: qui secus egerint eos simili anathematis sententia inmodamus. Omnes qui illi quomodocunque juraverunt, à juramento hujusmodi ac omni prorsus dominii fidelitatis et obsequii debito perpetuò absolutos declaramus, &c."

"A sentence denounced against Elizabeth, &c.

"Pius bishop, servant of God's servants, &c. Shee (queene Elizabeth) hath cleane put awaie the sacrifice of the masse, praiers, fastings, choice or difference of meats and single life. Shee invaded the kingdome, and by usurping monstrouslie the place of the supreme head of the church in all England, and the cheefe authoritie and jurisdiction of the same, hath againe brought the said realme into miserable destruction. Shee hath remooved the noble men of England from the king's counsell. She hath

made her counsell of poore, darke, beggerlie fellows, and hath placed them over the people. These counsellors are not onlie poor and beggerlie, but also heretikes. Unto her all such as are the woorst of the people resort, and are by her received into safe protection, &c. We make it knowen, that Elizabeth aforesaid, and as many as stand on her side in the matters above named, have run into the danger of our curse. We make it also knowen, that we have deprived her from that right she pretended to have in the kingdome aforesaid, and also from all and everie her authoritie, dignitie, and privilege. We charge and forbid all and everie the nobles, and subjects, and people, and others aforesaid, that they be not so hardie as to obeie hir, or hir will, or commandements, or laws, upon paine of the like accurse upon them. We pronounce that all, whosoever, by anie occasion, have taken their oth unto hir, are for ever discharged of such their oth, and also from all fealtie and service, which was due to hir by reason of hir government, &c."

But the day when the thunders of the Vatican would have been felt, was passed; and now

"Nought the papal bull availed them! nought

"The alb and amice, cope and scapulaire!"

NOTE 20. Page 181, line 9.

*The alb and amice, cope and scapulaire.*

The alb, in monastic phrase, is a surplice; the amice is the garment worn beneath; the cope is a covering for the head, deduced, say the etymologists, from the word *cop*, a head; but it has also been understood to signify a cloak, and probably because it enveloped the upper parts of the body, while it extended to the feet. The scapulaire is that part of the dress which enwraps the shoulders, from the Lat. *scapula*, a shoulder-blade. "What betokeneth your great hood, your scapleer, your knotted girdle, and your wide cope?" saith honest Jack Upland, "Why be ye wedded faster to your habits than a man is to his wife? For a man may leave his wife for a year or two, as many men done; and if you leave your habit a quarter of a year, ye should be holden apostatates."



NOTE 21. Page 182, line 2.

*One transitory gleam had yet to break  
Over the gathering darkness,*

Alluding to the next reign; when the bigotted Mary gave occasion to the last exulting throb, of the Romish church, in England.

NOTE 22. Page 182, line 22.

*T'o be cast away,  
E'en as the earth-corrupted bone, the spade  
Ejects from its dark hiding place; to yield  
A moral and a tale!*

If any truth be in history, or any thing but caricature in the "Monks' Hymn to Saunte Satan," which I subjoin, with a translation; there is no undue censure conveyed in the language of the text.

The original of this "*hymn*" is found among the papers of Sir John Harington, and given in the "*Nugæ Antiquæ*." It is also cited by Sir John Hawkins in his history of music, who annexes a translation, which does not appear to me to possess the spirit of the Latin text. I pretend not to think that my own succeeds better; but it seems (in idea at least) that the Italian "*ottava rima*" is better adapted for communicating it. Where I could, the translation is literal, otherwise it is paraphrased. But there needs an apology; and I hope I may be allowed to adopt that which has been already offered, in the words of the first translator: "These lines are certainly corrupt, but as they are singularly humorous, and nearly resemble the facetious rhymes of Walter de Mapes, who lived in the time of Hen. II. and, as Camden says, filled all England with his merriments; the following translation has been attempted, under all the disadvantages that must arise from the obscurity of an original so difficult to be understood."—Hist. of Music, p. 438.

"The Monks' Hymn to Saunte Satan, chauntede dailie in their cells, till goodlie Kynge Henry spoiled their singing, 1546.

O tu qui dans oracula,  
 Scindis cotem novacula,  
 Da nostra ut tabernacula,  
 Linguæ canant vernacula,  
 Hujusmodi miracula,  
 Sit semper plenum poculum,  
 Habentes plenum loculum.

Tu serva nos ut specula,  
 Per longa et læta sæcula,  
 Ut clerus, ut plebæcula,  
 Nec nocte, nec diecula,  
 Curent de ulla recula.

Dura vitemus spicula,  
 Tacentes cum amicula,  
 Quæ garrit ut cornicula,  
 Seu tristes, seu ridicula.

Tum porrigamus oscula,  
 Tum corrigamus floscula,  
 Ornemus ut cœnaculum,  
 Et totum habitaculum,  
 Tum culi post spiraculum,  
 Spectemus hoc spectaculum."

## I.

Oh! thou, who shrilly bawl'st with pipes oracular,  
 Cutting a grindstone with a razor small;  
 Give us, we pray thee, in our tongue vernacular,  
 Right lustily rare canticles to squall:  
 Devoutly we believe no little crack you are,  
 So, after a *crack* breakfast, may we all  
 Thank thee, for miracles like these, my honey!  
 Cups ever full, and endless bags of money!

## II.

Like to a beacon-tower, we pray thee, keep us,  
 Through long and joyful ages yet to come ;  
 We have a huge aversion to *grave* weepers,  
 With their impertinent and dreary hum !  
 Preserve us ever from life's care-worn creepers,  
 Stealing upon ye, like a muffled drum,  
 Solemn and sad. Dear Impe ! nor day, nor night,  
 Lose we one precious moment of delight !

## III.

But while without reflection, we reflect  
 Our jovial visnomies in polished glasses,  
 Let us avoid (we speak with due respect)  
 The thorn that sometimes for the floweret passes :  
 And oh ! beseech ye, in soft bands connect  
 The laughing, loving, blue eyed, bonny lasses,  
 That (by mine halidom !) like any chough,  
 Mournful, or merry, gabble ye enough.

## IV.

Thus, let us lengthen out the long, long kiss ;  
 Collecting many a flower of rich perfume,  
 To decorate—ah ! more than mortal bliss !  
 That paradise of man—the supper-room !  
 Yea, be the mansion *all* prepared for this,  
 And every ventricle, a spacious tomb :  
 Then, being at ease, we'll squat us on the floor,  
 Think on what's past and bother thee for more.

NOTE 23. Page 190, line 16.

*By the blest saints ! exclaimed the man, what meaneth  
 That withered rush within the buskin ?*

The extract following begins after the commission of the murder, and relates pretty nearly all that has furnished the ground-

work of the poem. The characters, it should be observed, are of lower rank, and of less importance, than it has been the aim of the author to assign them in this work.

"After supper, mistres Arden caused hir daughter to plaie on the virginals, as they danded, and she with them, and so seemed to protract time, as it were, till maister Arden should come; and she said, I marvell where he is so long; well, he will come anon, I am sure; I prairie you in the meane while let us plaie a game at the tables.\* But the Londoners said, they must go to their host's house, or else they should be shut out at doores, and so taking their leave, departed. When they were gone, the servants that were not privie to the murder were sent abroad into the towne, some to seeke their maister, and some of other errands, all saving Michael and a maide, Mosbie's† sister, and one of mistres Arden's *owne daughters*. Then they tooke the dead bodie, and caried it out, to laie it in a field next to the church. In the meane time it began to snow, and when they came to the garden gate, they remembered that they had forgotten the kaie, and one went in for it, and finding it, at length brought it, opened the gate, and caried the corps into the same field, as it were ten pases from the garden-gate, and laide him downe, on his backe streight in his night-gowne, with his slippers on; and betweene one of his slippers and his foote *a long rush or two remained*. When they had thus laid him downe, they returned the same way they came, through the garden into the house.

They being returned thus back againe into the house, the doores were opened, and the servants returned home that had been sent abroad. And being now verie late, she sent forth hir folks againe to make inquirie for him in diverse places, namelie, among the best in the towne, where he was wont to be; who made answer, that they could tell nothing of him. Then she began to make an outcrie, and said, never woman had such neighbors as I have, and herewith wept; insomuch that hir neighbors came in,

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\* Backgammon. † Mosby, was Mistress Arden's confederate.

and found hir making great lamentation, pretending to marvell what was become of hir husband. Whereupon the maior and others came to make search for him. The faire was wont to be kept partlie in the towne, and partlie in the Abbeie; but Arden, for his owne privat lucre and covetous gaine, had this present yeare procured it to be wholie kept within the Abbeie ground, which he had purchased, so reaping all the gaines to himselfe, and bereaving the towne of that portion which was wont to come to the inhabitants, got many a bitter curse. The maior going aboute the faire in this search, at length came to the ground where Arden laie; and as it happened, Prune the groser getting sight of him first, said, staie, for methinke I see one lie here. And so they looking and beholding the bodie, found that it was Maister Arden, lieng there throughlie dead; and viewing diligentlie the maner of his bodie and hurts, found the rushes sticking in his slippers; and marking further, espied certeine footsteps, by reason of the snow, betwixt the place where he laie and the garden doore."

The character of Arden's wife was long infamous previous to this scrutiny; and the mayor "knowing hir evill demeanor in times past, examined hir of the matter." The usual concomitants of murder—bloody knives—stained articles of dress, &c. &c. substantiated the suspicion; and she and her accomplices underwent the punishment of their crime.

NOTE 24. Page 192, line 28.

*The light glanced o'er a rose; that rose had been  
Torn from the buskin of the murdered.*

This was a large bunch of ribands, formed into what was termed a *rose*. The gallants of the age were preposterously extravagant in their adherence to this uncouth fashion. "Men of meane ranke," says Stowe, speaking of his own time, "wore garters, and *shoe-roses* of more than five pounds a piece;" and the perfectly equipped courtier of a similar period, is thus described in the *Steele-glass* of Gascoigne; as quoted by a late editor of Beaumont and Fletcher.—

- " Our bumbast hose, our double treble ruffles,
- " Our suites of silk, our comely garded capes,
- " Our knit silke stockes, and Spanish lether shoes
- " (Yea velvet serves oft times to trample on)
- " Our plumes, our spangs, and al our queint array
- " Are pricking spurres, provoking filthy pride."

NOTE 25. Page 197, line 26.

*Beneath the sway*

*Of the Imperial Virgin.*

Queen Elizabeth.—One of the last editors of Shakspeare—and none of the best—has got up the following observation.

" The political wisdom of this princess is still revered, for the best of reasons, because every act of her history proves her to have possessed it; but her *beauty*, her *mercy*, and her *chastity*, in spite even of Shakspeare, are 'like the baseless fabric of a vision,' they 'leave not a rack behind.'" No—they do not leave a *rack*; or one might be tempted to recommend the application in this place, "*Con amore!*"

The question of her beauty, and her mercy, I will pass. If the judgments of her contemporaries, (which this writer would call interested, and "a compliment wisely enough paid by a poet to a living sovereign!"\*) be not satisfactory;—if the eye that *saw*, and the living hand that pourtrayed, may not be accredited; it is in vain to expect conviction of her beauty to rest on the tradition of *succeeding* times. And her mercy—when opposed to the cruel blot which the sacrifice of the Scottish Queen presents in the annals of her life—will unfortunately be still less capable of defence. But for her *chastity*, I have yet a word or two to offer. Whatever dark hints may have been thrown out respecting the early life of Elizabeth, there never has been the remotest shadow of a proof adduced in support of them. Young, and inexperienced, and

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\* The same remarks.

placed in a situation of such peculiar difficulty, as to draw all eyes upon her actions; it is not to be doubted, but some things, seen so dimly through the distance, may have assumed a gloomier tinge than was their due—especially, when they were afterwards left to be moulded in the hands of her inveterate enemies, the Catholics. But dull, indeed, must be his imagination; and cold and unenviable *his* heart, who finds not in the glorious career of this unequalled woman, sunny spots enough to lighten all the pitchiness of uncorroborated asseveration—and reasons, strong enough to be up-held, at the heavenly tribunal of charity!

Yet, if the author, whose remarks have drawn me thus far into the subject, has neither a fancy to be warmed, nor a charity to bestow; let him not affect a candour which is so much calculated to deceive—or retail on the authority of bare assertion, what he cannot know to be a fact, and should not speak of as such, until he does!

NOTE 26. Page 200, line 28.

*'Tis, poor thing! it is the stake.*

“Mistres Arden was burned at Canterburie, the foure and twentieth of March,” 1551. A tragedy upon this subject, by an anonymous writer, (4to. 1592) I find noticed in the “*Biographia Dramatica*,” under the following title,—“The lamentable and true Tragedie of M. Arden, of Feversham, in Kent, who was most wickedlye murdered by the means of his disloyall and wanton wyfe, who for the love she bare to one Mosbie, hyred two desperat ruffins, Black Will and Shagbag, to kill him.” Lillo, (author of the celebrated dramatic “*History of George Barnwell*,”) also produced a play upon the same occurrence; but which, my authority says, was left imperfect, and afterwards concluded by Dr. John Hoadley. I had seen neither of these performances, when “*The False One*” went to the press.

NOTE 27. Page 204, line 2.

*Where the corse*

*Beneath that yew-tree lay, never again*

*The green grass flourished.*

“This one thing seemeth verie strange and notable, touching

Maister Arden, that in the place where he was laid, being dead all the proportion of his bodie might be seene two years after and more, so plaine as could be, for the grasse did not grow where his bodie had touched: but betweene his legs, betweene his armes, and about the hollownesse of his necke, and round about his bodie, and where his legs, armes, head, or anie other part of his bodie had touched, no grasse grewed at all of all that time. So that manie strangers came in that meane time, beside the townesmen, to see the print of his bodie there on the ground in that field. Which field he had (as some have reported) most cruellie taken from a woman, that had beene a widow to one Cooke, and after married to one Richard Read, a mariner, to the great hinderance of hir and hir husband the said Read."

The reader will account for this "verie strange and notable" circumstance, as it pleaseth him—so that he affront not the honest chronicler by any heretical unbelief. He may discover that the enormity is of greater magnitude, and the consequence less marvellous, if he reflect that to "a woman, that *had been* a widow," and moreover "to one Cooke," all this was done. That it was the *cause*, also, he is at full liberty to believe—if he list; and it is so admirable a feature in the history of retributive justice, that it ought not to be overlooked! Surely the poet had reason on his side, when he said,

"What things they are,

"What precious things these *widows!*" \*

I presume, however, that the writer speaks seriously; and this should not be lost sight of; or *I* may be suspected of a smile, whereas, in truth, I am as grave as a judge!

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\* "Wit without money." ACT 2.



**P O E M S.**

P O R T

## STANZAS.

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— “ Create of airy forms a stream,  
“ It must have blood and nought of phlegm ;  
“ And though it be a waking dream,  
“ Yet let it, like an odour, rise  
“ To all the senses here—  
“ And fall like sleep upon their eyes,  
“ Or music in their ear.”

*Vision of Delight, 4to. 1640.*

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### I.

WHAT is so sweet, when o'er the world Heaven throws  
Its starry mantle in night's quiet noon—  
When the light dew-drop weeps upon the rose,  
Moistening her blushing cheek—and the chaste  
moon  
Looks lovingly on earth, and brighter grows,  
Proud that felicity is made her boon—  
What is so sweet, as in those hours of bliss  
To look upon the eyes where kindness is ?

## II.

To grasp the hand that trembles at the touch,  
Thrilling with ecstasies at every pore :  
To speak of love (if ye acknowledge such!)  
In passion's eloquence—but breathing more  
The voice that Friendship hears and feels so much,  
Than the betraying thoughts, which madly pour  
Destruction on the soul:—'tis only sweet,  
When innocent hearts, in unstained fondness, meet.

## III.

Then, when soft tongues speak first in true love's  
tone  
And softer voices murmur in reply—  
When the full bosom would its feelings own,  
And transport trembles in the impassioned eye :  
Who that thus felt, though happiness have flown  
Rapidly past, as fairy tokens fly—  
Hath not remembered, to life's parting hour,  
How sweetly o'er him came that gentle power ?

## IV.

When, too, the friend thy heart hath treasured long,  
With thee hath wandered o'er the flowery sod ;—  
With him who loved thee, and amid the throng  
Loved best, and best deserving—to have trod  
Precipitous paths, the morning clouds among,  
And listened to the audible voice of God  
Sounding within thy heart.—Oh! say, could there  
Be dreams more blissful, or a scene more fair ?

## V.

And it is sweet, yea, exquisitely sweet—

Though absence veil the friend—though lovers part—  
(They who have seen life's early blossoms fleet,  
As brief as beautiful!) to tell thy heart  
That still in dreams your waking fancies meet;

That there be thoughts which kindly, warmly start,  
And, like good spirits, wing their unknown ways,  
Rich with the memories of other days.

## VI.

At the lone hour of midnight I have gazed

O'er the calm front of heaven; and on mine ear  
Rolled the deep roar of Ocean as it chased

The rebel wave along:—I love to hear  
Such sounds—they are the voice of nature raised  
In prayer unto her Maker; they appear  
Like swelling anthems on the breezes hurled,  
Music sublime—the organ of the world!

## VII.

And such may yield glad moments; care and grief

Flee the torn heart awhile—as Satan fled  
The ear of Eve, touched by the angel chief:

And Fancy then, whom dove-winged Hope hath  
led,

Ærial being gives to every leaf

That floats in moonlight—fashions every thread  
The gossamer hath spun, to creatures bright  
With preternatural and immortal light!

## VIII.

- ‘ Sure in this world of sorrow, if there spring  
‘ Kind thoughts from loving hearts; they are not  
cast  
‘ As some despised, unprofitable thing,  
‘ To the wild phrenzy of the scathing blast.  
‘ What if, as issuing from the soul, they cling  
‘ To purer life, eternally to last;  
‘ And starting on, with eager fondness warmed,  
‘ Encircle him, for whom they first were formed!

## IX.

- ‘ And there are seasons when the heart reposes,  
‘ With fuller, stronger joy on what it loves;  
‘ When Memory comes, like breath of evening roses,  
‘ Charged with diviner perfume!—when it roves  
‘ Delightedly through distant worlds, and loses  
‘ Remembrance of what is, in what it proves—  
‘ When gratitude for good deeds is less weak,  
‘ And the soul burns with more than tongue may  
speak!

## X.

- ‘ What if such spirits, formed in kindly hour,  
‘ Prompted this hallowed feeling!—if they gave  
‘ The wandering, wayward heart to fix the power  
‘ That pendulates, as though ’twere chance’s slave!—  
‘ What, if they took all shapes!—a leaf, a flower,  
‘ Will bring forgotten feelings from their grave—  
‘ Nay, e’en the very bubble which the stream  
‘ Carries along’——and even thus I dream!

## XI.

Time speeds away;—I would not I could wake  
From that delicious dream, nor ever find  
The bliss that Fancy can so fondly make,  
Is folly's frost-work to the sterner mind:  
I would for ever dream yon leaves partake  
Of something I have loved, as in the wind  
They hurry round and round me, and seek rest,  
Falling, but vainly falling, o'er my breast!

## XII.

I would believe that flower rude hands have torn  
But glowing yet, in bright unnumbered dyes;  
Was not alone in pride of beauty worn  
On Emma's breast—that uselessly it lies!—  
I'd deem it rather a kind spirit, born  
In thoughts of kindness, and from human eyes  
There veiled—there breathing in its perfumed kiss  
The soul of love—the purity of bliss!

## XIII.

And as I wandered by the pebbly stream,  
And marked it dancing carelessly away;  
For ever and for ever would I dream,  
That in its bubble some loved spirit lay!—  
How few things earthly be there as they seem  
To the common herd of men, and even they,  
The wise ones of the world, no further see  
Than what all find—that all is vanity!

## XIV.

Then ye should pause, ere with contemptuous eye,  
Ye quit the dreamer's page—content if he  
Find there that happiness which passeth by  
The myriads of mankind ;—or though it be  
But a bright moment's bliss, wouldst thou deny  
That heavenly moment ?—envy ye the tree  
Which blooms to-day, to-morrow waxeth dim ?—  
Pause, fellow-mortal ! spurn nor envy him !

## XV.

And go thy ways, thou that with aspect dark,  
Nor scorns, nor envies him, who frames such lay ;  
But bids the storm howl round his laboring bark,  
And shoots red lightning o'er the ocean way :—  
Go—and when loudly sings the mounting lark,  
And bounds thy bosom in life's sunniest ray ;  
Bethink thee then, why *thou* dar'st scatter woe—  
Man of dark visage ! I beseech ye, go.



## A NIGHT SONG.

TO JULIA.

Good night, dearest Love! good night,  
The world is a world of light,

To him who spies,  
In the maiden's eyes,  
Love's hope-star, burning bright.

**Good night.**

Sweet, sweet is the heavenly dream,  
That floats on the midnight beam,  
    When young hearts unite,  
    In the throb of delight,  
Full and deep, as the silent stream.

**Good night.**

The voice of mankind is past ;  
There stirs not a breath for the blast—  
    But the bright eye speaks,  
    And the glowing cheeks  
Say well, that dear blushes are rising fast.

Good night.

The moon—the coy moon just now  
Threw a veil o'er her silvery brow!

Oh! was't to conceal

How the heart must feel,

At a time when so hallowed its blessings flow?

Good night.

Or, kind to her votaries, Love!

Does she treasure her splendour above,

That the pure touch of lips,

In that moment's eclipse,

May be hid from the shapes that in moonlight rove?

Good night.

Good night!—May the dream of thy Fancy meet

Life's joys as delicious, but ne'er so fleet;

May thy blue eye close

In blest repose

And open like Heaven, benignly sweet!

Good night.<sup>1</sup>

## TO A LADY PLAYING ON THE HARP.

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“ Friends are the lamps which gild the soul, and shed

“ Light on the heart of man, reflecting all

“ The charm of virtue there.”

“ ANGELO,” *A Fragment.*

---

YES, harps have rung in bower and hall,  
When love glanced on from heart to eye—  
But ne’er did voice of music fall  
Upon the soul so soothingly,  
As that sweet air which poured along,  
Love’s magic, in the charm of song!

LADY, how was it, that it brought  
No thrill of sorrow back to thought—  
No hour of anguish—not the day,  
When pleasure came and past away,  
Leaving a stain—like blood-drops spread  
Where life by desperate hand was shed—  
To call up memory, and relume  
The darkness brooding o’er its tomb?

It ever hath been thus—the strain,  
Which joyous seemed, was mixed with pain;  
And deep, and strong, and undefined,  
Rushed all the feelings of the mind.  
But 'twas not now as it hath been:  
That form—that harp—that moon-light scene—  
That swell of song—the eye that took  
The heart's impression in its look—  
The red lip, and the cheek that strove  
For mastery—as floated by  
Some feather from the wing of Love,  
Some quip from Mirth's exulting eye!

I MARKED them all—could sorrow start  
With such an impulse on the heart?  
Could ills to come, or evils past,  
The present sunshine overcast?  
I felt them not; amid that scene  
They were, as though they ne'er had been;  
Amid that glow of bliss—to me  
They were, as though they ne'er should be:  
All was forgotten; all that fate  
Hath stored of dull or desolate  
In that blest moment died—  
I but beheld a vision—bright  
As those which cross the dreams of night  
On Fancy's sparkling tide:  
And, oh! it wore the mien—the tone  
Quick feelings best delight to own;

It breathed of kindness, and it spoke  
Such witching words of friendship too,  
That the proud soul, in pride unbroke,  
Dissolved before its touch, like dew.  
Search ye the spheres of earth and heaven—  
Search (harder still) the human breast;  
There's not through all a rapture given  
So dear, as feelings unrepressed  
Of kindness, can impart—  
They spring before ye, bright and pure,  
The night-chilled wanderer's cynosure—  
The day-star of the heart!  
A spell it hath, of powerful name,  
So full of life-redeeming heat;  
That, though ye knew it but deceit,  
You'd love the fair dissembling cheat,  
And court the painted flame.

'Tis even so: though I have stood  
Haughtily, 'gainst the haught of blood—  
Though some there be who deem me rife  
With fancies that engender strife;  
And charge to me emotions fraught  
With sickly and distempered thought—  
Beshrew me, if afar I've turned,  
When near the lamp of kindness burned;  
Beshrew me, if I have not pressed  
Its warming splendor to my breast,  
And treasured with a miser's care  
The brilliant light that glittered there!

Aye, I have loved it, when it came  
Even a dim, and doubtful flame;  
Have o'er it breathed the last cold breath  
Of hope—and, not to hope, was death!  
They cannot say my heart is cold—

They cannot call affection chill—  
Whate'er the whispering tongue hath told  
Of evil, not to me *that* ill!

No, lady—I have had some grief—  
Some pleasure, too, perchance I've known;  
But be life's moment dark as brief,  
When love is lost, and feeling flown!

For *thee*—for thee, from whom the dream  
Of soothing kindness sprung—I deem  
(If waking visions may have aught  
Of truth, beyond an empty thought)  
Thou'lt not deny me friendship—not  
Forget—'tis hard to be forgot!

Thou wilt not scorn me, if I bless  
Thy form's majestic loveliness—  
Thou wilt not bend an eye of pride

Coldly on one who wisheth thee  
The light of love to gild the tide

Which glideth to eternity:  
Who lifts to heaven the heart-felt prayer,  
That life may pass untouched with care;  
Blessed by thy fate, beyond the scope  
Of man—yet something left to hope;

Something to keep alive the bliss  
That dies on fortune's precipice !

Is there aught more ? Oh, ask thine heart !

Think if it be not sweet to see,  
Around, the lovely image dart  
Of pure, unsullied infancy—  
Bright cherub smiles, that rapture speak,  
Reflected in a mother's cheek !

Is there aught more ?—earth hath not got  
A blessing that I wish thee not ;—  
On thee and thine—on him who shares  
Thy life's best joys, and pleasing cares—  
On him—on all, betide the spell  
Of this prophetic lay—farewell !

28th May, 1821.

## LINES

AFTER THE MANNER OF

PRIOR'S ALMA.

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“ Basia mille patent, basia mille latent.”

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“ FORE Pol”—said I, with sudden twirl—  
“ Miss Mary, you’re a glorious girl!”  
Miss Mary, curtsying, thus began—  
“ And you?—you *are* a glorious man!”  
“ Indeed !”—quoth I, with sudden sneeze,  
“ We’ll join—(tish!)—glories, if you please;  
“ And—stay; I have as noble a fancy  
“ As ever yet did eye of man see—  
“ I’ll be your *sun*, and you shall be  
“ My *moon*—so take your light from me!  
“ What think you, Mary?” Mary bent  
Like Venus—without compliment!—



Indeed she is (no joke between us)  
Venus herself—a living Venus!  
And there are hosts of Cupids fly  
Thicker than hail, from either eye:  
So thick—that, if I tell you true,  
Certes *my* eyes must have them too;  
Because, when she has looked with care,  
She says, they've been quadrilling there—<sup>2</sup>  
And far—*far* too gallant am I  
To shout—"fair Lady, that's a lie!"

But as I said,—or should have said—  
Miss Mary bent her gracious head;  
Just as——provoking! Not to hit  
A simile that's new and fit!  
Just as a violet? 'twill not do,  
She blushed—the violet blushes *blue*!<sup>3</sup>  
Just as a rose-bud, charged with rain?—  
What luck is mine!—I'm out again!  
Had she but wept, we might have said,  
As such a rose, she hung her head;  
But she was laughing—out upon her,  
To mar my verses' hard-earned honor:  
Yet I will search the depths of learning,  
Each nook and crook and mazy turning,  
And ye shall laud my shrewd discerning.

Just as——plague on the tiresome elf,  
She's like — like nothing but *herself*;  
And to herself, without more stir,  
I shall take leave to liken her!

Now be there poets (old or young,  
Living or dead) who've said or sung ;  
Or will pretend to say or sing  
That they, from their imagining—  
(And old Dan Phœbus too, to boot,  
With laurell'd pate, and tinkling lute !)  
Can, in one day produce a newer,  
An apter, prettier, or a truer  
Simile, or comparison,  
Performing more than I have done—  
Why, let them, faith ! let them produce it—  
Though poesy no other knew,  
For my part, an I'd power to chuse it,  
Nick Lucifer should have his due !

And here, it strikes me just to mention,  
If any claim *my* new invention  
Of likening things unto themselves—  
If any pilfering, swaggering elves  
Dare but to wrong me— they shall see  
I am the only patentee !  
Observe the label— “ Duly made  
“ By so and so—the best i'th' trade :”—  
And then—“ the Maker's own appointment,  
“ At this poetic shop, they sell  
“ Verses that run as smooth as ointment,  
“ And poppy-like to sleep compel !  
“ Sonnets for colds by lovers caught,  
“ And stanzas for fine feelings wrought :  
“ Best buttered sentiments in rhyme ”—  
Of which we'll chant another time.

In epic song, your lonesome road  
Is cheered by many an episode,  
Scattered like stars, on frosty nights,  
And gleaming just like vapor lights —  
(I'm happier *here*, and to be free,  
This same's a *shining* simile!)  
Even so my lay — nor is it wrong,  
To follow thus the epic song —  
And therefore Reader! *en cette mode*  
Digression none, but episode.

But Mary bent her head, and then  
What followed? why it rose agen —  
Rose I protest, with such a sly,  
And such a laughter-beaming eye;  
And such a sweetly swelling lip —  
(I dared not, though I longed to sip);  
And dimples—that to memory gave  
Soft eddies in a moon-lit wave —  
And such a chin, so smooth, so white,  
It seemed as newly touched with light,  
Caught haply from her radiant eyes —  
(Take notice—*this* is mere surmise:)  
Then such—I pause, my gentlest Reader,  
One moment, but to bid you heed her—  
“ Take notice,” as I said above,  
Of this sweet form of sweetest love;  
And say—but no, all words were weak,  
Thine eye must know, thy *heart* must speak,  
Or vainly would'st thou dream the charms  
That stand before me, up in arms—

As vainly would my paper tell  
The music of the sound, that fell  
From those red lips, I lately said  
Were appertaining to her head;  
As thus she uttered replication  
To my sublime imagination:  
Which Reader! if thine eye would ken,  
Look back, some dozen lines agen—  
From the beginning, nine or ten.

“ Friend” she exclaimed—“ although I can see  
“ Something that’s fine, in this thy fancy—  
“ I doubt not, if I had my will,  
“ But I could make it finer still.”  
“ Pause there, fair maid!” quoth I, directly,  
“ And what you speak, speak circumspectly;  
“ Mean you to dress in baby linen  
“ My lofty thoughts?—is that your meaning?  
“ I beg——” but like the testy nettle  
That, lightly touched, will shew its mettle,  
She did upon my ear propound  
Such weighty arguments, I found  
Conviction, rising at the sound!

“ *Mean you* to interrupt” quoth she,  
“ My well spun thread of orat’ry?  
“ Have I not listened oft and long  
“ To many a prosy, tiresome song—  
“ Have I not still kept waking,—nay  
“ Perused, and reperused your lay,  
“ That is — the binding — day by day?

“ Have I disdained not to be spattered  
“ With angel-charms—so loved, so flattered,  
“ That sometimes, I have half forgot  
“ If I were mortal or were not ?  
“ And do you dream without offence  
“ To stop my flood of eloquence ?  
“ For Heaven’s sake, how can you presume  
“ To talk when I talk ? mighty Rome  
“ Bore not two Cæsars!—either I  
“ Will rule, or know the reason why !”

It was in vain, I saw, to offer  
One word from my o’erflowing coffer ;  
*Her* store no further augment needed—  
I sighed, looked sad, and she proceeded.

“ Well, dear ! as I was going to say—  
“ But yours is such a teasing way ;  
“ I could improve upon your thought,  
“ Give it a color brighter too :—  
“ But you disdain so to be taught,  
“ By me, or any—that you do.”  
Now *I* was touched, and might have got  
Into a scrape ; but even then  
Perceiving that the bile grew hot,  
She smiled—and I was calm agen.

Fixing her eye, no longer gloomed,  
In smiles on mine, she thus resumed.  
“ So you will let me tell you ? well,  
“ That’s kind at least, and I will tell :

- “ You said—what was’t you said ? ’tis past,  
“ And I’ve forgotten sure—what was’t ?  
“ True—true : you said, that I, the moon,  
“ Was lighted by the Star of noon ;  
“ And you—Sir Vanity you are—  
“ Presumed you were that radiant star !  
“ Why, let it be ; for once I grant  
“ You are the very thing you vaunt—  
“ But though you are yon sun above,  
“ *I* am the fire, that lights you, Love !”

Just as the Maiden closed her chapter,  
I felt impressed with high-wrought rapture ;  
My bounding soul, was altered quite—  
“ You are,”—quoth I—“ you *are* my light ;  
“ My heart’s pure flame—the kindling spark,  
“ That dying, leaves me, cold and dark :  
“ My world will then lose every ray,  
“ And ebon Night resume her sway !”

## EPICEDIUM.

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Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
 Tam chari capitis? Præcipe lugubres  
 Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater  
 Vocem cum cithara dedit.

HOR. CAR. I. xxiv.

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## I.

THERE came a form from Heaven, and it was fraught  
 With all that man holds beautiful or rare;  
 Quick, beaming eyes—the interpreters of thought—  
 The life of loveliness! Expression there  
 Was soft, and chaste, and excellent:—whate’er  
 Thy dreams have pictured thee of winning love,  
 Young, warm, and tender—exquisitely fair—  
 This, she was all to us; regret believes, above!

## II.

She died—and never to my eye did death  
Wear such a look of terror! It was not,  
That beauty had departed with the breath  
Of life—when the blue swelling vein forgot  
Its active functions. Seldom this the lot  
Of such sweet innocence; a charm is given,  
Death even lingers to destroy—to blot  
What Heaven regards and owns; and 'tis the seal of  
Heaven!

## III.

It was, that she whom we had loved so well;  
She, that had been so beautiful—so bright,  
Had fled that earth, where we were doomed to dwell,  
Had parted from us, like a shape of light:  
Like lightning flashing through the gloom of night,  
Leaving intenser darkness; leaving fear,  
Bewildering thoughts, confusedness of sight,  
And all that sinks the heart—that bids it tremble here!

## IV.

But she hath passed—her sorrows are no more!  
And though regret may mingle with long years  
Of our humanity; though the eye must pour,  
In very bitterness of heart, its tears,  
And even our hopes, demonstrating our fears,  
Precede us to the grave—'tis bliss, that o'er  
The troubled world of waters, she nor hears  
Nor heeds the wind-swoln wave—*her* sorrows are no  
more.



## V.

And Death's calm sleep, she sleepeth!—Wild flowers  
grow

Lavishly on the sod; flourishing there  
Reckless and pitiless of what below

Moves silently to dust. The summer air

Wafts many a gentle breath—the storm will spare  
Her quiet grave; 'tis sheltered, and secure:

But what avails it? Bootless all that care;  
Will the dust give ye thank?—the sacrifice is poor!

## VI.

Follow her footsteps; be ye pious, meek—

Let her fair memory dew thy withered heart;  
Mark the sad tear-drop on her pallid cheek,

And let it comfort to thy soul impart:—

For deeper sorrow, than thou know'st did dart  
Consuming fire upon her, yet she bore

Unmurmuringly her ills!—Whoe'er thou art  
Away, and do the like—her sorrows are no more!

*November, 1820.*

## STANZAS TO MARIA.

---

AVE MARIA!—Many a form  
Of beauty, lingers on my mind;  
Like flowers that scattered by the storm  
Yet leave their fragrance long breath behind.  
Bewildering eyes, and rose-wreathed cheeks,  
And crisped locks of luring gleam,  
The memory of the past bespeaks—  
And dear, though faint, the shadowy dream!

Ave Maria!—Far above  
All other that my soul hath tried,  
*Thou* passest with the glow of Love  
O'er life's bedimmed and troublous tide:  
For there's a melting radiance sent  
Forth from thine eye's enthroned might;  
Whose pure ethereal element  
Sparkles with intellectual light.

'Tis there alone that Love abides  
    Bathed by fresh streams of limpid dew;  
'Tis there on twin-born waves he rides,  
    Where feeling, star-like, flashes through;  
Buoyant, he flings the red rose-leaf,  
    Thy blushing cheek and lip upon,  
And gayly laughs—that urchin-chief!—  
    To mark the lily's whiteness gone.

Ave Maria!—Is it so?  
    And canst thou love—and wilt thou share  
The heart, that would not pleasure know  
    While thine was touched with mortal care?  
I may not bring thee costly gems,  
    Nor with tiaras bind thy brow—  
But Love will spurn at diadems,  
    To win the life-unshaken vow!

Nor would I break my faith to thee,  
    Though for a throne—and wilt thou then,  
Cast heedless from thy memory  
    The love, that seeks but love again?  
Thou may'st in sooth—thou may'st despise!—  
    But no, I'll not so poorly deem;  
The living light of those sweet eyes  
    Beamed never with a scornful beam!

Yet—if thou couldst not give thy heart  
In full and free exchange for mine—  
I'd bear the veriest wretch's part,  
Ere link my proffered hand with thine!  
I'd rather yield me up to death  
Than to thy beauty—if to find  
Thou'dst breathed to Heaven a perjured breath,  
And traced thy vows upon the wind.

Thou too would'st die, ere thus to be  
A thing that should incur man's hate—  
A hollow, smiling mockery,  
Most gorgeous, when most desolate.  
I know thou would'st—then *love* me, sweet!  
Bid me not turn, and coldly say—  
“ A fairer form thine eye may meet,  
“ And bend beneath a fitter sway.”

I care not for a fairer form—  
A fitter sway I will not seek;  
Why should I quit a heart so warm,  
To gaze upon a brighter cheek?  
And thou, though haply thou may'st know  
A higher and a worthier name,  
Wilt meet with none to love thee so,  
And burn with less diminished flame!

Ave Maria! — loved and dear,  
For thee I'll build a sacred shrine,  
Whose altar is a heart sincere  
That fond affections closely twine:  
The thought thou thinkest, I will think;  
Thine through all change of good and ill,  
Till the last drop thy lip shall drink  
Of life, and time its murmur still.

Then, if it be my fate to stand,  
Where death moves on with noiseless stir,—  
To grasp — great Heaven! — thy clay cold hand,  
And raise the dew-washed sepulchre —  
The silent voice of woe shall creep  
E'en to thy place of rest; and love,  
That lives, though it forbear to weep,  
Shall waft an endless prayer above! —  
AVE MARIA!

*February.*

*To the Friends of my Heart.*



I.

To the friends of my heart, here's a health ; fill it up,  
Let the spirit of happiness float in the cup ;  
While with feelings unfeigned, we re-echo the pledge,  
And the lip courts the bumper that bathes the bowl's  
edge.

To the friends of my heart! — Were the red wave, we  
filled

From the bright-running fountains above us, distilled—  
Were it nectar we drained, and immortal its kind,  
'Twere too poor for the bliss that enraptures the mind !

II.

Oh! who that believes, that his memory glows  
Enshrined in the bosom of friendship; who knows  
That whenever the star of his fortunes may set  
There is Love will be with him, and shine round him  
yet—

Who that feels, not e'en fate—though in sorrow she  
cast

A cloud o'er the future, which shadows the past—  
Can destroy the affection, whose absolute power  
Through the blight hath preserved all the bloom of the  
flower!—

## III.

Would not quaff a full cup—if but one—to the breasts  
Where esteem has its home, and true tenderness  
rests?

Where the warmth of the heart lends a ray to the  
eyes,

That but breaks out the clearer, if darkness arise?—  
To the Love unextinguished, undimmed, that will  
be

As a watch-light on Time's ever turbulent sea,  
Reflecting a radiance, pure, placid and bright,  
Mid the roar of the waters and gloom of the night?

## IV.

Oh, my friends! when I feel not your love, may I  
lie

As a leaf, in the pride of its summer, thrown by;  
May the sod o'er me wither, where flowers used to  
spring,

And my grave want the tear that affection should  
bring.

Be no voice of lament o'er my sepulchre heard,  
Nor its solitude cheered by the song of the bird;  
May the dew never fall — nor the sun-beam, that  
          sweeps  
O'er the turf, fling a smile, where ingratitude sleeps !

## V.

Yes — round me let Thought every bitterness roll,  
If e'er I forget ye, dear friends of my soul !  
If my bosom wax cold, or *one* feeling grow dim,  
Which should shine as a star from the drinking-  
          cup's brim:  
For it is not the wine-drop, though sparkling it fall,  
Nor the sound of the harp, nor the feast of the hall,  
That should tempt me to join in the Bacchanal's part,—  
'Tis the pledge of sincerity warm from the heart !



*To my Friend, the Rev<sup>d</sup>. C. G. S.*

---

I know not what there is in life,  
That man should hate or prize it:  
Sorrow there is enough, and strife —  
And joy too — but where lies it?

Some pleasant hours we've had, in truth,  
And may have more, no question;  
On our side yet, are health and youth,  
Though reeds *they* be to rest on.

There's Love! — ay Love's a dainty thing  
The daintiest, I've a notion;  
He flutters such a radiant wing —  
But changeable as ocean.

And Friendship — that I can't deny  
A cordial, rich and cheering;  
But time, must often meet the eye  
Unkindness springs a tear in.

It skills not whether brought about  
By our, or others' errors—  
The hearts we never dared to doubt,  
Shrink from affliction's terrors.

Yet wave-like, still each hour slides on,  
Still good and ill enwreath it;  
And as light gilds the rising one,  
'Tis darkness all, beneath it.

Then what should make us cov't  
Or what should make us spurn it?  
The sun-beam breaks the ocean's strife,  
And clouds again inurn it!

Look to the life beyond; 'tis there  
Alone that Love's immortal;  
That Friendship never fades; and Care  
Nears not the heaven-ward portal.

Look to the world beyond; *its* sun,  
With quenchless rays hath crowned him;  
And wreaths, that honor victory won,—  
Eternal wreaths, bloom round him!

## EYES AND STARS.

---

“ But these puling lovers, I cannot but laugh at them, and their encomiums of their mistresses.”

LINGUA.

---

You may talk as you will of you beautiful star,  
And believe, if ye list, nothing brighter can rise;  
I will tell ye, the blaze that is brillianter far,  
Hath its source in my Mary's soft eloquent eyes!

But it is not at all, that for *stars* you would take them,  
As a fanciful Bard, somewhere joyously sings;<sup>†</sup>  
And could ye from sleep, see their sweet lids forsake  
them,  
You would feel, on my life, they were much better  
things.

For there they are—brilliant and burning, and full  
Of the richness of love, and the spirit of joy;  
And he whose conceit calls them stars, is as dull  
As the ass who took thistles for herbage, my boy!

Stars!—glow-worms of Heaven that flock to their  
stations,

And brightest appear on the frostiest night!—

Oh! Jove keep my Mary from such congelations,

She is warmer on earth, and I'm certain as bright!

The fair western planet, that glitters so staidly too,

And looks, as ye say, like a beautiful eye;

Is placed there on purpose to liken *your* lady to,

But nothing like *mine*, will ye find in the sky.

Faith! no—you may cleave to your planets and angels;

Though excellent things in their way, I'll allow,

Yet, I think, in my heart, it were fairly to change ills,

To take for warm woman a goddess of snow!

Ne'ertheless, if some star would a compliment pay,

To the belle of the sphere, his opinion to vary;

By a monstrous hyperbole, thus he might say—

“ You're as bright, my fair Star! as the Poet's love,  
*Mary!* ”

## COME SING.



COME sing; I'm in a merry mood,  
And fain would have a song:  
Come sing, I say—By all that's good,  
Thou'lt anger me, ere long.

How can'st thou spoil my bosom's glee  
With that bemoaning face,  
That looks forsooth, as if—now see,  
She's singing "*Chevy Chase!*"

"*Then prosper long our noble king*"—  
Well, well, with all my heart;  
But prithee, dost intend to sing  
Both first and second part?

'Twere pretty if thou should'st; and then,  
For once, good counsel take;  
"*Da Capo*"—sing it o'er again,  
I'll try to keep awake!

Humph!—that's a blessed tune; what is't?

What Hero sang Leander?

Now, vengeance! by my father's fist,

It's "*Goosy, goosy gander!*"

Gipsy! did ever mortal find

Such freaks since Eve and Adam?

But, an ye sing not to my mind,

I'll trounce ye, my fine madam!

What would I have? why sure you know,

I've said it oft sincerely;

The tune that makes my heart dance so—

"*I'll love you, ever dearly.*"

*To a withered Branch of Sweetbriar dropt by  
Miss ———.*

---

[These lines were intended for music. See the Air, “If thou’lt be mine,” &c. in the 7th Number of Moore’s “Irish Melodies.”]

---

I.

I wish some fay, with her magic wand,  
When thou wert plucked, fair branch! had been  
near;  
And ’stead of thee in the snowy hand  
Of that lady bright, had set me there—  
’Twere a blissful fate to have perished so!

II.

For did I not see thee drink her breath,  
More sweet than thine odors were; and sip  
The fragrant dew from the rosy wreath  
That hung in its bloom, around her lip,  
Which spoke thee blessed to have perished so!

## III.

And basked ye not in her sunny eye  
While richly thy perfume courted her sense?—  
Then, thou'rt a proud thing that would'st not die,  
Possessed of a nobler recompence  
Than all bright forms that have perished so!

## IV.

Oh! had there but been some favoring Power  
Then wafted by on its sparkling wing;  
I'd have heaped on its shrine, each odorous flower—  
And to be but as thou, ungrateful thing!  
Would have smiled in joy, while I perished so!

## V.

Yet, fed from such founts, how could'st thou die?  
Good faith, thou hadst all that in life is best;  
And how did thy spirit dare to fly  
From the tremulous heave of that gentle breast—  
Methinks *I* should not have perished so!

## VI.

And thou, if still thy home had been there,  
Would'st have lived, nor lost thy fragrant breath;  
But, cast aside by the scornful fair,  
'Twas *that* which alone produced thy death,  
And, sooth to say, I had perished so!



## VII.

But fare thee well; though withered thou art,  
And forgotten by her, fair branch!—thou'st been  
What wakes our envy, and in my heart  
Thou shalt bloom in thy freshest, fairest green,  
And my verse proclaim why ye perished so!

*April 16th, 1822.*

*Fragment of a Ballad on the New Year.*

---

“ Ring out the bells, plucke up your spreets,  
“ And dress your houses gaie;  
“ Run in for floures to strew the streets,  
“ And make what joy you may.”

OLD SONG. 1579.

---

ANOTHER year hath fleetly gone  
To that which went before;  
And hearts the bright sun shone upon  
Now feel its shine no more.

Excellent ones have passed away,  
And eyes that smiled not then,  
For very bitterness—Oh! they  
Laugh now on living men.

The fresh mould—’tis not long ago—  
Was heaped on bosoms dear;  
We scarcely turned, and lo ye now!  
The long grass groweth here.

Love hath been owned, and many a heart  
Hath wept at love's decay;  
The tear-drop fell, and past—the smart  
Died with the year away.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

## STANZAS.



[The little pieces that follow, originally occupied a place in some prose attempts, also intended for publication; but which the Author's better judgment has determined him to suppress.]



THERE is a line of light that plays  
    Along the clouded west—  
Like fairy dreams of other days,  
    That light the mourner's breast.

There is a bright ray, glancing o'er  
    The face of the troubled deep—  
And thus, lorn hearts that joy no more  
    Smile, even while they weep.

There is a green and verdant leaf,  
    On a withering sapless bough—  
Even so the soul, though seared with grief,  
    May blissful moments know.

There is a flash of lightning gone  
From a dark and sullen cloud—  
And so the heart—the heart hath shone  
By deepest anguish bowed.

There is a spot where the sun-beams melt  
O'er a waste of sullied snow—  
And the bosom thus, where sorrow dwelt,  
Oft transiently will glow.

There is a star-like light above,  
And it sparkles through the gloom—  
It seems to me, the soul of love  
That sits on sorrow's tomb.

Oh! every woe finds some relief;  
Some flower on life's rocky shore—  
As morning smiles on the faded leaf,  
And warms—though it bloom no more.

---

*Puck.* "How now, spirit! whither wander you?"

*Fairy.* "Over hill, over dale,

"Thorough bush, thorough briar,

"Over park, over pale,

"Thorough flood, thorough fire,

"I do wander every where."

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

On! lightly press you verdant sod,  
Where fairy feet perchance have trod,  
And in the moon-beam's soothing ray,  
Have chased the dews of night away.

Pause, ere ye crush the floweret fair,  
That loves alone the evening air;  
And deem, within its perfumed breast,  
Some lovely shape of light may rest.

A richer bloom that floweret knows  
When night's soft zephyr mildly blows—  
And who can tell but slumbering there  
Breathes sweetly some pure child of air!

Well may they love the flower whose charms  
The day-star in its radiance warms—  
Which filled with all that treasured light  
Reserves it for the gloom of night.

Hast thou not seen, and marked it well,  
Where aye the brightest moonlight fell?  
E'en there—in that calm silvery ray,  
'Tis said that fairy forms will play.

And there the tale of love is told  
To kindling hearts of heavenly mould,  
That cannot know of change the name,  
But still live on, and live the same.

Then herbs have spells, and many a flower  
Is rich with that heart-healing power,  
Which falls amid night's smiling noon  
Enlighted by the yellow moon!

For how can fairy hearts adore,  
And fairy eyes, with bliss run o'er,  
And not on all they touch dispense  
Their sweetest, kindest influence?

'Tis hence they say, to lovers' hearts  
The rapture that the moon imparts—  
The quickening pulse—the o'erflowing eye  
That speaks the soul's full ecstasy!

## AWAKE—AWAKE.



If heavenly visions o'er thy head,  
Their bright unreal transport shed,  
And to thy wounded bosom bring  
The balm that soothes misfortune's sting,  
Sleep on, sleep on.

If thou canst flee the pangs of thought  
With more than real misery fraught,  
And still the gnawings of despair,  
That vulture-like will revel there,  
Sleep on, sleep on.

If feelings dead thy soul possess,  
Whose life created happiness;  
(Pure as the spark ere yet extinct,)  
To all thou lov'st—that loved thee, linked.  
Sleep on, sleep on.



If pleasure's ever sparkling hue  
Hath gladdened thee—and left thee too;  
And fixed upon the embittered heart  
A pang that rends, but will not part—  
Oh! yet, sleep on.

But—— if not e'en in sleep thou'rt blest—  
If torturing visions break thy rest--  
If while the phantom bids thee stay,  
Mocking thy grasp, it fleets away,  
Oh! then—awake.

If demons laugh, and horrors seem  
More real than thy waking dream;  
If fancy, in each awful form,  
Broods, like the thunder in the storm,  
Awake—awake.

If feelings, all alive to ill,  
Even in sleep pursue thee still;  
And, roused to keener anguish, throw  
A deeper shade to deepest woe,  
Awake—awake.

If joy forsake—if hope be dead—  
Asleep—awake, if both have fled—  
Though man hath wronged thee—sorrow riven,  
Wake to the holier hope of Heaven—  
Awake—awake.

## THE STORM.



GONE—gone, like happiness gone,  
Is the moon-light from the stream;  
And the wave itself hath fled on,  
Lost as the radiant beam.

The willow had bent her drooping leaf  
Where the light from Heaven came;  
Methought it looked like the smile of grief,  
Or the glow of modest shame—

And as such it fled, while a dark cold grave  
Concealed it from the sight;  
And the verdant branch, where the leaf did wave,  
Died ere the morning light.

A tall tree laughed in the evening breath,  
It stood by that current's side—  
At morn it was blanched with the hue of death;  
'Twas blasted—and it died.

Beneath it there did the violet bloom,  
And the primrose, pale of hue;  
But the morning wept o'er their fateful doom—  
Even they had perished too.

A rose had been kissed by the moonlight ray  
As it quaffed up the silvery dew;  
With the break of the dawn, it withering lay,  
And its leaves the wild breezes strew.

For the storm had burst from the thunder-cloud,  
And the lightning's scathing power—  
So the moonlight fled, and the tall tree bowed,  
And perished the tender flower.

## LINES,

*(The scene of which is a Church-yard.)*

---

## I.

Do ye come to weep at the tomb of the dead  
For the love ye have lost, in the soul that's fled?  
Do ye come far away in the noon of night  
To kneel at their side by the pale moonlight?  
Away, away—let the worm carouse  
Merrily in his charnel house!

## II.

The living are they, for whom ye should weep,  
Not the dust of the earth—not the buried in sleep:  
Are *they* worth regret, could it call them to life  
Who have struggled with anguish, and died in the  
strife?  
Away, away—let the worm carouse  
Merrily in his charnel house!

## III.

Ay, grieve for the living; for them who are cast  
Like chaff on the wave—like a leaf on the blast—  
Let thy heart be to bitterness lastingly wed,  
But lament for the quick—they will scorn thee the  
dead!

Away, away—let the worm carouse  
Merrily in his charnel house!

## IV.

There's a grave at thy foot—ye mark it?—arrayed  
In the shroud of his fate, its inmate is laid;  
Grey, grey was his head with the pressure of ill,  
And he sunk into dust—weep, fool! if ye will!

Away, away—let the worm carouse  
Merrily in his charnel house!

## V.

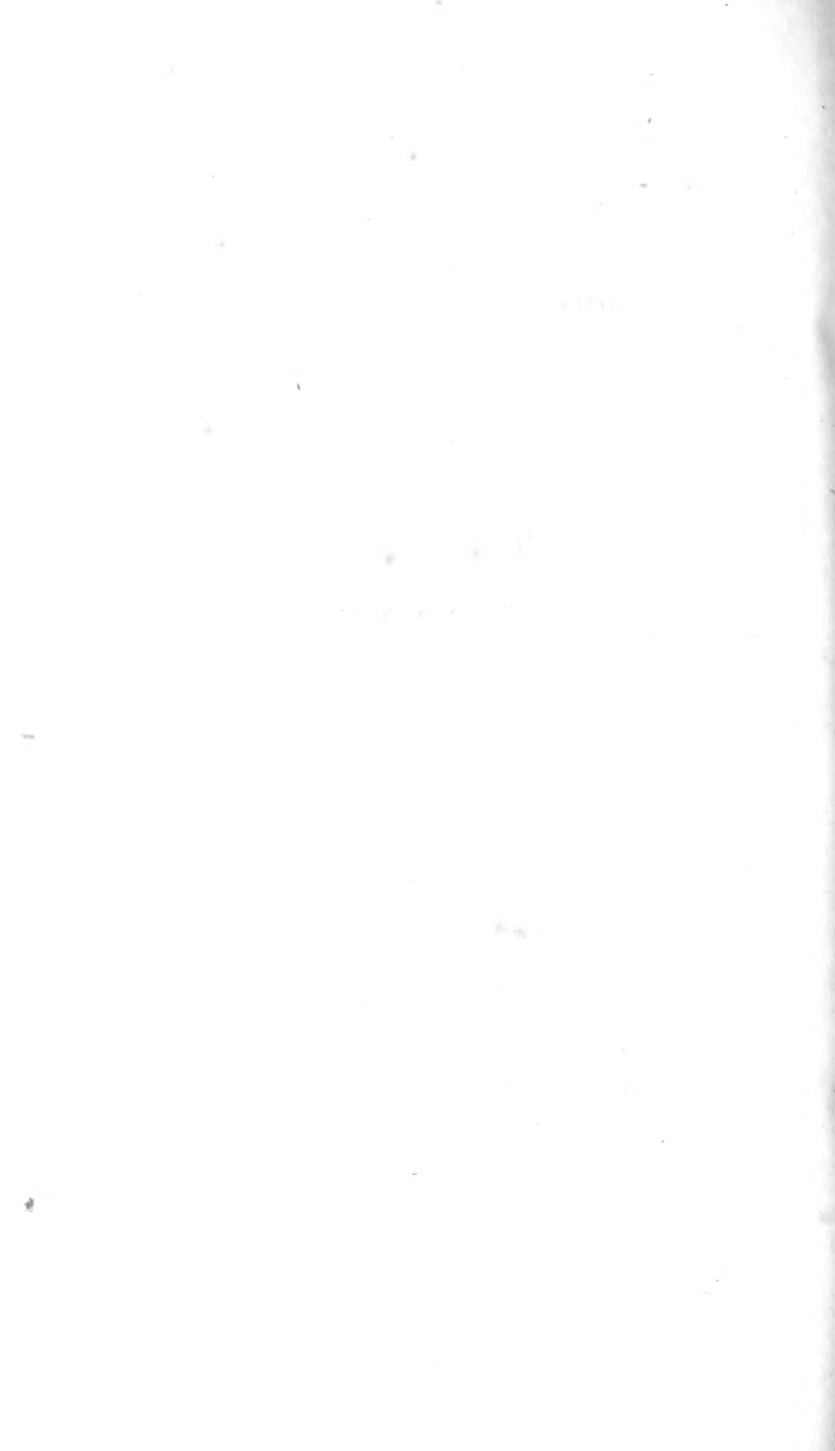
There's a maiden who died: they tell ye she gave  
Her love and was lost—so she dropped to the grave:  
Do ye mourn that she lived not?—the dark eye of  
scorn

To the tomb has pursued her—how idly ye mourn!

Away, away—let the worm carouse  
Merrily in his charnel house!



## **N O T E S.**





## NOTES TO THE MINOR POEMS.

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### NOTE 1. Page 238, line 18.

These irregular lines were suggested by Herrick's "Night Piece to Julia;" which last seems an imitation of a beautiful little Song in Ben Jonson's Masque of "The Gypsies Metamorphosed."—As it is short, I transcribe it.

"THE faery beame upon you,  
The starres to glister on you;  
A moone of light  
In the noone of night,  
Till the fire drake hath or'egon you.

"The wheele of fortune guide you—  
The boy with the bow beside you,  
Runne aye in the way  
Till the bird of day  
And the luckier lot betide you."

### NOTE 2. Page 245, line 8.

*Because when she has looked with care  
She says, they 've been quadrilling there.*

"Look, *Babies* in your eyes, my pretty sweet one,  
"There's a fine sport,"

*The Loyal Subject. A. 2. S. 1.*

NOTE 3. Page 245, line 16.

*Just as a violet? — 'twill not do,  
She blushed — the violet blushes blue!*

We read, however, of a young Lady who appears to have patronized the color.

“ And, when thou hear'st it, thou *wilt blush for me,*  
“ And hang thy head down *like a violet*  
“ Full of the morning's dew.”

*A King and No King. A. 4.*

NOTE 4. Page 263, line 6.

*As a fanciful Bard somewhere joyously sings—*

“ Lest in watching the flight,  
“ Of bodies of light—  
“ He might happen *to take you for one, my dear!*”

MOORE.

THE END.

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